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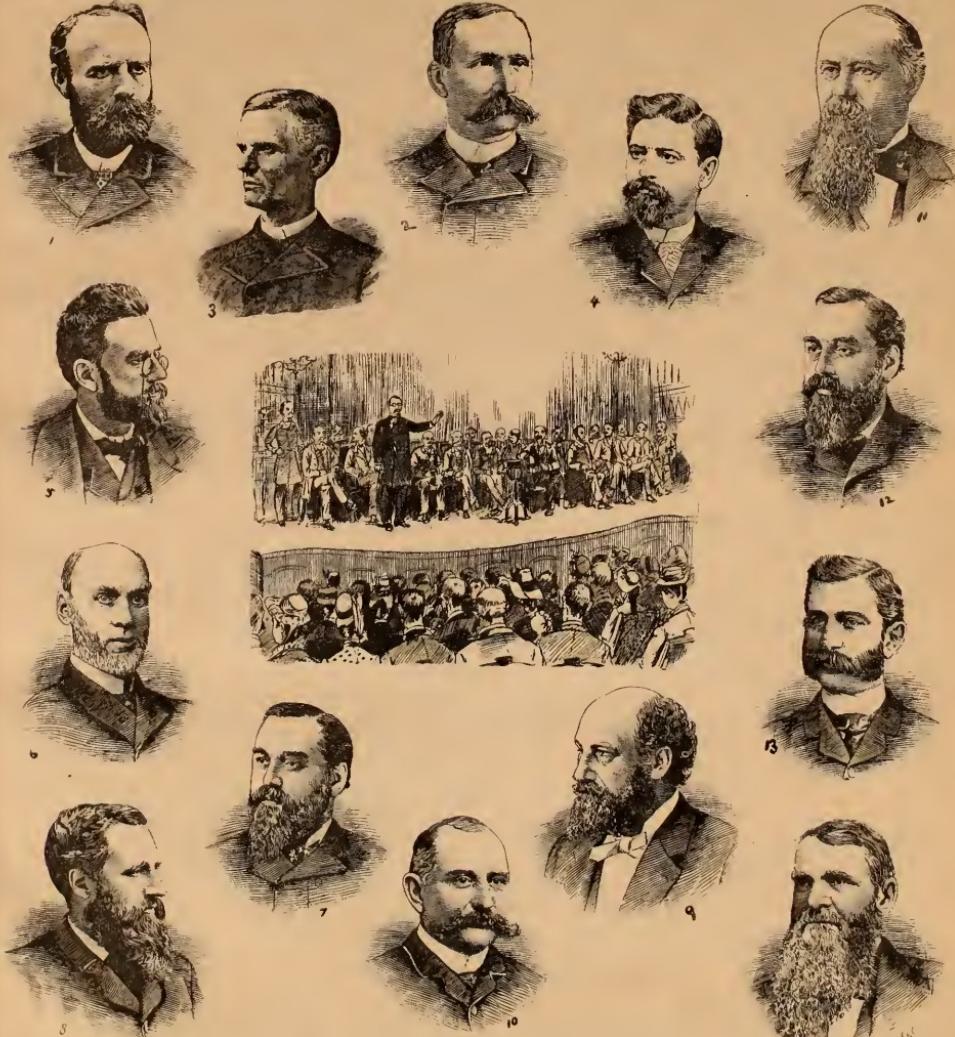
PENMAN'S GAZETTE

AND
BUSINESS EDUCATOR

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SOME PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE BUSINESS EDUCATORS' ASSOCIATION.

(FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY SARONY, CONANT, PACH, VAIL, AND OTHERS.)

1. L. W. WILLIAMS, Business University, Rochester, N. Y.
2. A. J. RIBBLE, Business College, Trenton, N. J.
3. C. JACKMAN, Business College, New York City.
4. T. B. STOWELL, Business College, Providence, R. I.
5. G. W. BROWN, Jacksonville, Ill.
6. RICHARD NELSON, Cincinnati, O.
7. H. A. SPENCER, Business College, New York City.
8. S. M. SPENCER, Business College, Worcester, N. Y.
9. B. C. SPENCER, Business College, Milwaukee, Wis.
10. W. H. SADLER, Business College, Baltimore, Md.
11. L. A. GRAY, Portland, Maine.
12. H. C. SPENCER, Washington, D. C.
13. J. H. GREENE, Business College, Hamilton, Canada.
14. EPHRAIM SMITH, Commercial College, Lexington, Ky.
15. THE MEETING AT CHICKERING HALL.

[Reported for the *Gazette* and *Educator* by F. E. Vaughan.]

The Business Educators' Association.

REPRESENTATIVE TEACHERS OF PRACTICAL AFFAIRS IN ANNUAL COUNCIL—WHAT THEY DID, WHAT THEY SAID, AND WHO THEY WERE.

The *Gazette* was not misinformed in the opinion expressed last month that the business educators of America would have no reason to regret the resolution that brought them to New York this year to hold their eighth annual session. In the history of the association a more harmonious, pleasant or useful session has not been held.

Wednesday, July 7, was the opening day. All the morning the elevator man at the big iron building No. 85 Broadway was kept busy hauling delegates up to the rooms of Packard's Business College. They had brought their grip-sacks for a week's stay, and some of them were even in sufficiently amiable mood to permit their wives to accompany them.

The hands of the big clock in the assembly room had passed the noon mark somewhat, when Mr. Packard, chairman of the executive committee, climbed up on the little rostrum to start the ball in motion. The Assembly had not yet put on its severest garment of dignity, and delegates were exchanging felicitations with old friends and new ones in the most unconventional fashion. Maryland was hobnobbing with Minnesota; Hamilton, Ontario, was initiating Atlanta, Ga., in the mysteries of the Dominion grip; Omaha had just coraled the Wisconsin Colossus, cowboy fashion, and was wondering if he had not caught a Tartar; Sanjour howled a prodigious Chilean smile, which was anything but chily, in the direction of San Francisco; it struck the Golden Horn at an angle, sped to Woodstock, Canada, ricocheted, and lost itself in the billows of the Atlantic at Portland, Me.; Illinois; “Bless you”—Jacksonville, Ill., was bobbing up and down among the American Commonwealths in an ecstasy of delight, chattering like an eight-day clock, and accentuating his remarks with bodily contortions that would have made a whirling dervish lose all respect for himself. It was such an assembly that Mr. Packard looked upon.

STARTING THE MACHINE.

Order came with the tap of the gavel. The speaker hadn't much to say. It was the perfunctory official statement of the reasons why the Educators were there, and what they were expected to do. They received it in a kindly spirit and even applauded when it was over—possibly because it was over.

The trouble had begun.

A man of medium build, with an intelligent face, reddish moustache and complexion to match, arose from his big arm chair immediately back of the desk on the platform, and reached for the official mallet to do a little pounding on his own account. The man was Mr. A. J. Rider, President of the Association, and he was preparing to deliver his inaugural. He apologized to the convention for Nature's oversight in failing to make him an orator, unrolled a manuscript, and in clear tones proceeded to air his views. This is part of what he said:

“Ladies and Gentlemen of the Business Educators' Association of America;

“I feel it my duty, as a representative of the business men in our country, to call your attention to the fact that we have, heretofore, and under circumstances so favorable to the advancement of our cause, the student of commercial science would look in vain for a more desirable location and surroundings than we find in the great commercial metropolis of the New World. To fail to have every facility here to inspire us and to make this one of the greatest conventions of the kind ever held.”

“We have not yet obtained the excited position which all of us desire to occupy here, but it is quite possible, in fact probable, that we shall very quickly receive that recognition to which our work entitles us in our respective localities. If that is not what we want to do, then we do not deserve recognition. That is the way to do it. We must teach business science by business colleges, one at a time, and as the light shines about us, the public is slow to discern whether it be true or a false light.”

Leaders of thought and action in all parts of the country were present, and interested in the interests of the country.

The time was that it was necessary to visit counting houses and places of business to familiarize ourselves with forms and methods of use, that we might practically instant our pupils in the studies that would be required of them when they

would enter upon a business career. And while it is still necessary that we should be on the alert to observe changes that are in the line of improvement, we should understand that these days are near at hand when we will be looked to for these discoveries, and not only that, but also for the application of the corrected method that has inadvertently grown into use.

The spirit of our institutions does not contemplate that we should be content to be mere copyists. The trend of our educational thought and development in educational activity has developed in themselves a class of educated and skilled in commerce as science. They have risen to prominence as educators, and if they do not become leaders of thought and authority upon commercial matters, they chose some of their privilege and fail to meet the expectations of the public.

These and kindred sentiments were applauded by the Educators in a manner expressive of entire satisfaction with their executive as a speaker, notwithstanding the nature of his deficiency in the premises.

UNDER FULL STEAM.

Secretary and Treasurer A. S. Osborn of Rochester next entertained the convention by exhibiting the official bulletin of its finances. This done, the convention took steps to preserve its deliberations by employing a stenographic reporter, and were able to listen to a rather stout young man with a loud neck-lick and a much louder voice, whose manner and expression betokened the man with a mission. He was Morris Wise, the genial chief of the Packard Alumni. His business was to present the Association with a handsome-gavel and to invite the members to an all day excursion up the Hudson, on behalf of the Alumni, and to work in a little felicitation to the Educators on his own account.

President Rider told Mr. Wise how happy the Educators would be to accept the proffered hospitalities, and gave way to Mr. Packard who said that the Twilight Club desired to dine them at Brighton Beach the following evening. An invitation to the Twilight dinner differed so much from ordinary invocations to dine, that it needed a little elucidation—not the dinner to be sure (for hash was bartered under the rules), but the conditions under which it must be eaten. Each diner, Twilighters, visitors, even the imported speakers, were required to respond to an assessment of one dollar.

THE GENTLEMAN FROM PUNGO.

The lean rustic delegate in the corner, whose face had been wreathed in smiles at the first sounding of the dinner alarm, grew pale and made a lunge for his trouser pocket, as the true inwardness of the thing began to dawn on him. He looked as though he were calculating the amount of corned beef and cabbage in the rough that a dollar would buy, and wondering how any one would be fool enough to submit to the extortion of the bloated Twilighters. He said nothing, though, and even essayed a smile when Mr. Wingate, the Pooh bah of the Twilighters, told what a queer set of people his constituents were. Of course the invitation was accepted. Then the convention adjourned to meet at Chickering hall in the evening and hear addresses of welcome from representative New Yorkers. What was done at that meeting is noted elsewhere.

THE SECOND DAY.

Thursday's session opened with a discussion of the science of accounting. Mr. Bryant of Buffalo read a paper. Other remarks were made by Messrs. Nelson of Cincinnati, Spencers of Cleveland and Washington, Brown of Jacksonville, and others. One of the best points made in this discussion is embodied in the extract given below. Candler compels the student that the reporter's notes at this stage are in such shape to create a doubt in his mind whether the paternity of the subject of his comments belongs to Mr. Brown or Mr. Bryant—probably the latter; any way, these are the words:

“I hope to see the time when these gentlemen who are publishing textbooks will perceive that the science of accounts we have something that should have the same careful and systematic arrangement as other sciences, will arrange their chapter headings and definitions with some reference to material sequence and logic. When this is done, the study of accounting will become systematic and successful. The trouble is that our text books have been spread a' over a' o'er a field, and we are invited to walk in and eat our fill—glutton wherever we can; see a debt entry, copy it; see a

journal entry, copy it; see a ledger account, copy it; learn by the method of observation, not by study.”

A TURN AT PENMANSHIP.

Penmanship was the next subject under consideration. A thin young man, with a mild manner and weak voice, threaded his way to the rostrum and regaled the auditors with what he knew about teaching the young chirographic idea to shoot. When Mr. Smith of Jacksonville—for he was the speaker—finished talking, his fellow members probably had a better opinion of him than when he began. He knew a great deal more than his appearance would indicate to the casual observer.

The subject was continued by Mr. Becker, who thought that nearly all teachers of penmanship were on the wrong track. His own peculiar ideas of the straight and narrow way may be gleaned from the following:

“The first thing to speak of is movement. A great many theories have been advanced, a great many things have been written, and a great many things are wrong. My reason for believing it is that I have demonstrated. Every penman that I see writing, every bookkeeper that I see writing that has a good handwriting, writes with a movement that is the strongest movement; the ones that I have mentioned from time to time who do not practice that movement, I believe, do not write well. . . . * * * I have noticed in the papers and have heard noted penmen speak in favor of a purely mechanical system, and have watched other noted penmen, and I don't believe it. I have seen a good many penmen who have a good handwriting, and I don't believe it. But there is a medium between the two, and I find all elegant writers—I may be mistaken in a few instances—but the majority of them practice that movement that is a combined movement. It is made up of a free muscular action of the arm, together with a fine control of the fingers in writing the letters. That I believe to be the true movement.”

He further argued that in order to acquire the coveted distinction it is perhaps necessary to go to extremes, i.e., learn the finger movement, then the muscular movement, and combine the two. Continuing he said:

“In behalf of a man the fact of the trouble with pupils in penmanship lies in the fact that the teacher does down the idea to the pupil that he can do it easily. I do not believe it. I think that if the students were impressed with the idea that good penmanship was a very difficult task, and that it required a great deal of time and hard work, the pupils would be better in the end. * * * In my first practice I do not insist that pupils should get form as nearly correct as possible for it is reason. If I do that they will certainly get using the finger movement, and when they do that, they will be bad penmen. I do not care whether you get rarer copies as accurate as they are written, but I want you to get them written.”

Mr. Spencer of Washington, desired to know if he had understood Mr. Smith correctly as saying that business men did not desire accurate penmanship from their employees.

Mr. Smith thought that was about the size of it. Business men did not demand perfection in penmanship because it was not practicable.

Mr. Spencer upheld the beauties of a perfect standard. A business man would never turn away an applicant on the ground that his penmanship was too perfect.

Mr. Brown was of the opinion that speed and legibility were the requisites of good penmanship. A rational business man would not be satisfied with less, nor would he demand more.

Further remarks were made by Messrs. Becker, Ames and others.

Mr. Root of San Francisco desired to enter a protest against the part the business colleges took in cultivating that branch of penmanship known as flourishing. It had no practical value.

Mr. Robbins of Sedalia, Mo., was not aware that flourishing was taught in the college. He thought it was more or less an accomplishment that pupils picked up outside of the regular course.

Mr. Becker would like to know how many business college graduates of Mr. Robbins' acquaintance were not addicted to this peculiar style of amusement.

Mr. Rathbun of Omaha thought the trouble due to too many methods of teaching movement. “It is the province of the teacher,” he explained, “to let the pupils know that drilling on movement is one thing and applying the movement to a standard of business writing is another thing.”

The afternoon session was occupied in talking about school management as applied to the business colleges, Mr. Packard opening discussion with an admirable paper. A running discussion ensued in which Messrs. Spences of Washington, Sadler of Baltimore, Lansley of

Elizabeth, Brown, Nelson, Packard and others participated.

Friday was excursion day. The Educators steamed up the Hudson to Ionia Island and spent the day very pleasantly under the patronage of the Packard Alumni.

The business of Saturday began with the pennmen's section at the Spencerian college. What was said there most worthy of preserving is embodied in the following excerpts:

TALK AND BACK TALK.

The question of publishing the reports produced an interminable discussion at the regular morning session at Packard's. It was finally resolved to print 1,000 copies in pamphlet form, provided 500 were subscribed for at 50 cents each.

Mr. Sadler of Baltimore, entertained the convention with an illustration of his method of teaching arithmetic, and Mr. Stowell of Providence demonstrated various ways of calculating interest. His own pet plan was novel and created the usual amount of side talk, in which the president and Messrs. Nelson, Gray of Portland, Rathbun of Omaha, Horton of New York and others figured.

“How Far and in What Direction Shall I Go in Applying the Science of Bookkeeping to Business Specialties” was the elaborate title of a carefully-prepared essay by Mr. Williams of Rochester, which opened the afternoon exercises. The length of the school session, labor-saving devices and kindred topics afforded a dozen or more Educators an excellent opportunity for little spreads of eloquence, after which the convention listened to the report of the executive committee and closed the week's business. An excursion to Manhattan Beach in the evening and a dinner by the Spencer Brothers tapered off the day's toll very handsomely.

Nine o'clock Monday morning found the Penmanship contingent of the Educators assembled at the Spencerian College. The proceedings were especially noteworthy. Much of what occurred there is given under a separate heading below.

The feature of the regular session was a humorous speech by Mr. Spencer of Milwaukee, called out by a vote of thanks to Mrs. Sarah Spencer for an excellent paper on “Women in Business.” Mr. Nelson told what he knew about “Business Practice,” and the convention drifted into a go-as-you-please debate, which was only ended by the call of time for lunch.

In the afternoon, Prof. Felix Adler, the eminent political economist, talked to the Educators on the subject of ethics in business, and Mr. Brown rattled off his notions about “Bookkeeping as Applied to Retail Business.”

WILD WESTERN MELODIES.

Mr. Rathbun furnished considerable diversion by a musical lecture on the teaching of penmanship. With a very poor fiddle, the brother from the Wild West, a very poor fiddler, ground out a series of lugubrious strains in alleged four-time, while an assistant produced on the blackboard what the student learned to keep time with the music in his practice, and shade on the accentuated stroke. The Educators stood this sort of thing for a time and were compounding together to see how they might slay their tormentor, when the red-bearded member from the Pacific slope, Mr. Roeth, arose and volunteered to relieve the strain by changing the tune. This he literally accomplished by rendering a composition unhampered by any suggestion either of time or harmony.

THE LOVE FEAST.

The meeting held together long enough to listen to a paper by young Mr. Warinner of Woodstock, Canada, on the “Moral Tone of Business Colleges.” Then it discussed some miscellaneous matters and adjourned to resemble in the evening for a sort of love feast.

This was one of the events of the session. The Educators were invited to lay aside all reserve and talk about anything that might hap-

pen to come into their heads. Naturally enough most of them chose that which was easiest and discussed about themselves. Some of the remarks are printed below.

AT THE THREE QUARTER POLE.

At Tuesday's session Mr. Hinman of Worcester gave his views upon "Class Instruction in Penmanship." Mr. Lansley wanted to know what reply a teacher should make to the questions, "Don't you think writing is a gift? Do you think you can make a good writer of anybody? Do you think you can teach people to write as well as you do?"

Mr. Hinman hardly thought that every one could learn to write elegantly; but there were very few in his opinion who could not learn to write with accuracy and speed sufficient to answer all purposes of business. That all caught the artistic idea, or that the different influences are born equally in all persons, he did not believe.

Mr. Goldsmith of Atlanta was of the opinion that intellectually played an important part in learning to write, and unless a person has that modicum he cannot learn to write. He once had a pupil who worked hard for six months, had a good deal of attention paid to him, and could write no better at the end of that time than at the start. That result, however, might have been the fault of the teacher.

A paper by Mr. Spencer of Milwaukee on the ethics of business was well received by the convention. Mr. Brown improved the opportunity to brew another discussion, and Mr. Ames delivered an illustrated lecture on disputed handwriting.

Mr. McAdam, "a Looker on in Venice," indulged in a talk to the Educators about the methods of putting before young men on their entrance to business life some principles of political economy. After hearing from Mr. McCord and others in similar strain, the session adjourned.

HOME THE STRETCH.

Wednesday, the 14th, was the day for gathering up the flag ends and packing the gripsacks for the home journey. The meeting was held at the Spencerville College. The penmen & seers had hastily dispatched their business, and the Association resolved itself into an experience meeting. Members were asked to point out the features of their schools to which they attached most importance, also the greatest difficulties they had to encounter. The narratives were limited to five minute rounds. The Educators who stuck to the text are reported in brief further down.

Nothing remained but to name officers for the ensuing year. Mr. Milwaukee Spencer humorously announced that he had prepared a "slate," and it went through with a whiz.

These were the favored ones:

President—Mr. Sadler of Baltimore. Vice-Presidents—Messrs. Gallagher of Hamilton, Ontario, and Gardner, of Poughkeepsie; Mrs. Packard of New York. Secretary and Treasurer—Mr. Osborn of Rochester. Executive Committee—Messrs. Spencer of Milwaukee, Chairmen, Brown of Jacksonville, and Williams of Rochester.

The Educators accepted the invitation of Mr. R. C. Spencer to hold its next session at Milwaukee, at the call of the Executive Committee, kept their seats long enough to enjoy a capital little talk by President Sadler, and adjourned sine die. They had done more work probably than at any former session, and had more fun while they were doing it.

Penmanship

VIEWS OF DIVERS EDUCATORS ON MATTERS CHIROPGRAPHIC.

Clark, Erie, Pa.— I always begin with the whole arm movement; no finger movement. I keep the pupil working diligently on the whole arm movement until he comes and says, "I wish I didn't have to get up so much whole arm movement." I say, "Very well, sir." That is the first step I take. I get him tired and sickened of the whole arm movement and then say to him, "If you can carry that movement by allowing your arm to rest on the table, do so." Allowing the arm to fall, he drops into the other movement with surprising

ease. * * * I believe we can have good plain business handwriting,—can teach each student so as to draw out his individuality. I have no patience with writing that teaches set forms only.

H. C. Sprouer, Washington, D. C.— In teaching writing, color form should be aimed at. There should be something definite about what you teach, and I believe that this can be observed and at the same time great skill and freedom be inoculated in writing. I recollect my father used to have a stage which he called the corrective stage. First, there would be the movement stage for drill, then the principles would come in applied to the correct form, and finally the application of the correct forms made according to principle. These stages he managed to introduce into almost every writing lesson.

Collins, Knoxville, Ky.— I drill my students in the movement exercises without a pen-lateral, oval, etc., then with the pen. After that I let them make the small letters, i, n, w and so on. I have no separate wrist movement. I do not teach ornamental writing to my business students, though I do teach it to my students.

Rathbun, Omaha, Neb.— The worst thing I have to contend with is the finger movement. I think it very objectionable, and this is what I have to say. In teaching writing, I find it just as natural for a schoolboy or girl to take to the finger movement as for ducks to take to water. It is the first thing they learn, and the trouble is when we teach any movement that is foreign to them, we have to fight the very thing they have learned.

Human, Worcester, Mass.— I have gone beyond the simple movement of the wrist, the forearm, back-arm, even to the feet. I believe muscular effort in good penmanship is required over all the body. * * * Even in your finger movement, if you will put your hand upon the shoulder, you will feel a certain amount of action of the upper arm. So if you use the whole arm movement you will find the muscles of the chest to be in operation. Purely forearm movement I do not believe in. We think we act simply with the forearm, but we are really employing part of the shoulder and biceps muscles. One of the best teachers I ever knew—and know to-day—used to go through a pattern of muscular action before writing his copies. Much of his skill as a penman, as well as a teacher, was the result of his firm belief in developing free muscular action before attempting to write well.

H. A. Sprouer, New York.— It is between the lessons, you give that the student of penmanship can make your instruction permanent in his mind. When he comes to practice again, if he has been thinking of the matter, he has been making more improvement when away than when he was with you. It is through mental digestion that the laws of action become indelibly impressed upon the student. I was an old remnant of my father's that some men had only to master their own signatures to become good penmen. Said he, "When I find a young man with an excellent copy of his signature in his pocket, step around the corner, take it out and examine it frequently, I say that young man will excel as a business writer." I think there is no issue about writing movements. Men express themselves differently on the subject, but they all write with the same movement. Give it what name you will, any movement of the body is muscular, and blending the action of the arm, hand and fingers is a requisite in good writing which all strive to attain. Obedience to the laws of position, motion and form will enable practical chirographers to write well at a speed of thirty to forty words a minute.

Huntington, New York— Our students must write rapidly and legibly. How shall we obtain this result? To do so, I find that I have to go to extremes. I think that it is impossible to reach the result without going to extremes. I give the curve lines; then comes the question of angular turns at top and bottom. People say, "Your pupil's writing is too angular; the lower part of the *i* is too sharp." Teach them the sharp curves. When they go into business that little turn will take care of itself.

Jones, Batavia, N. Y.— As a teacher of penmanship in the public schools, I have desired with all my heart to see good results, but

have been successful only in a measure. This, I think, is due to the fact that the time given to writing in each grade is only fifteen minutes; and when one undertakes to teach penmanship thoroughly in a room where there are from 70 to 100 pupils, and is able to devote only fifteen minutes to each lesson, I think he must, if he gets good results, have had a very much more extended experience than I have had. These lessons are given only three times a week.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

SUNDAY SENTIMENTS EVOLVED AT THE GO-GO AS-YOU-PLEASE EXPERIENCE MEETING.

Miller, Newark, N. J.— The first requisite it seems to me of a good school is a good teacher; and I have aimed to secure teachers of character, teachers who possess great possibilities of result, and therein I lay my success. I have always kept before me one idea, that no matter where I have diverged, I shall be a teacher through life. * * * In connection with my work in school I am also engaged in Sunday school work, being superintendent of a Sunday-school having 30 teachers. * * * Four of my teachers are abstainers from all practices which may be called immoral. I don't know as smoking can be called immoral, though it may be termed so, as it has an influence on the mind of the young, to imitate the teacher.

Gray, Portland, Me.— I find there is so much immorality in our schools that although I have aimed not to employ any one who will drink, smoke, chew, or keep late hours, and yet I have succeeded pretty well; yet I think I shall put in an addition, and in order that we may be up to the standard of other schools of the kind, I shall introduce a short sermon Sunday morning, and a Sabbath-school in the afternoon—and in this we shall put in all the time there for the benefit of the student.

Lauds, Elizabeth, N. J.— I have been broken of my rest and kept awake nights on account of the preparation of these elaborate and purely *extempore* remarks. There is no doubt that the members of the convention have been filled with the highest anticipations to see and hear me speak my piece. For integrity, sobriety and personal dignity, these remarks are to be the crowning effort of my life. I am perfect in but one respect, and that is an extraordinary difference.

There is one thing that I have all along prided myself upon. Whenever I address my colleagues, I rise superior to the occasion. I have chosen for my text the word "Gumption." This monstrous word, borrowed from the classics, may be divided into two heads: First, *gump*; second, *shun*. If you are a gump, people will shun you; and if you have not gumption, you will be a gump. When a delegate to this convention starts from his home, he carries the seed from his hair, puts his way to 80 Broadway, with the mercury in a Fahrenheit thermometer at 92° in the shade, with 200 pounds of wife one arm, and 150 pounds of cigar-chew tied with shiny string on the other, he starts skyward with his double-edged *sabre*. On reaching the top of the third flight of stairs, the aforesaid delegate reads over the door, "*Take the Elevator*," and a cheery "Why didn't you take the elevator?" shades of Caesar! That I should have been born without gumption! Ladies and gentlemen, the last time and the last time I came, I walked.

Robbins, Sedalia, Mo.— I established my school three years ago at Sedalia, Mo., the home of the James brothers, where whisky almost runs through the streets. I am a firm believer in good discipline. The very best discipline is that which is free from demonstration, and any school that is run without discipline will be a miserable failure. * * * Our rules are that no pupil shall enter a saloon. We have the sons of saloon-keepers, and they think us for this rule. We claim that nothing can be taught successfully that cannot be taught by example; therefore, I employ no teacher who smokes, drinks, uses profane language, or is in any way immoral. Every year I expect to teach a better school than the year before.

Odiorne, Rochester, N. Y.— It is my experience, and I am sure it is the experience of others, that I am improved each year by contact with fellow teachers; that I get inspiration for better work. The man who comes to these meetings and does not get inspiration, is not the right kind of a man to be a member of the Business Educators' Association of America.

Schoolroom Experience.

DIFFERENT HABITS OF DIFFERENT EDUCATORS—DIFFICULTIES ENCOUNTERED.

Bethelhem, New York— The peculiar feature of my school is that I teach the stenograph and it only. The chief difficulty that I have to contend with is getting students. There is another difficulty, however, that I suppose all who have anything to do with teaching, have to contend with. That is, having applicants appreciate the fact that genera information and education in other matters, other than the mere use of or ability to write shorthand, is very necessary. The greatest drawback with me is that students do not seem to pay enough attention to what they read and hear. Now I think that nearly all the mistakes that are made by innumerable and shorthand writers grow out of the fact that they really do not understand the things they are writing. They do not get the meaning fully, and I think it is well for us to try to impress upon the minds of our students at the start that they must understand the meaning of what they are called upon to write; else they cannot possibly do accurate work.

Pecock, New York— I think the difficulties I have had with my students have been more in the way of their discovering themselves, of their finding that they have a mind, and of knowing how to use that mind. Students naturally feel that they are dull, very dull, and they come to us with the record of dullness. The first thing we do to a boy, and the thing we attach most importance to, is to wind him up and set him going. Let him feel that he can really do something. Now I have an exercise in the morning for that express purpose. If a boy can whistle better than any other boy, I want him to whistle. I want him to know that in some one thing he is better than any other boy. If he is dull in one direction, and he finds that he can really do something good; it gives him encouragement, and we start out from that. I find also, that young men have this trouble of expressing themselves. The first thing a boy says is, "I know what it is, but I do not know how to express it." Now that is true; he knows something, but does not know how to express it. He often has an idea of something that has never formulated itself in language. I want a boy to know; I want a boy to say just exactly what is in his mind, and he will be so sorry that he cannot say the thing that he wants to say, that he will struggle until he gets the expression. It is not merely teaching him gab, but it is showing him the necessity, when he has got the use of his tongue, of having something behind it, of having something to say; and at once he sees the importance of reading up, of getting something into his mind that is worth expressing. I have started more boys to reading by showing them their ignorance when they stand upon their feet, making them so ashamed of themselves that they never will be caught in that way again. I have done more work in that direction than I have in all others.

Spencer, Washington, D. C.— This feature of students getting knowledge from the library at home, from their observations on the streets, from conversations with their friends, and going into the schoolroom and rising before their fellow students and expressing it, is one of the most important exercises connected with education.

Gaines, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.— I do not know what we have any features of our school which may be considered peculiar features, except three. One is the short term, and I attach great consequence to that; another is our system of public and private entertainments, and I attach a still greater importance to that; and the third is the moral influence thrown around the young men, not alone by wholesale some restrictions, but also by a students' prayer meeting, which during ten months of the year meets once a week, and which always carries an attendance of about fifty, and on special occasions has from 150 to 200 students.

Hillman, Worcester, Mass.— I can think of

but one thing that may be called the leading feature in our school, and that is the making of men out of boys. And I mean men in the fullest sense—gentlemen—who will be praised hereafter, and who can make their way in the world by showing good ability in business ways, and good address, all based upon principle. The chief trouble that I have in my school is in watching myself to see that I keep a close eye on the enthusiasm of the pupils as well as teachers. I see that all do their best, if possible, and that even the small and most bashful pupils receive proper attention. They are trained to come up to one ground of complete manhood and self-respect; to be courteous in action, that they may pass into the world well qualified to be received and to succeed as capable, principled business men.

Spencer, Louisville, Ky.—If I had to single out one feature of our school as being the most important, I should say arithmetic, simple addition, making out invoices and instructions, and so on. This is somewhat neglected, especially in schools of our class in the South and West. If we have anything that is especially peculiar to our school, I should say it is the presentation, practically, of books. I get just as large a variety of these books as I possibly can from the outside world. I have had a great deal of experience in accounting work, and I give the student everything that I find peculiar.

Stonell, Providence, R. I.—My first difficulty with students is that as they come to me I find that they have been in the habit of being governed wholly by circumstances. They go with the leader like a flock of sheep, and my first effort with them, and my effort to the end of the time that I have them, is to teach them to be men, with all that that means; that while they are in a system and controlled by that system, each one individually represents the system in himself, and that from the center, himself, must emanate all the power and force which controls that system. And whether I am teaching arithmetic, commercial law or bookkeeping, it is to drive home to the student this thought, that he, himself, must make up within his own mind a base to operate upon, and that every movement and every thought and every word must be in consonance with that central idea; it is this, and his alone.

Gray, Portland, Me.—I aim to comprehend as nearly as I can what seems to be most important for business education, and give those studies which are in my judgment relatively important, and then I try to instruct accordingly and make my course as nearly as possible a unit as a whole. I try the best I can to make my students thorough, and to do conscientious work, to make a thorough preparation for their life work; and then when they go out with a firm, thorough purpose, they will do their work honestly and well. My course is, I think, rather long. The difficulty is that the students' purses are not long enough to enable them to take it. Another difficulty I have to contend with is that all over the State of Maine there are schools which advertise short courses. They do not simply advertise a short course, but proclaim themselves to be the most thorough, the best and the most practical in the world. They say that a student can get through in three or four months, and they do turn them out in about that time. But when the student has got through the course, and is able to stay longer, what does he take? Why, the very same things are put before him again, and where is the bright young man that is going to stay and take the same course right over again?

Gallagher, Hamilton, Ont.—We give a great deal of attention to thoroughness in the English branches, although we have a special English department, and I think that is demanded. I find a business man wants a boy in his office, who is not ignorant of the English branches, one who is able to spell correctly, write plainly, and figure rapidly and accurately. I do not want you to think that we neglect bookkeeping, but we do not give it that attention we did five years ago.

Randal New York.—I found it necessary early in my career as a teacher of practical branches, to know my students from the start, and I have been much pleased with what has been said by Mr. Rathbun and Mr. Sadler in regard to knowing students. One thought he

would find out what a student knew, the other what he did not know. I think if you find out what he knows, and what he wants to know, you will be likely to learn what to give him with most benefit. I have adopted the plan of learning my students the first day as far as possible.

Odorus, Rochester, N. Y.—The difficulties I experience in my work are general, not specific. The main difficulties that perhaps we all have to contend with so long as we are in the business of teaching. Chief among these is the wrong conception which students have of education. Many are apt to take the view that education is an accumulation of facts—considering the brain a storehouse rather than a laboratory. This is the case with every student, at some period of his being. At the same time we all come at last to the inevitable conclusion that what others can do for us in developing the mind that we can do for ourselves. In our work especially, students come to us with the impression that we can pour our information into their heads. Most all of our students when they enter school have not passed this stage. I take occasion to tell them that I can do comparatively little for them; that they must not look to teachers as the grand illuminating sun, but as lighthouses in the sea of knowledge, which will help those alone who will help themselves.

Spencer, N. Y.—We business college men stand upon the line between the common schools, the literary schools of the country, and its business masses and industrial interests. We must shake hands with our constituents on both sides of the line.

Winnons, Rockford, Ill.—When we first came to the place at which our school is located, business men said to us, "We are afraid of you fellows; every business college man that has been here has bit us"—something I had not been used to. We made it a point to gain the respect of the community by doing business on business principles.

Collins, Knoxville, Tenn.—I cannot say that we have a college boy, but I try to make our students thorough and enable them to enter at once upon the active duties of a business career. When a student places himself under our instruction, we find usually that his ideal seems to be to do a certain amount of work, to go through the course, and our idea is to discourage him on this point. We try to teach him that thoroughness is the most important consideration.

President Rider, Trenton, N. J.—I can only say "Amen" to what has been said by others as to the advantages of helping students to think, and of teaching them what is going on about them.

INSTANTANEOUS VIEWS.

TYPICAL EDUCATORS AS THEY APPEARED THROUGH THE GOOGLES OF THE GAZETTE COMMISSIONER.

If you were to ask any member of the B. E. A. whom he took to be the central figure of the association, I think the reply would be, "S. Packard"—providing always, Mr. Packard was the member interrogated. If any one member can be called the mainspring of the organization, surely it is he. At the session just held he contributed a good deal of time and worry and money to the entertainment of the educators,—more, perha, s, than they realized. He started out to give them a good hearing, and he did it. That is characteristic of the man. Mr. Packard is a man of spare build, pale, thin face with clear-cut nose, strong chin, and a pair of wonderful blue eyes. His dark, white mixed hair, is carefully parted on the side, giving full play to the prominent forehead. He wears a high head. Every feature betokens the man of intense individuality. Those marvelous deep set eyes beam with good nature, twinkle with humor, glow and flash with eloquence or pathos, with serene earnestness, according to the mood of the man. They are at best when their owner is discussing one of his pet hobbies. At such times they have a way of gathering themselves back under knott brows and sending out beams that in spite of the obstructions of shirt front and breast and all that seem to lay bare your very spine. Mr. Packard is an indifferent speaker, but a capital talker. I have never

known a man of more pronounced personality. Talk to him five minutes, and you will be almost certain to take away with you something Packardian.

* *

A MAN of massive frame, kindly countenance, set off by dark, pointed beard and moustache, hair (what there is of it) of the same shade, small black eyes that could not be briled to look serious. There you have R. C. Spencer of Milwaukee, the eldest of the Spencer brothers.

As I see him now, he is leaning over his desk, watching with an amused expression Brother Brown, who is having one of his periodic spells. The little tuft of hair on either side of his head struggles up to a point like the ears of a great horned owl. The eyes begin to sparkle and dance—you know something funny is coming, as surely as if you were going to say to yourself, It comes. The eyes near-lying close, the lips part suddenly, and a dozen little fisses go skimming from the base of the nose in a dozen different directions.

* *

HERE COMES a man tiptoeing through the room, careful to distract no one, but looking for all the world as though he were conscious that half the eyes in reach were centered on him. He is rather tall and slight, the small head is squarely set upon the shoulders, the brown whiskers and moustache carefully trimmed, a little shiny spot on the crown of the head, where the hair has become a trifle careless as to its duty. The blue eyes have something of a serious expression, but they light up with a kindly glow as the gentleman nods to a friend. The party described is one of the wheelhorses of the business college world, S. S. Williams, of Rochester.

* *

"WHO IS THAT?" asks the gentleman on my right, indicating a fashionably attired gentleman who is threading his way with great deliberation down the aisle, his hands clasped behind his back, and his body swaying slightly at every step. His pointed face, swarthy as a Spaniard's, is set off by a luxuriant growth of whiskers, whisker cut, which, with his hair, are lustrously black. A pair of black eyes look patronizingly out through glasses that rest well easily on the bridge of the nose, and the bearing of the man is one of perfect satisfaction with himself. "I don't know him," comes the quick reply; "probably the owner of the premises; certainly not below the rank of a stock broker." At first sight it is perhaps natural for one to take away such impressions of H. C. Clark, Erie, Pa.

* *

JUST IN FRONT of me, with his eyes riveted on Mr. Nelson, who is elucidating something about business practice, sits a large man, with broad shoulders, large chest, and a generally plump anatomy. His hair and the long moustache that disports itself on his lip are about four parts black and one of white. That he is a man who knows his own mind, and knowing it, will put all the machinery of an extraordinary energy into motion to carry his point, are facts that the merest glance is sufficient to establish. If you should happen to look into those sharp black eyes when they were lighted with passion—as I happened to do on an occasion—you might take away the notion that their proprietor was a dangerous man to take liberties with. But then when you get to know him—W. H. Sadler, of Baltimore—you soon recognize his genial qualities and feel yourself warming up to the great big heart that flutters under his capacious vest.

* *

THE MEMBER who has just taken the floor is a good looking young man of medium build, brown hair, and eyes and face that betoken refinement and intelligence. His voice is clear and there is a seductive sweetness about the intonations that makes people listen whether they care to or not. He is graceful in manner and has the air of one who has been well treated by the world, and thinks none the less of it on that account. Clement C. Gaines is his name, and he hails from Poughkeepsie.

* *

TWO MEN; you meet one and take a mental inventory of a symmetrical corpulence, pleasant face, with liberal accompaniments of brown moustache and whiskers that come to a point about five inches below the chin, hair a trifle darker, eyes to match, nose that struggled to

be a pig, changed its mind when it had attained about half its growth, and branched out into a little knob. Subsequently you meet the other, and by a trick of your untrained eye he becomes the one. They are H. C. and H. A. Spencer of Washington and New York, respectively. As you get to know them better, points of difference begin to reveal themselves. The New Yorker is more stately and dignified, laughs less than his twin brother, and is not so fluent of speech. I think if I wanted to borrow a dollar, the Washingtonian would handle the first proposal.

* *

YOU CAN FORM NO IDEA as to how old the world was when the gentleman who is arising to speak concluded to grace it with his presence, yet you get to know it on the point that a good deal of his past has been concealed since that event. The remnant of his hair is white. It recedes down by his ears, and as it encouraged to assume the innovation, lightly fringes the cheeks to the chin, where it spreads out into a little tuft, thicker and longer than the rest. The blue eyes have a benign expression and the sound of the low voice is kindness itself. The Educators pay close attention to what is being said, as they always do when Mr. Nelson of Cincinnati has the floor.

* *

SOMETHING has been said about the personal appearance of A. J. Rider of Trenton, President of the Convention. As the official wielder of the gavel, he was unvaryingly fair, yet firmness personified when occasion demanded, and used his power for what it was worth. He impressed me as being one of the best school teachers in the assembly.

* *

DRESSED in a brown tweed suit that bears unmistakable evidence of valiant service, the member on the left is resting his elbow on the desk before him and supporting his chin with his hand. He is listening to all that is going on and wondering when he will have a chance to enrich the proceedings with a suggestion on his own account. He comes from the land of the cow-boy—G. R. Rathbun, whose name for a dozen years has been as familiar as that of George Washington, to every youngster in the country dedicated to penmanship. In point of historical fact I believe Mr. Rathbun is on the other side of forty, but surely old Father Time missed him when he was making out the list, for you could more easily take him to be thirty. He has a thin, sinewy frame, hair and moustache as black as a raven's wing, eyes to suit, and a complexion that would disconcert a Skelian's. He seems to imagine that he is coraling cattle on his native plains; every time he speaks, his voice being something of a compromise between a whine and a howl. In addition to which Mr. Rathbun is one of the best fellows in the world, and very popular in the profession.

* *

MR. STOWELL, of Providence, is standing at the blackboard sucking sums in interest after a new fangled plan all his own, and calmly answering questions that fly up from every part of the room. He is tall and muscular, without impressing you as being very large. When nature first reached Mr. Stowell in the distribution of hair, she gave him his full share in a lump. It is of dark brown variety. The little segment that nestles on the upper lip and the curved which helps to sharpen the chin are mere apologetics. Mr. Stowell has a loud voice, and gives himself no trouble to subdue R. What he says is far from ornate, but rings with a hard pan serue. He is full of zeal and earnestness, a hard worker, and I dare say an eminently successful teacher.

* *

IF BROTHER BROWN, of Jacksonville, is not the brightest member of the association, who is? There he pops up for the hundred and fifty-fifth time, and the curious part of it is that most always he really has something to say. He reminds you of one of those "sp devil" boys indulge in on holidays, that spread themselves over the whole neighborhood in the most lively and erratic fashion, to the delight of every fellow who doesn't happen to get struck. But every time the luckless individual who permits himself to get near enough to smell the powder. Brother Brown's eyes, hair, moustache and close cut beard suit his name. His nose is sharp and prominent, his

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forehead receding, face small and thin, and his front hair turns upward like the dash board of a Brewster sleigh. He wears glasses and has a way of twisting his head to one side when talking, like a little cock sparrow.

* * *

L. A. GRAY of Portland, Me., is one of the striking figures of the Association. As I see him now, little foliage is visible on his intellectual dome, except little patches which struggle over the caves in close proximity to the rather prominent ears. He has a long gray mixed head and moustache, and a countenance indicative of great decision of character. The lines of the mouth especially denote firmness, if not indeed obstinacy. Mr. Gray impresses me as one who came to the convention more to profit by the wisdom of others than to impress his brethren with his own importance and tradition.

* * *

THERE are few men to whom nature has been less kind as to personal appearance than J. A. Lansley, of Elizabeth, N. J. He is a hopeless cripple, and the lines of his thin face tell too plainly the tale of physical torture which must have been his portion. But, though thin and pinched, an air of noble resignation sits enthroned on those features, which at times are luminous from the reflection of a genial, whole-souled disposition. Mr. Lansley is one of the best talkers in the association. He made for the best speech at the experiential meeting, and he has never once occu-

that are brown in spite of a brave effort to be red, and a benevolent smile that has done duty uninterruptedly for the past quarter of a century—there you have the outfit.

* * *

A PROSPEROUS looking man is R. E. Gallagher of Hamilton, Ont; tall and angular, with dull black hair and whiskers, trimmed English fashion, prominent nose and generally agreeable features, Mr. Gallagher would pass in almost any crowd.

* * *

CONSPICUOUS among the younger members of the Association, both in personal appearance and force of character, is A. S. Osborn of Rochester. He has a large frame, square shoulders, broad face, blue eyes, black hair, and incipient moustache and side whiskers of the same shade. His voice—which he only uses when there is something behind it—is a rich bass and seems to come up from his boots. Yet it is an honest voice, and has no squeak of sole leather about it.

* * *

AN EDUCATOR who looks as though he might travel on his good looks is C. E. Cady of Newark. He is a solid-looking citizen with something of a *distingué* air, receding forehead, set blue eyes that give him at times a fierce expression, and an enormous moustache that he would not exchange for the best business college in America.

* * *

BUT THE FINEST looking man in the association by odds, and one of the most genial

a living embodiment of that sort of thing in the Spencers', H. A. and H. C., that would put to shame one of the much abused copy-book headlines. Possibly the old gentleman got his inspiration from contemplating the exactly corresponding proportions of his two sons only; I believe the old gentleman hadn't progressed sufficiently in his day to admire rigid exactness in penmanship, and was in no way responsible for its adoption in the copy-books that bear his name.

—The public meeting at Chickering Hall to welcome the Educators to New York, passed off as well as could be expected under the circumstances. People who passed the hall when the meeting was in session and heard the sound of voices within, wondered at the endurance of the men and women who could sit and listen to the perfunctory speeches, with the thermometer scaling the nineties. But sit and listen they did, in a stool, goodnatured way, though the effort cost a heavy tribute to King Perspiration, and Bro. Miller is reported to have held an open air thanksgiving prayer meeting on his way to his hotel, when the show was over.

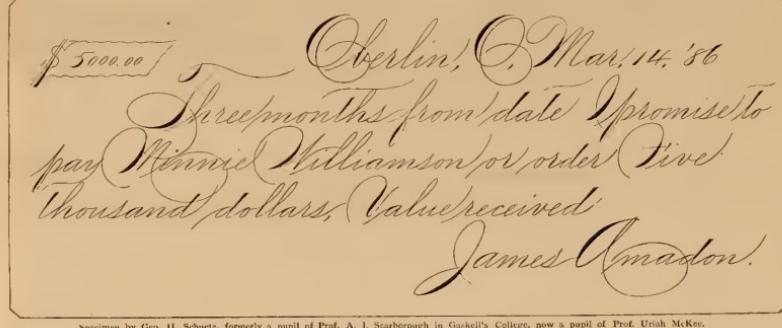
—Burnett, of Providence, didn't seem to take much stock in the convention, though he was in the city throughout the session. He took no pleasure in studying the latest novelties in ladies' dress-goods, and the newest curves in bangs. It was something to see him strike an attitude on Broadway and watch the blooming tide of femininity flow by. Attired

reporting stenographer can have an idea of the amount of drudgery and endurance involved in this transaction. And then such talkers! I would almost as soon attempt to "take" the whirr of a carrier pigeon's wings, as to keep pace with one of Bro. Brown's pyrotechnic flights. Then to transcribe that mass of notes—hundreds of type-written pages—and have the job practically finished, when Father Sader pronounced benediction—is a feat that fills me with admiration. The reporter was James N. Knebel, a sketch and portrait of whom were given in the January GAZETTE. He was assisted in minor details, such as the copying of written essays, by Misses Knight and Crocker, also from Packard's staff. I heard Mr. Munson, the celebrated shorthand, remark that it was an extraordinary accomplishment.

If any one should discover errors in the foregoing elaboration of Incident and Impression, whether they be errors of typography, of judgment, or of fact, will have the writer by changing them to the printer. The fact that the writer will not get a chance to see the proofs, affords an admirable excuse for thus shifting the responsibility on other shoulders; and the printer is always such an accommodating creature, and has had so much of this sort of thing to bear, that he has become callous, and don't care a fig any way.

Not What He Said.

Henry Farnham, who was for years city



Specimen by Geo. H. Schreter, formerly a pupil of Prof. A. J. Scarborough in Gaskell's College, now a pupil of Prof. Uriah McKee.

pied the convention's time without giving a full return for it.

* * *

A. H. HINMAN of Worcester, Mass., one of the great Chirographic Luminaries, looks every inch the gentleman that he is. He is one of those men who are not over size and yet do not appear small; in fact, there is nothing small about him. He has an abundance of brown hair, moustache and closely cropped head, regular features and eyes expressive of quiet dignity and unreserved cordiality. His manner is impressive without being obtrusive. When he speaks, you have to listen attentively to catch his first words, but as he warms up to the subject, his voice becomes bolder, and every syllable is rich with the ring of earnest conviction.

* * *

THE GAZETTE readers are as familiar with the lineaments of J. A. Frasher of Wheeling, W. Va., as people can ordinarily be through the medium of a printed portrait. Yet the presentation of this gentleman which appeared in the GAZETTE is misleading, at least in one important respect. The great flowing beard is likely to carry with it an impression of gigantic stature, whereas the original more nearly fulfills the opposite condition. Mr. Frasher would consider himself fat if he tipped the beam at 125 pounds.

* * *

I NEVER could look at C. T. Miller of Newark, N. J. without involuntarily wondering if he had not missed his calling. Not that he is deficient as a teacher of practical burlesques, but if ever a man was cut and trimmed for a missionary, or at least an evangelist, that man is C. T. Miller. Tall and spare, with small face, dark hair and eyes, moustache and side whiskers

men in or out of it, is William Allen Miller of New York, a giant in stature, straight as an arrow, with no suspicion of stiffness, a step as elastic as a boy's, large head covered with dark hair, gray mixed beard that reaches to the waist, eloquent blue eyes and features modelled after the pattern of an old Roman Senator. William Allen Miller is one of the finest types of physical manhood that I have ever seen.

* * *

The above are some of the prominent features of the Business Educators' Association of America. Others there are, no doubt, quite as worthy of notice, and the only reason they are not presented to the readers of the GAZETTE is that they did not happen to cross the reporter's line of vision when he was on the lookout for material.

Random Strokes.

—The autograph fad was broad in the land during the convention, and did what it could to make life miserable for the educators. But considering the fact that he was usually one of them, the offense can be readily condoned.

—The brother with the red nose, who usually occupied a seat near the door, had a cuse way of dropping off into a sweet slumber whenever Bro. Brown would keep still long enough to give him a chance. Awaking suddenly from one of these periodical naps, the dismal strains from Bro. Roeth's violin fell harshly on his ears, and the first thing that met his clouded vision was Bro. Rathbun's nest of hoop-snakes on the blackboard. "Glorious heavens! Have I got 'em again?" He didn't say the words, but he looked them every inch.

—Talk about geometrical accuracy and drawing letters to the same scale, but we have

in a noisy light suit, polka-dot vest, tall white hat cocked at an angle of 45 degrees, and a huge smile that seriously threatened the anatomy of his mouth, with one arm akimbo, and the hand of the other twirling a silver-knobbed cane, you would have thought he was posing for an animated statue of Apollo Belvedere.

It was like fooling around a buzz-saw to get into Bro. Brown's way when he got wound up. Every one knew it was loaded and felt more comfortable when it was pointed toward the other fellow. But the sharpest of men "put their foot into it" at times. So did Bro. Brown. Collection was being taken up for the publication of the reports. In the midst of it the imperturbable member from Jacksonville, got one of his spells, and as usual with him on such occasions, arose to speak. "It occurs to me—" "The gentleman is out of order," remarked President Rider, quickly; "the will please take his seat." "I merely desire to say—" "You will have to postpone saying till the business in hand is through with," interrupted the president. "If the convention will hear me for a moment—" "The gentleman will be seated at once," came from the chair sharply. The gentleman did so, but almost instantly up he bobbed again. "I have a right—" Down came the gavel like a clap of thunder. "Sir down!" He sat.

—One of the cleverest pieces of stenographic work that has ever come under this department's notice, was the reporting of the convention's proceedings. Day in and day out, for over a week, two sessions daily and occasional night sessions to fill up, all sorts of speeches of all sorts of subjects, by all sort of speakers, the busy pencil of the reporter flying over paper for hours on a stretch, no one but a

marshal of Bangor, kept a store in Winthrop a long time ago. One day a disreputable fellow came into Farnham's store and said:

"Mr. Farnham, a man just told me that you told him you would not trust me as far as you could sling a bull by the tail."

"I didn't say that," said Farnham, gravely.

"I thought you didn't," continued the fellow,

"and I told the man so."

"No," added Farnham, "that is not what I said. I told him I would not trust you as far as I could sling a bull up hill by the tail." —*Levi-ton (Me.) Journal.*

SHII. They Come.

SYDNEY, New South Wales.

G. A. GASKELL CO.

Gentlemen: I have very much pleasure in informing you that I received three copies of PENMAN'S GAZETTE, one Compendium and the Guide four days ago. To say that they quite exceeded my most sanguine expectations would not at all represent the manner in which I was surprised. I can honestly say that it is one of the best investments I ever made. Such writing has never been seen in this quarter of the globe; the letters, scrolls, and beautiful arrangements are so very artistic and handsome that I feel my inability to say anything in their praise which would do them justice. I can only say that I think they are surpassing. The PENMAN'S GAZETTE contains some of the most practical and original ideas of the age.

Yours truly,

I. B. WELLINGS.

Isaac Cuvelier, *The Knighthood*: "Mr. Bridgeman is a Graham writer of some thirty years standing, and no doubt the Stenography department of the GAZETTE under his command will spark with good things."

THE PENMAN'S GAZETTE.

Writing Lesson.—No. 9.

FOR TEACHERS.

BY CHARLES R. WELLS,

Superintendent of Penmanship in the Public Schools of Syracuse, N. Y.

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While these suggestions contained in the present lesson are intended more especially for teachers, they will be found helpful to the *Gazette* writing class in many ways, and it is recommended that the members should read them carefully.

Any true process of learning to write, like the acquisition of other branches, should comprehend both the theory and practice, and the more firmly a pupil becomes grounded in the underlying principles, the more certain will be the results which should follow.

Instruction in penmanship may be broadly classed under two heads; one which aims to teach scholars to draw, and the other which seeks to develop the forms of letters through the medium of natural movements.

The first makes use mainly of the movements which may be produced by the fingers, thumb and wrists, while the second recognizes a medium of execution which brings into play the entire arm and shoulder muscles.

These two processes are based upon principles so radically different, that a clear understanding of the nature and tendencies of each, is quite essential to any intelligent plan of teaching.

It would be comparatively easy to suggest theoretically, a method for instructing classes in our public schools, which if carried out according to program would insure excellent results, but in practice we might find it an entirely different thing; the conditions are usually so restrictive, and the requirements regarding other branches to be taught so numerous that the question really becomes, not so much what ought a teacher to do, as what he can do, under the circumstances?

One of the first requirements, especially in our graded schools, is that a child from the moment he enters shall begin to learn to make the script letters, and to form them into words and sentences, as an essential medium for developing the faculty of language. In doing this if he is able to draw out the forms legibly upon the slate or tablet, the important question of how it is done is rarely considered, and even the more important question as to what future use the child may make of this writing, receives but little attention.

It is a fact well known to teachers that in learning to form the letters, young children almost invariably acquire a habit of grasping the pencil in a manner which cramps the fingers, forces the hand over to the right, bends the wrist in toward the body, and places the pen in a position which is so awkward and unnatural as to prevent absolutely anything like freedom in execution; but it is a question, if the additional fact that this habit of twisting and distorting the position of the hand, which in time must become as much a part of the act of writing as the form of the letter itself, is not equally lost sight of.

The force of habit will be certain to assert its power, and this strained, unnatural position must eventually identify itself with the forming process in every letter—the act of writing becomes a torture instead of a pleasure, while the hopeless struggle between teacher and pupil, when the slate is exchanged for the copy book, and the attempt is made to cure the mischief is too much a matter of every day experience to need extended comment.

Nor does the alibi hold, and when by careful teaching and patient effort, the scholar has obtained some control of the pen, the desire is to imitate the forms of letters. The carefully drawn page in the copy book will often excite admiration, while the composition or other written exercise presents a style of penmanship which fails to suggest any connection between them, the character of the handwriting in the two instances being as totally unlike as if written by different persons.

This tendency to write two entirely different hands is not at all uncommon among school children, and demonstrates quite clearly that penmanship acquired by imitation, and

with the hand and pen in a false position, lacks the essential quality of practical application.

Under these conditions the teacher is quite apt to become discouraged, and may conclude that such results are inevitable, but when properly understood, the real cause of failure may be traced to the natural difference which exists between drawing two words per minute in the writing lesson, and the attempt to draw fifty or twenty in the same time in the composition, where it becomes evident that the process of correct drawing must be restricted by speed.

It is perhaps practically impossible to do away with slate work in teaching writing to primary scholars notwithstanding its liability to promote bad habits in penholding, but it is evident that the transition from the unyielding

work of the primary grades in many of our schools, is so much better than the pen-work of scholars in the higher classes; the formation in writing is so simple that the elements are readily acquired, but in the attempt to use pen and ink, without having been thoroughly drilled in movement, the correct form quickly disappears.

Want of confidence, generally arising from a belief that one must needs be a fine penman to teach this branch successfully, prevents many able teachers from attempting anything out of the ordinary routine.

A knowledge of the nature and value of movement, the ability to make upon the blackboard a few simple elements of form, a little faith gained from personal experience and a disposition to work, will enable any

that the best way to improve his penmanship is to stop writing entirely, so far as imitation of letters is concerned, and to give all attention to the cultivation or development of movement through practice on properly arranged exercises.

It is evident that if a scholar has already acquired a fair position of the hand in learning to form letters on the slate or otherwise, that this form and position are to a degree inseparable, and that continued practice of the letters with pen and ink will serve merely to confirm bad habits, and to a great extent prevent the establishment of correct ones.

New forms of exercises must necessarily be associated with the new movements, and that the motive for practice may not be uncertain, the hand and arm under the impulse of an augmented power must be drilled to do something definite, but that having always for its object the application of the movements acquired, to the construction of letters; hence all exercises for muscular drill should be based upon the standard forms of ovals, separately, and as associated with straight lines.

There is so much variety in the shape and size of school desks that definite instruction for the position of the body, and the placing of the right arm so as to secure the best results in all cases, cannot be given, but it will generally be found that if a scholar is given a start in arm movement, and is made to understand clearly what is expected of him, he will easily adjust himself to existing conditions and work out both problems in a satisfactory manner.

The muscular movement as used in current writing may be produced by placing the arm perfectly flat on the desk, balancing on the bunch of muscles in the forearm, and resting the hand on the nails of the third and fourth fingers bent inward. Theoretically the arm rest on the muscles is stationary, while the hand rest on the finger nails is always movable.

Now using the shoulder muscles, work the forearm back and forth in its own direction, pushing it out and drawing it in, but without sliding the sleeve, which must remain as if glued to the desk while the wrist works out and in, impelled entirely by the action of the shoulder muscles.

The simple direct movement thus produced on a line with the forearm is the key to all muscular movement, and at the beginning should be practiced daily in and out of school, until the action of all the muscles brought into play when writing, becomes easy and natural.

The advance from this direct movement to one which forms the ovals is simple, and the scholar very soon realizes that one way of learning to write well is simply to put the muscles of the right arm into training, and to discipline them until the movement produced comes under full control.

Then taking the pen in hand, and being careful to keep the arm perfectly flat, go over the same drills many times, but without allowing the point to touch.

Now take ink, adjust the hand and pen to position, and after the movement is well started, and the pen point as it moves above the paper appears to be forming an oval, let the point drop and trace upon the paper a record of the oval form.

In this way the movement is made to produce a form, and a test established by which to judge accurately of the quality of the arm action secured.

If the record is imperfect it shows a faulty movement, and recourse should be had to the preliminary drill, repeating this until the natural controlled movement will record a perfect form.

It is the constant, persistent repetition of a single movement which tells in forming an exercise, and this part of a beginner's work cannot well be overdone.

Drill a scholar in this manner for a few months and you will have given him a degree of facility with the pen which he can no more forget than the knack of skating or swimming, and in addition enable him to lay the only true foundation for future successful practice in penmanship.

In telegraphy the character, or the sound representing it, is not produced by the operator through any mental recognition of the number or arrangement of the dots and dashes employed, but by an unconscious action of the fingers, which through long practice has come to personate that special character. And the



Specimens of Card Writing, by Prof. E. K. Isaacs, Valparaiso, Ind. (See engraving, letter on opposite page.)

state surface and the short pencil where main strength often becomes an active element, to the sharp, pliant pen and soft texture of the paper, is altogether too abrupt. Some kind of preparation is useful, and if an intermediate drill in which long lead pencils might be used on calendered manilla paper, was introduced, it would render the change more gradual and the productive of better results.

So long as instruction in penmanship consists of teaching by imitation the forms of letters with such occasional directions for position in pen-holding, as a teacher who cannot himself hold a pen correctly may venture to give, the theory of an intimate relation between writing and drawing will be accepted, as the facility of drawing will probably be something desired, but as regards any practical application directly or otherwise, the process results in failure, the scholar continues to draw stem after stem, but unfortunately never learns to write.

This may partially explain why the slate

teacher to obtain as good results in this as in any other branch, and quite frequently much better.

If penmanship as now taught in our public schools is a comparative failure, the fault is largely with the teacher; he does not need to be an expert penman to teach it acceptably. It is better to know something of the form and analysis of letters, but the requirements in this respect are not beyond what the majority possess.

He should, of course, understand from the start that he is to teach writing, not drawing, and the scholar should be made to realize that he is expected to learn to form the letters with the whole arm instead of the fingers.

Whole arm, as here used, should not be confounded with off-hand or free-arm movement, for although the entire arm is used, the forearm rest on the desk is maintained, and the sleeve is kept from sliding.

Next, and in this connection most important

of all, teacher and scholar should each know

business penman, although forming characters with perfect uniformity, gives no thought to the matter of right, left, or double curves; a definite movement has been established for each letter, and the hand trained by practice does the work without mental effort.

That which in practice is true of telegraphy or rapid business writing is equally true in applying acquired movements in learning to write. The letters are so constructed that by learning the stroke which forms the principal types—five in number—the letters themselves may be formed without especial effort, and if the stroke fails to produce a correct type, the error will be found to result from an imperfect movement rather than from any lack of knowledge in formation, and want of character in any letter may be directly traced to lack of firmness and precision in the arm action.

Very much of this fine theorizing about the necessity for developing the artistic, and cultivating the beautiful in conception of form, as applied to teaching school children to write is

hind a special teacher in a well regulated public school is a powerful lever, and which rightly applied may be made a means for producing results not easily attainable in any other way. In addition to this, the fact that children may be kept under a systematic course of training for several years, and the habits of correct position, movement and formation so firmly established as to assure continued improvement after leaving school, renders the public school institution of very much more value than tuition under other conditions.

A series of lessons having in view the application of this method of instruction in public or private schools will be commenced in the September GAZETTE, and which we hope to make helpful to those who may be desirous of affording their scholars better advantages in penmanship.

In the meantime, those who have not given the matter special attention will find the lesson in the December GAZETTE, useful in working out the suggestions offered in this number.

Pen Holders.

—F. H. Criger, Whitewater, Wis., writes a very handsome card for a boy of eighteen.

—Mysterious, isn't it, the way M. B. Moore scores the sleek back feathered songsters from the point of his enchanted pen?

—Henry Behrensmeyer, of Quincy, Ill., is one of the boys who has taught the stubborn pen to obey his command pretty well.

For delicacy of touch and artistic combination of curve, C. H. Klinning of Philadelphia, Pa., is in the front ranks of the great chirography army.

—N. S. Beardsley, of St. Paul, is cutting exuberant flourishes with the splashing our during his vacation. Says he finds time to read the GAZETTE, however.

—Somewhere in the near hence the calm outlines of a pioneer muscular movement pen-

—What is more beautiful than to see a "muscular" penman write? The skillful and vigorous touch of A. N. Palmer causes the hand drop to appear in one's visionary orbs. Pardon our French, Austin.

—The GAZETTE is in receipt of some very clever work from the pen of G. Bixler, Principal of the Pen Art Hall at Wooster, O. Bixler is gaining rapidly in his work, and no doubt is doing a good work at Wooster.

—A very new subscriber asks if it is absolutely necessary for pupils writing with the finger movement to follow the hand with a circular wag of the tongue. Some one please step to the front and inform the gentleman what is best to check the useless wag.

—R. S. Collins, of Knoxville, Tenn., was at the convention, absorbing all the good points. His mental pores are never open to this highly elated, deep-toned theoretical "boosh." Collins is earnestly showing the young people of Knoxville how to disseminate ink correctly.



more nonsense, and may easily become a hindrance rather than a help to practical work.

It is a well-understood fact that no two persons ever did or ever will write exactly alike; in learning, each one will be certain to develop certain characteristics peculiar to himself, and there is little use or reason in attempting to force all hands into any specific mould.

Make a careful study of the right arm; ascertain by practice which muscles and joints come most prominently into use by the act of writing and then introduce such calligraphic exercises as will discipline these into subjection to the will; now, basing your pen drills upon properly arranged exercises, put scholars in the way of securing this facility or knack of movement as applied to the different classes of letters, and the mere matter of form, although of equal importance, will require but little special attention.

Many teachers get the idea that as good work cannot be done in public schools as in those so called private institutions in commercial branches, but eighty years in business college work, followed by seven years' experience in teaching penmanship in graded public schools, has convinced me that beyond all question the better work in almost every respect can and should be done in the latter.

The organization and force of discipline be-

'Change.

Kelly's *Revolutionist*, Fostoria, Ohio, contains some good points.

The *Practical Educator*, Trenton, N. J., is before us, full of select reading matter.

The *School Supplement* of Buffalo is the finest literary and school journal that enters our exchange list.

The *Houser Naturalist*, Valparaiso, Ind., is a nice journal, treating of birds and bugs. We always devour its contents with relish.

The *Western Pennant*, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, drops in to see us every month, with its column bulging with clear cut information.

The *Office*, 205 Broadway, New York, is a fine journal of its class. Business managers, accountants and office men would find such a journal of great value in their work.

The *Gen. City College Journal* is among the most readable college journals on our desk. No wonder Musselman has one of the finest penmanship departments on record, and other departments in proportion.

The *Stone Star Penman*, Dallas, Tex., was buried into our chirographic retreat a few mornings since with a force which threatened havoc to our placid features. Keep on with your funeral drapery, brother Spring.

man will dawn upon the readers of THE GAZETTE. Don't miss this.

—F. U. Sprig will employ more of those Dallas jokes on us we will bind you to bind you in endless curves, and place you in one of Toland's labyrinthine stems.

—Big Rapids, Mich., is one of the wide awake places of that State, and W. N. Ferris is earnestly working to keep practical education abreast with other enterprises.

—We clutched a hand not long since whose temperature and grasp suggested a large, fervent, papitinating apparatus directing—that hand was the property of H. F. Kelly.

—Fred O. Young, one of the C. G. of H. penmen, is doing a good business in San Francisco. The manner in which he manipulates that left hand is a wonder to the profession.

—W. E. Dennis, who has been teaching at the Bridgeport (Conn.) Business College will begin teaching penmanship at Peirce's College of Business in Philadelphia 1st of September.

—W. P. Canfield, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, is a very earnest and successful teacher of commercial branches. Any college desiring the services of a good man would do well to write him.

Wants to Introduce Them in His School.

MAPLETON, DAK.

THE GASKELL COMPANY.
Gentlemen: I am a school teacher at this place, and having used your Compendium and pens I like them so well that I want to introduce them in my school.

Yours truly,
D. A. RICHARDSON.

Correct; by placing the Compendium in the hands of your pupils, you raise the standard of their penmanship and add to the thousands of living testimonies which proclaim the excellent merits of GASKELL'S COMPENDIUM.

We believe that few persons would be without a "Fountain Pen" if they could be assured that it is possible to get one that will write and sure to write well under all circumstances. The Paul E. Wirt Fountain Pen, manufactured at Bloomsburg, Pa., was patented February 3, 1885, and at once became popular. It is simple in construction, became a success, and is now the fountain pen. Notwithstanding the existing prejudice against fountain pens over 30,000 were sold the first year, and dealers everywhere express themselves more than satisfied with their sale. These pens are the ones cannot say enough in its favor, and as a consequence of its merit, sales now average quantities every month that are exceedingly gratifying. Any good thing, however, must

Shorthand.

This department is edited by Prof. WILLIAM D. BRIDGE, A. M., President of the School of Photography in CHAMBERS UNIVERSITY, 100 Chambers Street, New York, N. Y.

With each issue, there are inserted to this department, brief suggestions, news-paper clippings in our shorthand lines, & legal documents, etc., from time to time. Personal letters relating to shorthand writers or work. Type writer or machine reporter intelligence. & Local shorthand news, & other periodicals or books for notes in our columns.

Dots and Dashes.

The Stenograph is introduced this year to the Southern Summer Assembly at Monteagle, Tenn.

Arend's System of Stenography is published in German, Spanish, French, Hungarian and Swedish.

Curtis Haven, of Philadelphia, invades New York, and takes possession of E. N. Miner's Short-hand school.

By the "survival of the fittest" in phonographic systems, is meant the one which "fits the fittest." Which is it?

Will our editorial brethren find out that "H. M. Perrin," of Detroit, is Mrs. and not Mr. Mrs. Burne has a sister in Mrs. Perrin.

With September, young people should be looking about for a good teacher in shorthand. Correspondence schools claim high attention.

Frank Neigh, Esq., of Toronto, Ont., has sailed for England, to enjoy a period of relaxation from his abundant work. Would that all busy reporters could take a "foreign trip."

Isaac Pitman differs widely from the editor of the *Reporter's Journal* as to the correctness of his criticisms on the postal-card prize competition, referred to in our last number.

Not a single "Poenographer's Song" was sent to the editor in response to his offer of \$100 for the best "Phonographer's Song" sent him by July 1. Have we no poets in our land?

The Brochure of Prof. W. D. Bridge on *Short-hand Numbers* is in the printer's hands, and will soon appear. It contains matter additional to what has appeared in the *PENMAN'S GAZETTE*.

We know a "Simon-pure" Grahamite who has done the shorthand writing in a very different system for an author of shorthand books, etc., in this country. That was kind indeed.

Every one sending \$1.00 to the editor of this department as a subscription for the *PENMAN'S GAZETTE* will receive the special premium of a copy of Prof. Bridge's brochure on "Short-hand Numbers."

Isaac Pitman's endorsement and adoption of "lengthened straight-lines" for such words as educator, conductor, instructor, etc., etc., is on its face a recognition of a "good thing," which Graham published over twenty years ago.

One of the neatest phrases that we have seen recently in a phonographic note-book was Graham's style phonography of the following: "He is sorry that this must be his answer." Let beginners try their hand on this.

Mrs. Anna Henry, stenographer and type-writer to Rev. Frank Russell, of Oswego, New York, has gone to Europe for the season. Her painstaking fidelity, as we happen to know, has won for her this deserved foreign tour.

"Leaves from the Note Book of Thomas Allen Reid," two volumes, published by Isaac Pitman, contain very readable reminiscences of his phonographic experiences. The I. Pitman phonography has a printed key at the bottom of each page, and this key would be interesting and profitable reading for Grahamites, Manuscripts, Etceteras, etc.

One of the puzzling conundrums of phonographic words is that class having the letters r-t-n-d, as in related, right-hand, round, rounded, related, hardened, ardent, robust, rattered, reddened, irritant, etc. It will be a great study for those who would make clear distinctions in these and similar words, to write them and then compare results with their standards.

A very great desideratum is a cheap and practical method of making shorthand characters on type-metal bodies to be printed in books in line with the ordinary type. Isaac Pitman's phonography as printed, does not have a faulc look.

Will the shorthand readers of this paper send to the editor a list of ten words, not very extensive, which they would like to see in shorthand, the corresponding style and the reporting style. There may be a way to have more short hand literature in the United States.

Rev. C. G. Hudson, of Anderson, Ind., the official reporter of the famous "Chautauqua" meetings for the *Daily Assembley Herald*, has received the honorary degree of "Doctor Divinitatis" from the De-Pauw University, Greencastle, Ind. What phonographer will be struck next?

It is a great thing to get a "star" in any undertaking. The editor of this department at sixteen years of age had just three hours' instruction from a teacher of shorthand—all he ever had from any teacher; but it was the "start" that gave him the ambition to make a shorthand writer, and he has reached that goal.

FOR AMATEURS.—Master the word-signs; study phrasing; imitate neatest styles of shorthand; aim at legibility; write one specimen of advanced reader "copy" at least ten times, gaining suppleness and facility; for dexterity in manipulation, write such phrases repeatedly. There are—some—reasons; what are—the conditions; I have—neither—thought—not said; so possibly—it may—not be; it may not—often—happen.

We have received seven numbers of the *Short Hand Bible*, written in marvelously beautiful Isaac Pitman Phonography, by J. Herbert Ford, editor of the *Reporter's Journal*, and published by Fred Pitman, 20 Peterstow Row, London, E. C., England, and also by R. McCaskie & Co., to High Street, Marylebone, W. London, Eng. This volume is destined, if successful as begun, to be the hand-somest shorthand Bible yet published. Yearly subscriptions six English shillings for twelve monthly parts.

Isaac Pitman has been wise in providing his constituents with a constant and variant supply of short-hand reading. Among these, printed in small, neat and attractive volumes, are: "Gulliver's Voyage to Lilliput," "The Psalms," "Self Culture," by John Stuart

PHONOGRAPHY.

Condensed Instruction by Prof. W. D. Bridge, Plainfield, N. J.

SEVENTH LESSON.

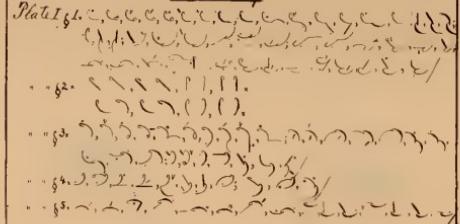
1. You gave me "L" and "R" hooks on eight straight strokes. Do we have "L" and "R" hooks on curved strokes? Yes. Notice the following instruction. (A.) "F", "V", "H" (light) and "Th" (heavy) take a small hook at the beginning of the stroke inside the curve for "L," making Fl, Vl, Thl (light) and Th (heavy). (B.) "W" and "Zh" take a small hook at the bottom inside the curve, and this combination is always struck up. (C.) "Sn" and "Z" take no "L" hooks at the beginning of the combination of the two would be "Sl" and "Zl," and we have a better way to write "Sl" and "Zl," as expressed by the small circle with the stroke "L" struck up or down. (D.) "W" takes no "L" hook for we have already taught that a small hook at the beginning of "L" stands for "W" as well, well, wall, etc. (E.) "W" takes no "L" hook as the combination in "wl" is better expressed by the small hook on the beginning of "L." (F.) "W" takes no "L" hook as it is itself a stroke having a hook. (G.) As "R" (upward stroke), "M" and "N" have a small hook at the beginning for "W," we write a large hook on these three strokes at the beginning, for "L" making "NI," "NU," "MI." (Please carefully study Plate I, Section 1.) Flec, flew, flies, flock, fleece, awful, offal; evil, howl, flame, fler, flap, fledge, fling, flesh, devil, level, swivel; Ethel, Bethel, deathly; bushel, facial, official, rashly, initial, uncial; relic, refish, munif, spiral, coral, barrel; camel, animal, pommel, Melchisedek, unless, final, tunnel, cannot, unlatch, funnel, channel, penal, heavenly.

2. As straight strokes took both "L" and "R" hooks, how about these curves? Notice: As the straight strokes with the "L" hook were turned right over to make the same straight strokes with the "R" hook, so "F," "V," "Th" (light) and "Th" (heavy) with the "L" hook are turned right over to make the same strokes with the "R" hook. (See Plate I, Section 2.)

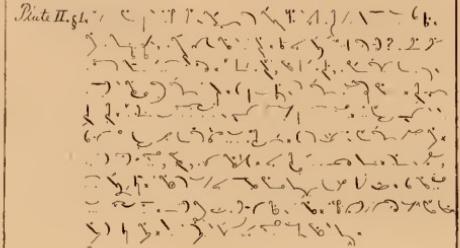
3. Does not your form for "Fr" look like "R" stroke with an "R" hook; your form for "Fr" look like the "W" stroke with an "R" hook; your form for "Th" (light) look like "S" with an "R" hook; your form for "Th" (heavy) look like "Z" with an "R" hook? These points are explained very simply as follows: "R" need never take the "R" hook for then it would be "rr," and this combination never appears in the English language. "W" need never take an "R" hook for then R would be "wr," and we have already given "wr" as expressed by a small hook on upward "R." "S" need not take an "R" hook, for we have already taught two modes of expressing "S," namely, "S" on downward "R" and "S" on upward "R." "Z" need not take an "R" hook as the combination "zr" rarely, if ever, occurs in our language, and if it did we could easily express it by the small circle on either one of the strokes for "R." And now, inasmuch as "W" turned over expresses "pr," "bl" turned over expresses "br," "tl" turned over expresses "tr," "dr" turned over expresses "dr," so these four curves, "rl," "fr," "th" (light) and "th" (heavy) turned over, respectively represent "fr," "vr," "tr," "dr" (light), "th" (heavy). (See Plate I, Section 4.) Free, fr, from, freeze, frame, frost, frosty, Friday, frank, frank, overawe, lover, mover, lever, waver, waver, favor, knavery, shiver; author, authorize, hither, gather, bather, feather, feather, Jethro. Notice also "S" and "Z" having taken an "L" at the top, and being wound up like an "R" hook at the top, and written down. (See Plate I, Section 4.) Asher, smasher, shrirk, shrug, shrive, pusher, dasher, lamer, pleated, leisure, lass, lassie, lassitude, and all these words with the first syllable already taken care of for "W" and a large hook for "L" an "R" hook may be expressed by making a small hook at the top, then turning the strokes, "manning" and "marr" in "Plainfield," Hanmer, Homer, hommer, hommer, canner, canber, humor, rumor, enamour, homr, tammer, banmer, minor, diners, Abner, manner.

Will you try me on the principle of this and other principles? If I ask you a question and then right? Yes, read carefully Plate 2, Section 1. If you wish to know whether you are reading the phonographic words with your training on alternative lines of a page and send them to Prof. W. D. Bridge, Plainfield, with ten two cent stamps inclosed, and he will correct and return the same.

Lesson 7



Reading Exercise



Another of the "spuzers" class is the congeries of words with the letters s-t-r, in Austria, austri, satr, sat-ter, satre, astray, austre, history, astre, estuary, Isaac Pitman's *Reporter's Assistant*, A. J. Graham, in the *Standard Phonographic Dictionary*, and other authors, give specified outlines, but beginners without help would fall into a deep pit hereabouts.

Unlikely, ungenerous, unappreciative of good work done, is the slushing and emulated editorial in D. L. Scott-Brown's *July Phonographic Magazine*, concerning the celebration of Isaac Pitman's Semi-Centennial as Short-hand Author. It is utterly unworthy a man who claims wisdom in phonographic lines, respect for Isaac Pitman and his work is not "toadstool."

A student of shorthand for four months under a professional teacher in one of the large schools was set to writing phonography, till he could write, as he says, one hundred words a minute, but he never was caused to do reading of much phonography, and now says that his time was almost literally thrown away, as he cannot read his notes, and he deeply regrets that a portion of his time has not been spent in reading good phonography, as well as his own writing.

Blaske; "Washington Irving's Tales and Sketches," "Pilgrim's Progress," "Hart's Orthography," "Ecop's Fables," "Hart's Model of Sleepy Hollow," and several volumes of "Selections and Extracts." Much good reading is important for the short-hand student.

BLINDERS
BY F. J. MORGAN.

It is easy to wrangfully read short-hand notes, if one be careless, heedless, or a little embittered.

Correct version: "Sometimes he had, and sometimes he hadn't." Incorrect: "Symptoms he had, and symptoms he hadn't." "I am a marack knees?" "Dam rickety knees?" "Pr mother's prayer?" "The matriors reader?" "Lead or agreement?" "Lost two agreements?" "He was a little fellow?" "He was a little fine?" "They captured two Parrot guns?" "They captured two pirate guns?" "The woman was baking bread?" "The woman was beggin bread?" "Arthur Waite, the Chester evangelist?" "Arthur Waite, the Chester evangelist?" "I came with my brothers, Horace and Henry?" "I came with my brother's horse and Henry?" "The furnaces of this country?" "The furnaces of this country?" "Clocks and barometers?"

The Family Circle.

H. H., New York City. Practice Compendium copies as numbered, but dwell more on No. 1, than all the rest, until you secure a free muscular movement. If you should dwell on the different ovals for a whole week, no time would be lost; don't become disengaged, pluck, is a very important ingredient in this work; much study with your practice.

Mrs L. H., San Diego Cal. You will perhaps find it difficult to hold the pen properly at first, but that is the method used by all good writers; don't hold the fore finger painfully straight, but as near straight as you can, and at the same time write with ease.

W. N. H., Niles, Mich. Yes all good phonograph holds the pen as in writing. They get more accurate forms by this method.

C. A., Lakeview, Mass. You have evidently not wholly succeeded in mastering a free movement. Persistent practice is the best thing for you. A free movement will bring speed. The composition of your letter is very good.

S. S., Irving, Kan. We are unable to account for your difficulty in inserting and removing a pen from the oblique holder, and can offer no suggestions that would assist you.

W. H. S., Grand Junction, Colo. For \$1.25 we will mail you a handsome cloth folder which will hold the GAZETTE for four years.

Mr. E. BURROUGHS is running the restaurant on board the Red Stock steamer in a very satisfactory manner. Passengers going down the lake can get a nice lunch at reasonable rates.

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E. RICHARDSON,
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Pens in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Normal School and Business College, address Prof. J. TOM WILLIAMS, Prof. Belling Green, Ky.

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THE G. A. GASKELL CO., PUBLISHERS.

CHICAGO AND NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1886.

VOL. VIII.—No. 8.

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YENMAN'S GAZETTE

AND BUSINESS EDUCATOR

THE G. GASKELL CO., PUBLISHERS.

CHICAGO AND NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1886.

VOL VIII.—NO. 8.

PROF. CHAS. R. WELLS.

As one of the pioneer business educators in inaugurating and developing the practical methods of education as exemplified in the business college of to-day, Prof. Wells has had an extended and successful experience.

Having received a good English education at one of the leading seminaries of the State, he entered the Commercial College of Geo. W. Eastman at Rochester, N. Y., in 1857, and completed the course of instruction while in his sixteenth year. From 1859 to 1864 he was associated with H. G. Eastman at Oswego, St. Louis, and Poughkeepsie. During the latter year, in connection with Thomas J. Stevens, he organized a business college at New Haven, Conn. A feature of this college was the perfecting and systematizing of what now generally known as the "Actual Business" or "Business Practice" plan of teaching, a method which has added largely to the interest and value of the business college training. The significance of the improvements introduced at this time by Stevens and Wells was due to the fact that a real money value attached to the results of every transaction, and that every gain or loss of the "representative" college currency was indicated by a genuine loss or gain in good money.

The originator of this plan (excepting the real money value) was Geo. W. Eastman, whom it was received in detail by Prof. Wells in 1857.

Prof. Wells' long experience in business college work has made him familiar with, as well as an authority on nearly every department of instruction in institutions of that kind, but as a teacher of practical penmanship especially he has for many years been recognized as a leader, and every college with which he has connected has felt the influence of his ability and zeal in this direction.

About ten years ago, having relinquished active participation in college work, he turned his attention to the improvement of methods of teaching penmanship in public schools, and since then has given the most of his time and devoted his best efforts to the working out of this problem.

The marked success which has signalized his work in the public schools of Syracuse, N. Y., where he has been engaged for the past seven years, has attracted wide attention, and soon him a most enviable reputation as a practical, successful teacher. With the excellent series of lessons given during the past year in the GAZETTE, the thousands who have followed them with interest and profit are of course familiar.

Prof. Wells was unquestionably born to teach, and his unflagging enthusiasm for the advancement of his chosen profession has been no uncertain factor in augmenting the measure of his success.

A Director of the CHAUTAUQUA SCHOOL OF BUSINESS he has fully demonstrated his fitness for the position assigned him in the work of this great university. In the complete success of this correspondence school, which now appears to be amply assured, we can see the crowning achievement of a busy, useful life in the line of special educational work.

Teaching Writing.

THOUGHTS FROM A PAPER READ BY A. H. HINMAN AT THE BUSINESS EDUCATORS' CONVENTION. — Correct writing is partially the result of correct movement. Movement and form should go together like a team of good horses. The other day in Boston I was riding in a street

car when one horse pushed ahead and did the pulling, while the other held back. That was like form in writing going ahead without movement. But when both pulled together we went along nicely. That was like form and movement going along together. Driving either movement or form to excess will interfere with progress. The teacher should be constantly on the watch to see that both go along evenly. Too much form will injure writing by destroying movement; too much movement will also injure writing by destroying form. You cannot produce good results without uniformity of action. If a person steps quickly at one time and slowly at another, the steps will be of different length; but when he moves with a regular step—one, two, three, four—the steps will be equal in length. Uniformity of outline, or form, is largely the result of uniformity of action. To secure rapid writing (and I do not mean by that a rapid, jerky action) the movement should not be slow at

cerian system of writing. He got his pupils very enthusiastic in the matter of writing, and so worked them up to a love of the art that I have often seen tears shed in his classes by pupils who were discouraged. I saw him go to one young man whose hands had wet his paper, and who said "I don't believe I will ever learn." Mr. Spencer sat down and wrote a poor copy, little better than the young man could write, and said, "There, see if you can beat the old man." In a little while Mr. Spencer came along, looked at the work and slapped the young man on the back, saying, "There, you are beating the old man, I will get another pen," and he wrote a little better copy, in this way leading the pupil up to better work. You will find it a good plan to sometimes give a poor copy and tell your pupil to beat you. Take a little child. "Come," you say, "let's run a race." Away the little one goes, and how happy it is when it excels. But supposing you start off and run away from the

best key to success, and if you use it judiciously among your pupils they will strive to succeed.

A Mammoth Book.

"Just outside of London they are at work on the biggest book in the world," said a New York publisher yesterday, who has recently returned from a trip to England. "It will be more than four times as large as Webster's dictionary, and will contain something like eight thousand pages. It is to be the ideal dictionary of the English language, and will supersede all pre-existing authorities. It has long been realized by scholars that the English language is deficient in this respect. The French have two dictionaries, that of M. Littré and of the Académie, that are far superior to our own. The Worcester of the German brothers Grimm is still more exhaustive and authoritative. Even the Portuguese dictionary, by Vieira, decidedly surpasses anything in English. But the British Philological Society proposes to fill this yawning gap in our reference books. They hold that a dictionary should be an inventory of the language, and that its doors should be opened to all—good, bad and indifferent. This new work will not be confined to definitions and cross references. The life history of each word will be fully given, with a quotation from some standard writer, showing its shades of meaning and the variations in its usage from one generation to another. The work was originally started in 1859, but the death of editors, financial embarrassments, and changes in the plans have interrupted its progress. It is now hoped that the book may be published to its completion without unnecessary delay. The amount of research and reading required to be accomplished is great, and there are on hand some 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 slips which require patient classification. The next century will probably open before the dictionary can be placed in complete form upon the library shelves. But the advance sheets, devoted to the first letters of the alphabet, which have already been issued, have met with the most favorable comment from scholars, and given promise that the English language is to have at last a lexicography worthy of its literature."



PROF. CHAS. R. WELLS.

one time and rapid at others, but the pen should move as in walking, with regular steps. If a person moves his pen regularly as rapidly as he can write well, produces a good form, and keeps it up through the page, he will get through that page much quicker than he who writes spasmodically. It is uniformity of action that produces good writing and a swiftly written page. *

Ethusiasm in the teacher is the chief key to success. The pupils will not be enthusiastic in their work if they do not see enthusiasm in the teacher. During the school hours the teacher should do the best work he can for his pupils, and if he feels himself lagging he should feel that he ought to quicken work or get out of the profession. This enthusiasm can be created in various ways. *

I teach pupils what not to do in order to teach them what to do. Sometimes I believe it is well to have students write with you. If a pupil is discouraged in his work, I prepare for him a copy a little better than his own writing, and he thinks he is coming nearer to what I can do, that after all there is not much difference. I say to him, "See if you cannot beat my copy, and if you can, I will try to give you a better one." I saw this done many years ago by Mr. Spencer, author of the Spenc-

erian, can you ever get him to run with you again? *

I believe in firing the ambition of a pupil in teaching writing in a poetic way. Father Spencer, who was so excellent in his work, was full of the poetry of motion. He saw beauty in the waves of the sea, and the trees and the flowers and the clouds, in the bend of a blade of grass—everywhere, in fact. He would in his blackboard practice let the movement up and down resemble the waves of the sea, training the pupil to graceful action, for where you have graceful action you will have graceful form.

The old gentleman, whom I shall always remember with reverence, Mr. Spencer, would go around and pat a boy on the back, saying, "You are doing well," and the boy would work with all his might and wonder when he was going to get more of that praise; and when the master came around again he would look for it, for he knew he had been doing his best and deserved it, and that the old gentleman would be sure to give it. Love of approbation is an incentive to action. It exists in all mankind, and is the cause of the largest amount of excellence. Skill in almost every direction is developed through the love of approbation. Approbation was Father Spencer's |

A novel use of the stereoscope was recently made in the detection of a counterfeit bank note. A hundred-franc note was submitted to the experts of the Bank of France as issued by a band of forgers, but the execution was so perfect that no defect could be discovered by the closest examination. As a last resource the suspected note was placed side by side with the genuine one in the objective of a stereoscope, the two images of which, as well known, overlap each other and form a single picture. The result of the experiment was that the loop in a letter of the forged note did not exactly cover that of the genuine one, showing that they had not been printed from the same plate.—*Ex.*

Elegant Lead-Pencils.

In point of finish beauty, fineness of lead, the GASKELL pencils are leaders. Done up securely and sent by mail at 5 cents per dozen, or wholesale to regular agents at \$3 per gross.

The card specimens on page 7 were dashed off by their authors without any idea of their ever entering the engraver's retreat. The work is good, however, for unpremeditated strokes.

THE PENMAN'S GAZETTE.

Glimmering Glimpses of Chautauqua.

ETCHED FROM THE WING, BY THE GAZETTE'S
GRANGER.

No summer resort offers such a mixture of comfort, pleasure and rare intellectual treats as Chautauqua Lake, a "glittering gem" of crystal water set in an elevated ridge which divides the slope of the St. Lawrence and that of the Mississippi. Flowing in a south-easterly direction the waters from this lake mingle with that of the Ohio, Alleghany and Mississippi, yet, go back in almost any direction and the flow is in an opposite direction. The supply of water to the lake is received mostly through the source of numerous springs which bubble up from its sylvan banks, and keep its waters always cool and crystal-like. The lake is about twenty miles in length, with charming summer residences sprinkled all along its wooded banks, and farther back graded slopes with small farms of growing crops spread here and there. At times, when the sun bursts from behind a cloud, there are kaleidoscopic views about this lake which defy the inspired touch of a Raphael, or challenge the vocabulary of the most fastidious word painter to graphically represent. Across the lake perhaps you will see partly on land and partly on the placid water, a golden sheet of bright sunlight gilding hillsides and water into a rare picture, and if a small sail boat happens to pass across this sunlit spot, the scene is intensified by the white sails flapping in the breeze. Shadows of various clouds passing over the lake cause the water to variegated with the most delicate tints; here on its calm bosom an emerald spot appears, there in the distance is a shimmering spot of deep yellow, and further on, perhaps, a purple belt drawn from shore to shore. And thus it is with this chameleon-like gem, every change of weather produces its corresponding change on its mirror-like surface.

Chautauqua proper is the chief attraction of the lake, being the place where the Assembly meets from year to year, and where thousands of visitors from all parts of the country come to spend their summers. Cottages and tents are thickly sprinkled all over the grounds, giving the place the air of some quaint old village of primitive times. There are no sidewalks, but rustic roads run here and there which are called avenues. So many educational departments, buildings and devices give it the appearance of a modern Athens. Here are the headquarters of the Literary and Scientific Circle, Schools of Languages, the Teachers' Retreat, the School of Theology, the College of Music, School of Clay Modeling, School of Cookery, Young Folks' Reading Union, Missionary Institute, Gymnasium, School of Shorthand, School of Business, and other departments of education. It would be impossible to mention all the interesting features of this glorious place shorter than a volume. The amphitheater is located near the center of the grounds, and at times the peals from the great organ can be heard from nearly all the various cottages. Here, every day for two months, is given a programme of rare excellence.

One hour you are entertained by the most soul-stirring music, another by a lecture by some celebrity of this or other countries. To-day the Schubert quartet are lifting us heavenward with their blending voices, to-morrow we are awestruck by Sam Jones' shower of sulphurous theology. And so on; every day brings new features. While there we heard Dr. Talmage lecture on the Aburdities of Evolution in that stage-rampling style peculiar to himself. When he opens his mouth wide enough for one of his home constructed words to escape there is just enough room on the

outside for his voice, which, by the way, is a very noticeable feature. Some one speaking of his voice has said: "Talmage's resonant tones, when in a rasping vein of sarcasm, cause the feathers on the ladies' hats to curl and the flowers to wither under the pungent blast." This statement sounds to us like an overgrown hyperbole. We listened to Will Carleton in his best poems. Everybody was interested in Carleton because his poems are full of life, and

physiognomy and proved to us that he was mortal, and would not vanish into thin air as many supposed.

Geo. W. Cable read some of his unpublished writings in an entertaining style. Upon his first appearance upon the stage he was somewhat fatigued from travel, and at first spoke rather low. Some shouting minister from the rear of the amphitheater who could not be entreated unless a man yelled until his epiglottis stuck to the roof of his mouth and turned red in the face, asked him to speak louder. Cable did so, but almost any one could see that he

For a number of evening entertainments we were taken across the Atlantic by means of ingenious stereopticon lectures and well delineated illustrations. One moment the listeners, lifted into imaginary spheres by vivid description and life-like views, were plowing their way through the briny waters of the Atlantic aboard some grand old steamer of the Cunard line, and the next were crowded into a quiet and dusty looking English omnibus. In an instant we were crossing the English channel en route to Paris. After arriving we were led through art galleries, museums, and other places of interest until the dazzling sights of Parisian beauty brought the pearly drop to our aching eyes. This is only a vague hint of what was brought so clearly before us.

The illuminated floats at Chautauqua are remarkably beautiful. Hundreds of row boats, steam launches, large boats and other crafts constructed for the occasion, all brilliantly illuminated with lanterns of every hue, furnish a charming panorama. They march in straight lines and then form into fantastic circles and emblems, reminding one of what might be seen during a night at Venice, or a Japanese night of feasting.

The most novel musical feast we enjoyed while at Chautauqua was the "Rock Band," a more wonderful and unique arrangement could not be imagined. Fancy a wooden frame about twelve feet long, like two wooden shelves. On the upper shelf, insulated by means of straw ropes, are twenty-five slabs of rough stone chipped and hammered like the stone cells of our barrows and hoes, from four feet to six or eight inches long and from one and one-half to four inches broad, arranged in threes and twos like the black notes of a piano, which they truly represent. On the lower shelf, insulated in the same

way, are the naturals—thirty-five in number, and gradually decreasing in size, from the long deep notes of the bass clef to the small high notes of the treble. This gigantic instrument is played by three performers with wooden mallets covered with leather. There are three interesting features about the instrument, the novelty of its construction, the deafness of the performers, and the excellent melody produced.

Among the most interesting features of the Chautauqua grounds are a number of devices calculated to assist the instructors in the various departments. These are the models of Jerusalem, the great Pyramid, the Palestine Park, and the Pathway of Roman History. They not only serve their purpose in assisting students of the regular courses, but they are a continual object lesson, which is forced again and again upon the attention of the more curious summer visitor.

For a vivid realization of the natural features of the Holy Land, Palestine Park has but one equal, and that is Palestine itself. The Park lies along the lake which here makes a graceful curve like that of the Mediterranean Sea along the Syrian coast. The monuments of Bible history appear here in their proper proportions, landmarks of the Holy Land covered with close green turf. The Valley of the Jordan holds a tiny stream which runs all summer long in its sunken channel to the Dead Sea, a pool which lies below the level of the lake. Little cities dot the miniature landscape here and there and evergreen trees do duty as the Cedars of Lebanon. During the Assembly session lectures are given in the park by competent persons, who amuse the suggestive surroundings explain the beauties of the Holy Land.

The Pyramid stands on the terrace in the rear of the postoffice, and presents a sectional view of the great Pyramid of Cheops near the Egyptian Nile, which is surmounted by some learned men to contain within its massive

he infuses new meaning by his peculiar but natural style. There is something in his manner which always announces the funny parts he reaches them—a twinkle of his eye, a half-curbed smile stealing around his mouth, or a mechanical gloom drawn across his brow, all speak plainly of the coming of a button tester. He certainly touches

was a little vexed at the remark coming so abruptly. After winding up a chapter with an enthusiastic climax he asked in a tone slightly tinged with sarcasm, "Did you hear that?"

Frank Beard was mysteriously blown in on the audience one afternoon, wearing a bland look on his Apollo-like face and a bundle of charcoal and red paint under his arm. In care

hearts of the people, by moving with them and not by taking an eagle's flight into the gay nothingness. Dr. Buckley, of New York, amused us one afternoon with his lecture on "Quackery." He pulled back the somber curtains of spiritualism, revealing the false hair, wax figures, unhung spirits of the departed, timberjacks of all sizes, and all wires connecting with Plutonian stations, etc. He also drew the cork from patent medicines, and showed the different species of bosh that were contained in the deadly concoctions. He also pulled the funeral drapery from the clerical

of his keeper he was permitted to roam over the stage for the better part of the afternoon. After removing his cuff and a few remarks, he was permitted to draw pictures. After drawing a very comical picture he has a way of looking grieved, as though all that was near and dear to him had been torn from his grasp. Counting all that is bare from his nose up, Beard naturally has a very long face. His charcoal and crayon sketches are wonderfully graphic. The GAZETTE readers will find novel and ingenious ideas in his drawing lessons which appear each month.



BITS IN AND AROUND CHAUTAUQUA.



HALL IN THE GROVE.

THE PENMAN'S GAZETTE.

5

stone work the sum of human knowledge. The section is so arranged as to show the chambers and passages which have been discovered within its depths. Descriptive talks upon the Pyramid are given by men acquainted with its wonders.

The model of Jerusalem is in the beautiful grove near the steamboat landing. It is about twenty-five feet in diameter and is surrounded by a gallery from which one looks down upon the pigmy city. Everything is represented in the model—the city quarters, the deep ravines and brooks, the Mosque and its courts, the walls, and the many places in the vicinity whose names are connected with the history of the Jews and their capital.

"The Roman Pathway is a successful attempt to outline the events of the ancient history of Rome in such manner that they may be deeply impressed upon the mind of the student. One of the avenues which extends along the upper terrace from the great Amphitheatre to the *Academia*—the grove which has been dedicated to the University, and which now shades the buildings of the department of Ancient Languages—was chosen for this pathway. By the wayside tablets have been erected, each bearing the name and date of an important occurrence in the history. There are some sixty of these tablets placed at regular intervals on a path which allows two feet to the year. In this manner the period from the Roman growth and greatness is marked out, and the relation to time is preserved and presented to the eye. The structures are designed by large pillars which bear upon their faces the names and dates of the emperors of the world during the years immediately preceding a list of the greatest names of the epoch, and a few words giving the distinctive features of the century, for example, as an age of conquest or of civil war.

The whole is a novel textbook, and like the other attractions at Chautauqua it is both interesting and instructive.

Somewhere who have not visited this veritable dreamland get an idea that it is only a workshop for the ponderous brain, and that visitors have thrust upon them *meatus* of theology, science, and a general potpourri of brain food. Without investigation they see cadaverous looking students lost in meditation or musing in a dream-like way toward the profound throne of some professor of Latin, Greek or Persian mythology. Not so; if one is so constructed he can indulge his laziness here as well as in the festive hammock of the seashore, while he can have all advantages possible.

There is no art in the code of laws that will compel him to become lean and hungry over scientific questions, or hair-splitting theological conundrums. If he finds Talmage's words too pungent for his mental appetite he can quietly withdraw from the board. If Buckley's words touch him in a tender spot or his nervous machinery in any way he may quietly seek solitudo without interference. There is always something going on here to please every one, no matter how his tastes may run. If you delight in pulling the sportive pickerel from his moist retreat,

"Here is the angler's paradise,
A dreamy, idle-like retreat,
With bony perform in the air
And wild flowers springing at his feet."

If you have the soul of an artist and delight in feasting your eyes on verdant shores and sunlit waves, you may have your love gratified here.

"Change is impressed on everything around thee;
Yet in thy beauty shalt still remain.
What if at times icy chain hath bound thee?
Spring hath restored thy loveliness again.
Fair as the morning sun thy smiling spring,
Heaven's blue depth invested I behold.
Up from thy depths light, fiery clouds cease sailing,
Tinged by the setting sun with hues of gold."

Points of Difference.

BY C. H. PRINCE, OF KOKOKU.

"Trust forever in the Almighty,
God forever on the throne;
Yet that scaffold sways the future;
And behind the dim unknown,
Stretches God within the shadows,
Keeping watch above His own."

Prof. Wells is hewing to the line, and teachers of experience will bear me out in saying that his conclusions in the main are undoubtedly. He puts the matter very mildly when he says that "rapidity of movement in practicing seems to be an open question, teachers differ widely on this point," and follows with ex-

plicit instruction in language that cannot be misunderstood: "Begin with a moderate uniform movement," mark the language, "and then gradually increase the speed as the action appears to come under control, and more encouraging results will generally be secured."

Better language could not have been chosen to express in a clear and concise manner the best, the very best course of action.

This course of treatment is general with our very best teachers, and Mr. Wells does an injustice to the profession by saying that teachers differ widely on this point. No one worthy the name of teacher, who is honest in his convictions and bears the respect of a prosperous experience, will waver in their support of Prof. Wells; not that he uttered the statements first or last, but that they contain the truth which alone must define our position.

Our acquaintance with the wrong is necessary in order that we may appreciate the right. Some persons affiliate with that which is wrong simply because their natures will receive nothing else. In such instances they are not accountable, and therefore should not be held responsible for statements and actions entirely out of keeping with good taste and reason. Therefore let it not be said that teachers differ widely upon the point of how speed should be taught.

There is but one reasonable explanation under high heaven that will reconcile the resting of the hand upon the nails of the third and fourth fingers. I have no desire and no disposition to add conflicting testimony merely for the sake of bewildering the jury; neither can I withhold an honest conviction for fear of conflict.

Upon the hypothesis that you use a straight penholder and a fine pen it is obligatory to hold the pen as per the usual directions to secure the very best results. Upon the other hand, writing with a coarse pen and straight holder where no shade is required or straight holder where the hand is held so far to the left, and of necessity does not rest on the nail of the third and fourth fingers, is, on the first joint of the finger. I repeat it, if the hand assumed the proper position with the straight holder and fine pen, without requiring great effort, the "oblique" would never have been invented. "Necessity being the mother of invention" the "oblique" came forth because of necessity, and to-day meets the highest expectation of the very best metal in the field.

The construction of the oblique is upon the principle of the crooked scythe handle. In the former the hand is not required to be drawn so far to the left, neither in the latter is one required to stoop so low as with the straight handle. Both are for relief, the one for the hand, the other for the body. To me these facts are self-evident, those coming upon the stage of action they may prove invaluable, and offer no other reason than that others may build upon the fossilized facts of today. I feel justified in their pronouncement. "Endeavor to practice all the exercises in the lessons with a pure arm movement, avoiding as far as possible any action of the thumb or finger joints."

Does Mr. Wells mean to say, and have the readers of the *Gazette* understand, that the highest possible execution of any kind of writing consists in a purely fore-arm movement, and that there should be no action whatever of the thumb and fingers? If this is the gentle man's stand I beg to differ, and appeal to the highest authority of our plan for a decision.

The gentleman says *avoid as far as possible*; does he mean that the action must cease, if possible? And if not possible, to what degree is license given? "Observe the movement of the third and fourth fingers as they glide over the paper in writing, and be sure that this corresponds exactly with every motion of the pen."

This is conclusive, and argues that there cannot be any action of the fingers, providing the motion of the pen is simultaneous with that of the third and fourth fingers; i. e., if by some process the fingers could write like the pen, an exact counterpart of the work done with the pen would be done with the nails of the third and fourth fingers. The technicalities of the law have won fame at the bar. If the technicalities of our profession are overlooked, what must our doom? I do not care to quibble, but in the light of acquired knowledge deem these points of difference of vital importance to all who desire the acquisition of the very best methods.

[For the PENMAN'S GAZETTE.]

Two Peus.

Said the statesman's fishing pen:
"I'll cast out to the middle of the sea;
When I write the king's decree
Some will wriggle in agony,
At my touch the iron ports
Open, and the prison walls,
And the marshy, stinking glooms,
Set the seabirds' greenly loon,
And the cannon's heavy boom
Hail the prisoner to his doom.
When I give the stern command,
To the world 'Cease to be,'
Mothers cling about their sons
When the pealing of the guns,
Rebels 'o'er the hills far,
Loudly tell of bloody war."

Said the poet's stirring pen:
"I can heal the hearts of men,
When the thoughts I go forth,
From the south to frozen north,
My pen can make the dead start,
By my touch is lifted to rest,
On the discord of nations,
I can pour my sweet libations;
At the heart-beat of the mighty press,
As the world wept o'er me pressed,
When my sweet pathetic song,
Sweeps the hoary land along,
All the hearts of men are stirred
As they read each glowing word,
To the world 'Cease to be,'
To the stately palace halls,
O'er the land and o'er the sea,
Words of mine are scattered free;
Bringing where'er they go,
Cheer alike to high and low."

Strongest is the poet's pen,
Strongest o'er the hearts of men.

I. F. M.

[For the PENMAN'S GAZETTE.]

Humorous Literature.

Commenting upon the disposition of Americans to find something fit for levity in every subject, a European journal charges us with being a laughing race, and gently insinuates that our love for the comic, ridiculous and humorous in life is causing a degeneration in the moral tone of our country; that we are losing that grave solidity which by nature we should inherit from our Puritan ancestors. It is true that humorous publications and humorous lectures thrive better in America than in any country in the world; it is also true that Americans are lovers of the ridiculous in life; we had ample evidence of that fact when we saw Oscar Wilde come and depart hence unscathed.

A contemporary says that humor is the most popular of all literature, and justly so. Nothing can be truer, and it will be found true, too, that the most sincere patrons of the thousands of jolly, comical and humorous publications that are daily published throughout the United States are our more firmly established business men, the bankers and brokers, physicians and attorneys, who have a brief hour in which to seek relief from the cares of their daily business, finding in such papers a sprightly spirit which brings forgetfulness for a time of all the vexatious recollections of their cares in the contemplation of the ridiculous and comic delineations of the author's characters, becoming oblivious to their own foibles and failings. This should be the aim of the true humorist, he who should claim Puck for his cousin and find ancestral relation in Panurge! Such are real benefactors to mankind.

Very different are those vulgar scribblers who, without genius for humor or ability in the portraiture of the comic, are only destined to instill into their productions the vulgarities which we call *slang*. Such authors can cause as much harm in the way of corrupting the language of those whose habitat of speech and ideas of propriety are not yet fixed, as actual intercourse with the users of such language could cause.

To this add the demoralizing effect upon literature itself by the incorporation of low idioms into a class of literature which is "justly esteemed the most popular of all literature." The humorist lives only for the present; but a day passes and the reader feels a loss of that freshness which yesterday characterized his article, but yet the works of the standard humorist do not die. Those who come after us will read of our customs, will be interested, perhaps, in the history of our domestic lives, and though the picture in the style of caricature which is often adopted is sometimes too roughly drawn, yet they will not find truer chroniclers of those events than the humorist

who finds something mirth-provoking in them now.

W. BURRILL MORRIS.

Golconda, Ill., April 17, 1886.

Select Readings.

Beauty and accuracy of expression in reading and speaking may be justly regarded as a fine art, attainable in its perfection only by a knowledge and practice of the rules and principles of elocution. The *Gazette* would call the attention of its readers to "Select Readings," published by The G. A. Gaskell Co., one of the finest works of the kind published. It contains 300 pages, printed from clear, new type, on fine lined, heavy, crown plate paper and bound in cloth, English silk cloth, and half Russa, with gilt or plain edges, and side stamp in black and gold of beautiful design. For public or private entertainments the selections are the choice, there being among them those of the most pathetic, gay, humorous, heroic, sublime and patriotic. Price in strong board, cloth back, \$1.75; in English silk cloth, black and gold sides, plain edges, \$2; in silk cloth, black and gold sides, gilt edges, \$2.50; in half Russa, gilt edges, \$4. Agents can make money selling this work. The publishers will send a canvasser's prospectus with "How to sell" for fifty cents.

Barum's Rival.

Mr. W. H. Lothrop kindly favors us with a specimen of an advertisement which appeared in the New York papers about the year 1835. It would seem from the size of the statement contained in this advertisement that charlatanical persons were permitted to act even in the primitive days of '35. The following is the substance of that chimerical effusion.

Qui potuit pulsa frustis.

Rystow's Royal Anti-Angular System of Writing. "Before anything is effected we think it importe it, but when it is done we stand where it was never before."

"The Study of Years Reduced to a Few Hours."

System of Anti-Angular Writing continues to be taught by the real inventor himself, Mr. Rystow, of London, finishing writing master, member of the Royal Writing Society, and instructor of the royal elder-gilding process for relief of the blind.

This system of writing has been honored with the patronage of the king and queen of Great Britain and the other branches of the royal family; also by several legatees of the most illustrious and heroic names, senators, legislators and members of the New York Philanthropic Association. Indeed, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Boston it is now universally adopted. In London it was sanctioned by the approbation of the Royal Society of Arts and Sciences, and other learned institutions in the highly polished and educated metropolis cities of the British Isles and the Continent of Europe.

The most illegible, cramped or vulgar writing—however defective it may be—will be reformed into a style at once bold, free, elegant, graceful, perfect, expeditious and forcible in twelve easy lessons or one hour each. Attracting to persons of all ages and every capacity, from 10 to 60.

MERCHANTS and STRANGERS can be finished in two days IMPROVEMENT guaranteed. PUPILS who have never written are taught an elegant hand in eighteen lessons.

FANCY the royal family grouped around a small white pine table diligently constructing kangaroo footprints, with ink bespattering their robes as their pens attempt to walk. Picture his majesty's tongue revolving at a fearful rate as he becomes lost in the "aidernographic process."

Literary Notes.

The September number of the Philadelphia *Ladies' Home Journal* contains a reasonable article on summer desserts and out-door enter-taining by Christine Terhune Herrick, an interesting article on common grammatical errors, and how to appear and talk well in company.

Mr. Louis Knapp, its editor, has made a remarkable success in building up that paper to a circulation of over 270,000 paid subscribers three years by her rare tact and genius in catering to the home instinct of her sex, in the rich feast of good things set before her readers every month. The *Journal* is a permanent and handsomely printed and illustrated, and enjoys only the best writers, such as Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Louisa Alcott, F. Hall Allen's wife, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Marion Harland, Rose Terry Cooke, Mrs. Christine Terhune Herrick (Marion Harland's daughter), Mrs. J. H. Lambert, of Philadelphia, and Mary Abbott Rand.

ALL "Exchanges" should be sent to the PENMAN'S GAZETTE, 79 Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Lesson in Writing.

BY A. J. SCARBOROUGH.

We beg the readers of the *Gazette* to accept a substitute for Prof. Wells' lesson this month, as he is so engrossed in business that he can't possibly appear in this connection before our next issue.

I shall aim to make free movement the chief point in these brief illusions. By free movement I mean muscular movement, though there are some hair-splitting points of difference among penmen as to the exact meaning of this movement. Now I think almost every reader of the *Gazette* knows exactly what is meant by muscular movement, but does he practice what he knows, and believes to be reasonable and correct theory? We receive hundreds of letters at the *Gazette* office from the "Family Circle." Some of these letters show excellent form, but a glance at them is sufficient to see that all that has been said about training the movement has been sadly neglected. Others show muscular movement which is untrained and balky. They perhaps have good ideas of form, but not having concentrated their practice upon systematic exercise drill, they fail to make anything correct, except occasionally through blind luck. You may find it difficult to write long words and retain the proper slant and regular forms. The following practice with a regular movement, will help you to overcome tediousness of movement:



Don't jump from one thing to another. There are only a few ground principles underlying penmanship, but they must be learned thoroughly. One of the best writers I have ever met often practiced the small *r* for two and three hours at a time. I have seen pages of his practice paper covered with the following:



The result of such practice not only establishes correct form in the mind but in the hand as well. You never use a good movement until you become so familiar with an exercise that you can start off with confidence enough to put force and freedom in your motion:



In making the three *a*'s, allow the hand to slide freely across the page, but observe that it does not turn over to the right as you form the connecting stroke:



The above practiced with a free and decided movement will help you in writing long words with regularity and speed. You can't expect to learn an exercise of this character by a few careless strokes. Strive to improve in every line:



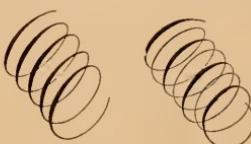
Exercises containing loop and minimum letters, alternately help to give strength and regular slant to your work:



When good ovals are mastered, half the battle is won in capitals. You can't expect to make full oval capitals until you have thoroughly trained the movement in all the various oval drills.



The constant revolving of the hand and arm may bring back your days of grindstone rotation, but this constant repetition is the only way to train the arm in the primary elements. I don't care how much genius you may have scintillating about your being, you have, in order to learn penmanship, much plodding, even constant grinding before you.



You may have fair control of movement in form and utterly fail in shading in the proper places. An exercise which calls for light and shade alternately will give you skill in shading where you wish, if practiced with that object in view. Try the three *C*'s, shading the first in its loop, the second in the last down stroke of oval and so on.



Nothing tends to give so much force to capitals as the practice of combinations. Take up some letter that will connect well and write as many as four or five without lifting the pen from the paper. You can't dwell on this too much. No matter how good your writing may be already, this will give you more ease in your work and more decision in the appearance of your capitals.



This sweep and strength of movement is the very secret of some of our most expert business writers' success. They have their motion trained to such a free and positive swing that they write well without the slightest fatigue. You see a good penman write with free movement, apparently without effort; you say, "That looks easy;" so it is, when you have once gone through this graduated system of training the hand, which gives results as surely as learning to spell prepares you for reading.



One of the best ways to learn writing is, after you get on the right track, to *write*. You might memorize a volume on the geometrical technicalities of writing and then without putting pen and actual muscular push into your practice, you would scarcely rival the Mongolian hieroglyphics of Horace Greeley. If in teaching a child the art of walking parents should say: "Now little one, preserve an equilibrium by keeping your little body in a perpendicular position, and perambulate by placing your right pedal in advance of your left and vice versa, observing that you have compound action of mind and nerve," the child would surely fall under such a mass of verbiage. But if the parent should say *Walk* the child would know what was meant. I have seen pupils grasp the idea of muscular movement from a simple illustration and hint. They would get ideas enough in a few lessons to practice on successfully for months.



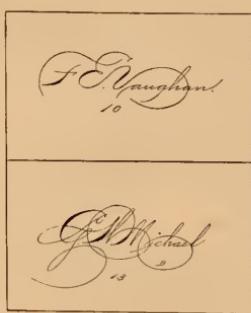
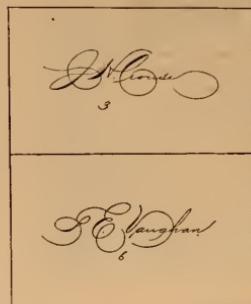
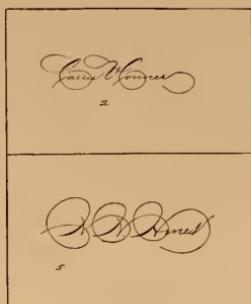
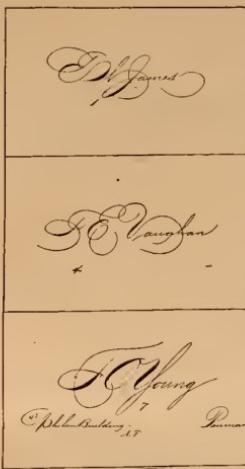
Combined signatures make an excellent practice for giving skill in varied turns. This kind of practice is so fascinating that it calls forth more variety of movement than you realize. One common fault among students of writing is in failing to practice an exercise long enough to make it interesting to them. No matter how tedious an exercise seems at first, as you become skillful in its execution, the drudgery wears off.



The Critique in Penman.

In the study of any art where beauty and harmony are leading characteristics, the aesthetic sense and discriminating powers naturally become more acute. The mind, through the study and practice of writing, is rendered more searching in the elements of expression or form in other objects. The eye is trained to such an extent that common place objects are scrutinized more closely. The penman feels, or should feel that his accomplishments are an incentive to the higher development of the artistic faculty in other things. If musicians should follow the nobler impulses awakened by their productions they would represent universally the grandeur of humanity, their minds would be ever stored with the most beautiful imagery, their natures would be the soul of sympathy etc. Train the mind to criticism in one art, and you train it for investigation in others. Form the habit of investigation, and you become critical as a result, but the art of mastering in detail must first be learned in one thing. Learn to discover harmony and beauty in a landscape, and you learn to discover beauty in the description of landscapes. Become critical in form and motion, and you cultivate a taste for fitting words and graceful expressions. The reasoning powers are strengthened by the study of mathematics, and surely the sensuous knowledge is rendered more acute by the study of an art which has for its features beauty and harmony. The penman who is not cloistered with his art alone will not fail to feel that his knowledge and skill are preparing his taste for other arts. As the ear becomes sensitive to the slightest harshness or discord, so the eye becomes quick to detect deformity or detects of any kind in writing.

of solid-ground virtues. How we more than admire to hear a person speak it out bravely, boldly, determinedly, as though it were an out-reaching of entire nature; a reflection of their inner soul. It tells of something that is earnest, sober, serious; of something that will battle the race and tumble with the world in a way that will open and brighten and mellow man's eyes.—*Ex.*



FLASHING SWEEPS FROM A FEW OF THE FULL-FLEDGED FLOURISHERS.

Nos. 1, 2, 3, 5 and 10 are from the flexible pen of the famous Madrasaz. Nos. 4, 6 and 9 are from the unquivering hand of A. W. Dakin. Nos. 11, 12, 13 and 14 are from the invincible Bennett. No. 7 is from the left hand of the Pacific Fred O. Young. No. 8, representing a small fowl, apparently eating its nest, was executed by Mr. Bartow, and the central figure, a larger bird, is the work of J. A. Wesco.

THE PENMAN'S GAZETTE.



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[Entered at the Post Office, at Chicago, as Second Class Mail Matter.]

THE G. A. GASKELL CO., PROPRIETORS.

JOHN FAIRBANKS, General Manager.

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Drawing and Designing. by **Frank Beard**.

Under the journalistic care of **A. J. SCARBOROUGH**.

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Quaker's Guide, heavy paper,

Handwriting, heavy paper,

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One Thousand Pen Histories,

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One Thousand Pen Cases,

One Thousand Pen Boxes,

One Thousand Pen Pouches,

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Shorthand.

This department is edited by PROF. WILLIAM D. BRIDGE, A. M., Principal of the School of Phonography in CHAUTAUQUA UNIVERSITY. [Address Lock Box 555, Plainfield, N. J.]

We desire phonographers are invited to contribute to this department: 1. Brief suggestions; 2. News paper clippings in our shorthand lines; 3. Legal documents in your shorthand; 4. Personal stories relating to shorthand writers or work; & Type writer or machine reporter intelligence. 5. Local news concerning the use of shorthand in periodicals or books for Lock news in our columns.

Dots and Dashes.

—E. N. MINER, Esq., of New York City, has sold out his establishment and now devotes himself to his magazine.

—Massachusetts reporters recently appointed get too small a salary—only \$7.00 per day and 7 cents per folio for each copy of transcript.

—The American Shorthand Writer takes a vacation during August and September. Subscribers will, however, receive their full tale of numbers.

—The Remington was the machine used in the Chautauqua School of Type-writing this summer. At least three other machines have applied for positions in that school for next year.

—Any of our readers seeking "goodly pearls" among rare or unique shorthand works would do well to send to R. McCaskey, 10 High street, Marylebone, London, England, for his catalogue.

—We have received a most beautiful steel-line engraving of Gabelsberger, the father of the prominent stenography of Germany. The Germans all honor their leaders in this field as we do not ours.

—The *Shorthand Writer*, Chicago, for July, gives a remarkably valuable vocabulary of legal and phrase signs in tachygraphic characters, which could easily be rewritten into other shorthand systems profitably.

—Rowell & Hickox, American agents for Isaac Pitman's books, decidedly decline to accept many forms which Mr. Pitman authorizes, and in the only page of phonography given in their magazine exhibit their independence.

—The changes which Isaac Pitman has recently admitted in his system are greatly disturbing the peace of his followers. The heavy docket tick for "he" is found to be as worthless now as when abandoned twenty or more years ago.

—Our readers will receive from Prof. W. D. Bridge, A.M., Plainfield, N. J., by sending a stamp, one of the neatest and most attractive circulars of shorthand that is published. It answers a multitude of questions likely to be asked concerning this prominent art.

—The printers and engravers have done beautiful work in giving to the shorthand public the little *Brochure on Shorthand Numbers* by Prof. W. D. Bridge, Plainfield, N. J., and all shorthanders would do well to examine it and master it. Fifteen cents cannot be better expended.

—We are glad to hear that Prof. F. G. Morris, of Easthampton, Mass., commences Oct. 1 the publication of *The Mentor*, a 16 p. magazine, entirely in Graham's Standard Phonography. We welcome our former associate professor into the editorial fraternity, and bespeak great success to his new venture.

—We are happy to learn that our former pupil in shorthand, James P. Bacon, Esq., of Boston, Mass., has just taken into partnership Mr. Geo. Burge and Mr. George Meams, both of Boston. This stenographic firm will not rank in any respect lower than the highest, and we wish them the greatest desirable patronage.

—Many of Isaac Pitman's changes are in the direction of the standard Graham system, though not accepting the governing principles in all cases. The lengthening of straight strokes to add "ter," "for," etc., is in case. Mr. Pitman is lengthening his curves with the "ter," "der," etc., after any final hook (as when for wonder) loses the benefit of an added "hook" for "than," etc.

—Massachusetts now has a full staff of official court reporters, according to recent legislation; viz.: Isaac D. Taylor, Allston, N. Y.; A. C. Edson, Esq., Holyoke, Mass.; H. M. Wilson, Esq., Worcester; I. Irving Duane,

West Newton; Charles D. Gay, Chelsea; Miss Minnie E. Conlan, Boston; Frank H. Burt, Newton; and Miss Annie M. White, New Bedford.

—An "old-timer" in writing machines, who was looking at the HAMMOND type-writer at the Chautauqua exhibition of such machines,

—On arriving at Chautauqua this summer the secretary of the grounds asked us to furnish him a stenographer and typewriter at once. We knew of none coming at once, but telegraphed for a young man who had taken twenty-six lessons of us with me, never having had personal face to face instruction. On ar-

ers" as he sat at the reporter's table in the immense amphitheater, easily "reporting" the speeches of many of the prominent men and women. Mrs. B. T. Vincent, W. R. Harper and others made use of Mr. Bartholomew's services, and were enthusiastic in praise of the little reporting machine.

—Persons considering the advisability of studying shorthand with instruction through the mail, would do well to send to Prof. W. D. Bridge, Plainfield, N. J., asking for a large four-page illustrated circular of the *Chautauqua University School of Phonography*. This school has had correspondence pupils in eleven States the past year, and its prospects are uncommonly brilliant. A two cent stamp should accompany application.

—One of the greatest novelties in the type-writing machine line is the new and decidedly unique one soon to be placed on the market, invented by Mr. — Cash, of Hartford. The paper lies on a moving carriage, which can be moved backward and forward, to the right and the left. The type-bar is pivoted, and falls on the page instead of rising to strike it. Several ingenious characteristics make it worthy of attention.

—*Simplified Phonography* is the title given to the latest phase of shorthand published by Charles C. Beale in *Stenography*. I. Pitman's inversion of the vowel scale many years ago was nothing compared with this inverted, reverted, perverted scale, like to nothing before known in heaven, earth or hades. Vowels and diphthongs are miscellaneous confused in representation. We see in the present development no item of improvement on former vagaries.

—The editor of this department desires to congratulate the editor of the department of Business and Penmanship in the *Gazette* on his inauguration of a "Business College" in the city of Syracuse, N. Y. Prof. Wells is known by all Chautauquans as a most capable, honest and active worker in his chosen field, and he cannot fail to gather to his new "Business College" large local interests, and also large accessions from all portions of the country of young men and women who desire the most competent instruction in business methods, penmanship, and all cognate branches.

Phonography.

CONDENSED INSTRUCTION BY PROF. W. D. BRIDGE, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

EIGHTH LESSON.

1. I am delighted with the "L" and "R" hook system, as explained in the last lesson. Is there any more to be said concerning these hooks? Yes. In the "Graham" system of shorthand, if you enlarge a small "R" hook, you add an "L" sound, and if you enlarge a small "L" hook you add an "R" sound, thus play, player, blow, blow, idle, idler, higgle, bigger, couple, couple, bottle, bottle, better, feeble, traveler, travel, floor, tray, trail, draw, draw, prow, prow, dry, drill, fry, frail, brou, brou. (See Plate 1. Section 1.)

2. The principle as you have shown it is most beautiful. I can hardly conceive of anything more legible or sensible. Have you exhausted all instruction on the "L" and "R" hooks? Now quite. It is very desirable at times, to use an "L" or "R" hook on a stroke when there does come a clear and distinct vowel sound between the consonants represented by the stroke and the hook, as in such words as course, portray, bark, quality, etc. Our instruction here is very simple: 1. If the vowel to be expressed between the consonants represented by the stroke and the beginning hook be a long vowel, (B, A, AH) change the dot into a small circle, and place that circle before the group-sign in its proper position, first, second, or third; 2. If it be a dot short vowel, change that vowel into a small circle and place it (I, E, A) after the group sign, in its proper position, first, second, or third; 3. If the vowel sound is that of a dash-vowel, (AW, O, OO; U, OO) strike the dash through the group-sign in its proper position, beginning middle, or end. (See Plate 1. Section 2.)

3. Feel, fill, fell, fell, germ, fern, term, appear, dark, charm, charles, shark, fool, fool, from, mortgage, domine, corpuscle, collect, correct, ear, veruse, church, journey, occurs, curfew, person. 3. Diphthongs, i. we, wa, wah, series of vowels, are written

said: "It seems to me that your works are so light that the machine must go to pieces. I'd rather see the lassies off it." The genial operator at once took the machine to pieces before the crowd all present, gave free swing to examination and inquiry, and the "old-timer" said: "give up, or I don't see that but your machine is very durable just where I thought it must be very weak."

rvling we found he had never written a line of matter from dictation, but he had been so thorough in his study that he began at once, and without special difficulty took fifteen letters and over one hundred and fifty in all within a few days.

Prof. M. M. Bartholomew, the inventor of the stenograph, was at Chautauqua for some days in August, the "observed of all observ-

THE PENMAN'S GAZETTE.

in accordance with the preceding rules for the simple vowels, thus: (See Plate I, Section 3) quality, quality, endure, procure, abire, require.

If any reader of the *Gazette* wishes to know if he is correct in his studies of this lesson, and of the reading exercise following the instruction, write the phonographic words with your translation on alternate lines, and send to Prof. W. D. Bridge, Plainfield, N. J., with two ten cent stamps, and a correct reply will be returned.

Now Begin in Earnest.

Many young and middle-aged people have been purposing when the "Convenient Season" should come, to take up shorthand and go at it with a will. Begin now. Cooler days and nights invite to renewed diligence in study, and probably no one single branch of study will pay so richly in all lines as the mastery of Phonography. You can learn shorthand at home just as well as at a school for that purpose. We speak the sober sense when we say this Instruction by Correspondence by a competent teacher will produce as excellent result fact to face instruction. We have taught both ways for twenty-five years and do not speak unadvisedly in this matter. Begin now.

Phonographic Nomenclature.

The word *nomenclature* may be an unusual one to many of our readers, but it is used to indicate a system of technical names or terms; for example the chemist will write *Natrium* for Chloride of Sodium, meaning *Common Salt*, and the Graham phonographer will write *Prf* for the word *perfect*.

Now it can be clearly seen that any system of word naming, or syllable naming, or phrase naming, ought to be founded on simple and suggestive principles. We have examined the nomenclatures of several publishers of shorthand books, and many of them are utterly incongruous. Mr. Graham thirty years ago most scrupulously devised a harmonious, and natural system by which every conceivable form written in shorthand can be clearly, legibly expressed in type words, and as readily understood by the skilled student as would be the outlined character itself.

In our own teaching we are accustomed to enforce the use of nomenclature, or shorthand terminology—what has been termed by phonographers, our "Sacred Sanskrit." We once rode with a pupil for a large portion of an afternoon, and our entire and rapid conversation for the whole time was carried on by means of Graham's nomenclature. We talked about the carriage and pony, the dusty road and the scenery, the campground by which we passed, the family and domestic topics, shorthand and scientific subjects, and not once did we put the pen or pencil to paper, but used the clear and picturesque principles by which the shorthand forms which we created in our minds were expressed in spoken letters and punctuation marks, such as the compositor might use. We advise all to try this experiment—even for a certain form of private, secret conversation when occasion might require it.

Takigraphy in Engined.

Our old correspondent, D. P. Lindsey, Esq., of Philadelphia, makes a most ungracious attack on us in the *Cosmopolitan Shorthand*, charging us with writing what we never wrote, and with having feelings towards him and takigraphy which we never had. If he will show one single line which we wrote in any bitter spirit concerning him or his system of shorthand, made evident on the surface of the article itself, we will make what will be satisfactory amends to Mr. Lindsey. Will he please bring proofs of his charges?

All this is preliminary to what we would say concerning a beautiful little sheet which pictures the way for "takigraphy" in England. Some time since a phonographer became impressed with the desirability of introducing a connected-vowel system of shorthand in England, and became a diligent student, practitioner, and now publisher of this to him new system.

There lies before us the first number (September) of the *Student's Shorthand Journal*, to be issued bi-monthly, by George Harris, F. S.

Sc., from the Takigraphic Shorthand Institute, Gloucester, England. This magazine has three illustrations: has excellently engraved shorthand in the student's style, the learner's style, etc., the whole being printed on good paper, and inclosed with a small illuminated border. Welcome, Brother Harris, to a large field. Do all the good you can with a connected-vowel system in England.

The Ammanensis.

The amanuensis, private secretary, or personal stenographer, should be possessed of a great variety of qualifications.

He should be *honest* as the hills, so trustworthy that his employer should never doubt his integrity.

He should be *willing and obliging*, that his perfect readiness to go beyond the mere line of routine, or obligation, should be recognized. Many a time an unaccustomed pressure of care, through accumulation of correspondence or otherwise, should evoke a general readiness in the stenographer to step beyond the "letter of the contract."

He should be *patient*. Sometimes the matters concerning which dictations are given are of such an exciting or exasperating character as to make the chief's blood boil, brain to burn, tongue to fly, nerves to jump, and then the utmost coolness should be shown by the secretary. If he burns, there's a great fire indeed. Calmness is demanded to do shorthand note-taking, which shall be absolutely legible under such exciting conditions.

He should be *systematic*. Ofttimes when a great mass of letters, contracts, memoranda, editorial quotations, appointments, etc., etc., etc., crowd on the amanuensis, he is compelled to compete for a most wise discretion concerning the definite order in which some of these dictations shall be written out, and shall consider when taking his notes whether they should be immediately reproduced. In such a case the shorthand for "at once" should be written on the margin.

He should be *accurate*. When the letter says, "Please find enclosed," the amanuensis should be sure to premise the needed envelope at very first opportunity, and then when *inside* the specified letter, slip, document, check, bill, or what not. It is aggravating to receive a "please find enclosed" with no enclosure, getting it somewhat later or not getting it at all. Accuracy should of course fully characterize the note-taking. If the dictator says *I send you so and so, the note should not be so carelessly written as to lead the note taker to read it as sent*, and so far as to ask the employer for the thing to be sent.

He should be a *keeper of secrets*. No employer but dictates letters which he would not willingly make public, even to a very limited audience. His stenographer and the party addressed should alone carry the secrets, whether expresso so characterized or not. Family matters, business prospects, plans in embryo, opportunities looked for, these are often of a semi-confidential nature, and should be treated as such.

He should be a *gentleman* in the best sense of that word. His employer will often confide to his care delicate duties and privileges which he should be able to perform with sumptuousness, and the culture of genial, gentle, refined taste and purpose. No clown or boor fit to hold the position of private secretary to any gentleman. Therefore a courteous spirit and bearing are of the highest value in such an office.

And It Died.

Our readers have been informed from time to time of the existence and work of the International Stenographers' Association, and of its proposed annual meeting at Lake George, N. Y., in August last. So it was to be, but alas, so it was not.

At the close of the New York State Stenographers' Association at Lake George, which was at least of its usual brilliancy, there was to have been a further meeting of the distinguished representatives of the craft from the East, West, North and South, but only a hundred and fifteen put in an appearance, and as a quorum for business purposes requires twenty, we believe, the International failed to "come to order."

The noble thirteen present sat in solemn silence, except when discussing how most respectfully to bury the corpse.

The most important feature of this convention (which was not in *re*, only in *posse*, and there was not enough present for a *posse comitatus*) was the significant absence of the officers. This gave a painful suspicion that this death was "foreknown" but not "predestined." If we are not mistaken sixty-three paid-up members were on the rolls when the International "gave up the ghost." This association has been doing a good work and deserved to live. Jealousy of amanuenses and phonographic teachers on the part of the *regular* stenographers was a cause, if not the cause, of this sad taking off.

Poetry.

The following sparkling words were taken from a lecture delivered by Edgar A. Poe. They are full of delicate beauty as a new-blown rose:

"The poet recognises the ambrosia which nourishes his soul in the bright orbits that shine in heaven, in the volutes of the flower, in the clustering of low shrubberies, in the waving of green fields, in the slanting of tall eastern trees, in the blue distance of mountains, in the grouping of clouds, in the twinkling of half hidden brooks, in the gleaming of silver rivers, in the repose of sequestered lakes, in the sun-brightening depths of lonely wells. He perceives it in the songs of birds, in the harp of *Elois*, in the sighing of the night wind, in the replining of the forest, in the surf that complains to the shore, in the fresh breath of the wood, in the scent of the violet, in the voluptuous perfume of the hyacinth, in the suggestive odor that comes to him at eventide, from far-distant, undiscovered islands, over dim oceans, illimitable and unexplored. He owns it in all noble thoughts, in all heroically motives, in all holy impulses, in all chivalrous, generous and self-sacrificing deeds. He feels it in the beauty of woman—in the grace of her step, in the luster of her eye, in the melody of her voice, in her soft laughter, in her sigh, in the harmony of the rustling of her robes. He deeply feels it in her whining endearments, in her burning enthusiasm, in her gentle charities, in her meek and devoutful endurances; but above all, ah, far above all, he kneels to it, he worships it in the faith, in the purity, in the strength, in the altogether divine majesty of her love."

Stimulant.

The following beautiful lines were written by George D. Prentiss, whose pen seemed ever armed with animated truth:

"There is a time when the pulse lies low in the booms and beats low in the veins; when the spirit sleeps the sleep which apparently knows no waking; sleeps in its home of clay, and the windows are shut; the doors hung with the invisible grape of melancholy; when we wish the golden sunshine pitiful darkness, and wish to fancy clouds where no clouds appear. This is a case of sickness when physic may be thrown to the dogs, for we want none of it. What shall raise the spirit? What shall make the heart beat music again, and the pulses throb through all the myriad-thronged halls in the house of life? What shall make the sun kiss the eastern hills again for us with his old awakening glances, and the night overflow with moonlight, love and flowers? Love itself is the greatest stimulant—the most intoxicating of all, and performs all of us, and is a miracle still, and is not at the drug store, whatever they say. The counterfeits is in the market, but the winged god is not a money-changer we assure you."

"Men have had many things, but still they ask stimulant."

"Men try to buy the floating dead of their own souls in the wine cup, but the corpse rises. We see their faces in the bubbles. The intoxication of drink sets the world whirling again, and the pulses to playing music, and the thoughts galloping, but the clock runs down sooner, and an unnatural stimulant leaves the house; it filled with the wildest revelry more silent, more sad, more deserted."

"There is only one stimulant that never intoxicates—duty. Duty puts a clear sky over every man into which the sky-lark happiness always goes singing."

WANTED! To engage five young men. Must write, not dictation. Address H. C. CARVER, Bed Oak, Iowa.

Remington

Standard Typewriter

Does thrice the work of the pen, and relieves the writer from fatigue.

Attention is called to the increased excellence of this incomparable machine. Buy with the privilege of returning it unbroken any time with in thirty days C. O. D. for full price paid, if not absolutely satisfactory in every respect.

Finest linen papers and Type-writer supplies of all kinds now in stock. Handsome illustrated pamphlet upon application.

Wyckoff, Seaman & Benedict.

339 Broadway.

NEW YORK.

THE HAMMOND
Unquestionably the most perfect Writing Machine in the World.

The only Type-writer awarded a GOLD MEDAL at the New Orleans Exposition.



Constant use does not and cannot disturb its alignment.

The automatic hammer stroke gives absolute uniform impression.

It is unsurpassed in speed, and will write over 100 words per minute in one cartridge.

Its type, when combined, different styles of type, are interchangeable.

It is indifferent to all kinds of paper.

It is light, portable, strong, simple and durable.

For pamphlet and specimen of writing, address

THE HAMMOND TYPE-WRITER CO.
143 Center Street, New York.

O. C. BLACKMER, Agent,
The Hammond Type Writer,
186 Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

THE STENOGRAPH.
A Shorthand Machine,

Mechanically exact, easily used, learned in the time other systems require, quite as great as any other. Now in use for all kinds of shorthand work. Taught in many of the principal Commercial Colleges and Stenographic Schools of the United States. In the hands of an intelligent operator it never fails to properly do its work. Send stamp for circular or 25 cts. for Manual.

U. S. STENOGRAPH CO.
420 NORTH THIRD ST., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Wyckoff's Photographic Institute,
ITHACA, N. Y.
Verbal Reporting Practically
Trough Correspondent Selected.
Remington Type-Writers & Supplies.

Bookkeeping.

A LESSON FOR BEGINNERS.—NO. 9.

BY CHARLES R. WELLS,

Director of the Chautauqua School of Business.

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In attempting to give a series of lessons in bookkeeping for beginners, in a publication of this kind, the scope as well as the arrangement of topics was necessarily limited. How to present the subject so as to maintain an interest, and at the same time give rudimental instruction which could be understood and applied, appeared to be a rather difficult problem. It was thought best, however, to take up one topic at a time, and by devoting the space afforded to a series of simple lessons which would exemplify the principles of double entry, endeavor to make the student familiar with those fundamental principles of debit and credit which underlie the science of accounting.

But in the present number we shall interrupt this order, and give some attention to the subject of forms or vouchers as commonly used in business transactions.

In their relation to commercial operations these vouchers become important factors, entering into nearly every transaction, and usually furnishing the data from which the bookkeeper is expected to make up his records. It is well, therefore, that the beginner should know something of their nature, origin, and use, that he may determine more readily their effect upon the various accounts in his ledger.

INVOICE OR BILL.

BOSTON, July 1, 1886.

MR. A. BEGINNER,

BOUGHT OF JOHN S. HAYDEN,

1 250 lbs. Stand. Shore, No. 1 Mackercel, 12.15. - - - - - 1 3971 15

The invoice is a memorandum giving date of purchase, number, kind, and cost of items, and usually the terms of sale. When no time for payment is specified, it is supposed to be "on account," that is, giving the customary time of credit. If received, it becomes a voucher for the amount paid.

STATEMENT.

SYRACUSE, Aug. 1, 1886.

BILLINGS, SWAN & CO.,

BOUGHT OF A. BEGINNER,

July	1	Mds.	- - - - -	1725
	8	Mds.	- - - - -	2078
	15	Mds.	- - - - -	2077
				18

The statement does not give the items, but the amount of purchases at different dates. If payments have been made, the date and amount of each may be indicated. It becomes a voucher if received.

RECEIPT.

\$950.
Received, Baltimore, August 7, 1886, of Mr. A. BEGINNER, Nine Hundred and Fifty Dollars on account.

The receipt, as a voucher for the payment of money, may be given in full, on account, or in blank.

ORDER.

SYRACUSE, Aug. 15, 1886.

MESSRS. P. Kingsley & Son, Philadelphia, may deliver to William Smith one hundred doz. No. 3 Bartlett pens, and charge the same to my account.

A. BEGINNER.

An order may be for mds., or cash, and is held as a voucher by the party on whom it is drawn. If for mds., the party filling it would usually take a receipt from the person presenting it, and send a bill for the goods to the one who gave it.

CHECK.

UTICA, N. Y., Aug. 16, 1886.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
Pay to A. BEGINNER, or order,
Ten Hundred and Twenty Dollars.

GEO. K. LAPHAM.

A check is an order on the bank, and may be made payable to "order," as above, or to bearer. In the former case the person presenting it must indorse, or write his name on the back, and it becomes a voucher or receipt to the person giving it, and is also a voucher to the bank.

Checks are considered as cash items, and when received should be entered to the Dr. side of that account.

If a ledger account is kept with the bank, the person giving the check should credit the bank, but if the money in bank is counted as cash on hand, the cash account should be given credit.

INDIVIDUAL NOTE.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., June 15, 1886.

Ten days after date I promise to pay to the order of SIMPSON & MILLER, Three thousand eight hundred and twenty-three and $\frac{1}{2}$ dollars, value received, at the Merchants' Bank.

Due 6, 25, '86.

A. BEGINNER.

In the above note A. B. is the "maker," and S. & M. the firm in whose "favor" it is received. A. B. would charge it to S. & M., and credit bills payable account, while S. & M. on receiving it would charge bills receivable account, and credit A. B.

Before collecting it at the Merchants' Bank, S. & M. would have to indorse the note, as it is payable to their order, and it would become a voucher for the payment of that amount by A. B. The bank would also hold it as a voucher against A. B., the same as if he had given a check.

COMPANY NOTE.

GENEVA, N. Y., July 26, 1886.

Thirty days after date we promise to pay to the order of A. BEGINNER, Two thousand dollars, value received, at the Bank of Geneva.

Duc 7, 25, '86.

It is not always necessary to make a note payable at the bank, or other specified place, although that is the usual form in giving commercial paper. The party named in the body of a note is called the first indorser, and should another person put his name on the back as ad-

ditional security, as may be the case in having it discounted at the bank, he would be called the second indorser.

In case a note is not paid by the makers at maturity, the bank or other holder is required to go through the legal form of protest, and to notify each party of this fact, in order to fix the liability of the indorsers.

Upon receiving the above note, A. B. would credit H. & C. and charge bills receivable account. H. & C. on giving the note would charge A. B. and credit bills payable account.

JOINT AND SEVERAL NOTE.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 20, 1886.
Two months after date, for value received, we, or either of us, promise to pay to the order of GEORGE ANPRAWS, Fifteen hundred dollars, with interest.

Due 10, 23, '86.

SAMUEL MARTIN,

JAMES P. KNOWLTON.

A note does not draw interest unless so specified, until after maturity, when it bears legal interest until paid.

As a note is a simple contract, the words value received express the consideration for which it is given.

The three notes given above are negotiable, that is, they may be transferred by indorsement and collected by a third person. This would also be true of a note made payable to some person "or bearer," in which case it would be negotiable without indorsement.

NON-NEGOTIABLE NOTE.

ELMIRA, N. Y., Aug. 23, 1886.
One day after date I promise to pay GEORGE ALLEN Five hundred dollars, for value received, with interest at five per cent.

H. L. WILSON.

As this note does not contain the conditions which would render it transferable to a third party, it must remain the property of George Allen until paid. It will draw interest from the 24th of August, but only at the rate specified.

DRAFT.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 12, 1886.
At fifteen days' sight pay to the order of ourselves, Four thousand five hundred dollars, value received, and charge the same to our account.

To A. Beginner,

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

In the above draft Gordon & Williams are the drawers, and A. Beginner the drawee. G. & W. are also the payees.

Gordon & Williams would indorse the draft and place it in their bank for collection. The bank would forward it to another bank in Syracuse, by whom it would be presented to A. B. for acceptance. In doing this A. B. would write across the face in red ink, "Accepted July 14, 1886, payable at Merchants' Bank, A. Beginner." By this acceptance he agrees to pay the amount named, according to the terms expressed in the body of the draft.

Allowing for the three days of grace the draft becomes due Aug. 1, dating from the acceptance, at which time it is presented to the Merchants' Bank for payment.

When A. B. accepts the draft he charges Gordon & Williams and credits bills payable, and when notified that the Merchants' Bank has paid it, he charges bills payable and credits the bank. Accepting (agreeing to) pay a time draft is the same in effect as giving a note.

DRAFT.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Aug. 16, 1886.
Thirty days after date pay to the order of SIMPSON & MILLER, Three thousand nine hundred sixteen, and $\frac{1}{2}$ dollars, value received, and charge to my account.

To Ostrom & Judson,

PALMYRA, N. Y.

A. BEGINNER.

A. B. is the drawer, O. & J. the drawees, and S. & M. the payees.

Suppose A. B. wishes to send the draft to S. & M. as a payment on account, his entries would be (according to the plan we have been following) as follows: Charge Bills Rec., and credit O. & J., then charge S. & M. and credit bills receivable.

We term it bills receivable, although it does not become so to O. & J. until they have accepted it. The draft would be considered "in favor" of S. & M., because it is made payable to their order. On receiving the draft S. & M. would credit A. B. and charge bills receivable. When O. & J. came to accept it, they would charge A. B. and credit bills payable.

As this draft is drawn thirty days after date, it would become due and payable Sept. 18, without reference to the date of acceptance by O. & J.

\$1000.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 5, 1886.
Eight days after date pay to the order of HENRY MUNSON, cashier, One thousand dollars, value received, and charge to our account.

To A. Beginner,

Syracuse, N. Y.

P. KINGSLY & SON.

In this transaction P. K. & S. make the draft to the order of the cashier of the bank where they do business, and deposit it as a cash item. It would be transmitted to some bank in Syracuse, and it presented to A. B. for payment. If he wishes honor the draft, he writes across the face, "Accepted, payable at Merchants' Bank." He would charge P. K. & S. and credit the Merchants' Bank.

On making the draft P. K. & S. would credit A. B. and charge the bank for it as a deposit.

Re-Eduating the Brain.

Forgetfulness is a blessing. Without it every occurrence of a person's past life would be present with him day by day. One reason why sleep is a mental restorative is that it steps the senses in forgetfulness.

But as blessings may become curses through excess, so a total loss of memory would leave us in the mental condition of infants. Oblivion of the past means the erasure of education and of the mental habits and possessions which it has brought. An educated man who loses his memory requires to be re-educated.

A lady of twenty-four years of age entirely lost her memory through an illness which put her into a state of torpor. She could not remember her husband, or the common words of daily speech. She could neither read, nor write, nor sew, nor knit.

She began learning these things, as if she were a child, but unconsciously to herself, her previous knowledge seemed to make their acquisition easy. In a few months she re-learned them.—Ex.

covered her lost knowledge with accuracy. A student at one of our colleges was attacked by a fever, which so affected his brain that he lost wholly his knowledge of the studies in which he had been trained for years. He was ignorant of Latin, knowing nothing of the grammar, and being unable to read the simplest Latin sentence.

As soon as he regained his physical health, he faced the fact that he must re-educate his brain by beginning at the rudiments. He took up a Latin grammar, everything in it was new to him, and he experienced a mental difficulty in fixing his attention so as to recall the lesson of the hour.

One day, while learning to construe, he was making a strong effort to recall something in the lesson, when suddenly all the old knowledge of Latin reappeared to his mind. He took up a Latin classic, and found that he could read it, as he used to do before his sickness.

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SPEED IN WRITING GIVES THE LETTERS A FRESH AND GRACEFUL APPEARANCE.

READ WHAT IS SAID OF MY WORK.

Quincy, Ill., June 17, 1885.
Dear Sir:—I am A. J. Scarrow, constantly
with his work is forcible, and at the same time graceful. The speed with which he writes naturally gives a
very smooth stroke. This style is a happy blending of the business with the ornamental, therefore referred to
as **FIELD'S MUSCULAR**.

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Your card writing, in freedom or movement, smoothness of shade, and quality of hair line, equals the best, and
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FOR TWENTY: Gents I will write your name to Six different Combined Styles.	10 Cts.

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" " " Per dozen.....	.50

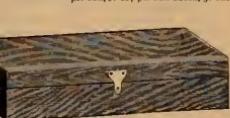


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THE CRYSTAL RUBBER ERASER.

No. 1. Large size, 12 pieces in a box, per box	\$1.00;
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No. 3 consists of a very highly finished box, made of walnut and cherry wood, upper edge inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and decorated with eight articles, viz: Dixon's lead pencil—6 inch—sharpened, 9 in. Graphite slate pencil, rubber, ruler, graph paper, pen, pens, slate chalk, crayon and sponge.
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The object of this Pen Holder is to *compel* learners to hold their pen correctly; *i.e.*, to keep their fingers in the right position, and to force them from forming a habit of holding the pen in an unnatural position, and, thereby, spoiling their handwriting. The use of this holder by adults also, would infallibly reform a bad handwriting. The reason of this is that the hand arises from an habitually cramped position of the fingers in holding the pen.

Send me postpaid, for TEN CENTS,
Three for 25 Cents.



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STATES.

The object of this Pen Holder is to enable one to write with facility and ease, on the point of the pen, instead of across, as with the ordinary straight holder. By the use of the Oblique Pen Holder, the pen stands at the *proper angle* of the letter; when by this means the pen is held in the right position, the pen is compelled to stand on the extreme point on a line with the center of the stick, which is the true position of the pen.

This Holder has for some time been used by professional penmen, and is said to be the best penholder in the world. It is the only kind used by us for our best penmen. Sent by mail postpaid for 15 cents; three for 30 cents. Agents wanted, to whom liberal terms will be given. Address all orders to

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79 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

THE PENMAN'S GAZETTE AND BUSINESS EDUCATOR

THE G. A. GASKELL CO., PUBLISHERS.

CHICAGO AND NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1886.

VOl. VIII.—No. 9.

Warren H. Sadler.

The *Gazette* feels a degree of self gratulation upon being permitted to present the accompanying imprint to its readers. Mr. Sadler has not only made his imprint on copper and zinc photo cuts, but by his arduous work as a business educator in the broadest sense, has become deeply graven on the hearts of the commercial world. He is now in his forty-fifth autumn, but the boyish twinkle still lights up his brown eyes. He is genial in manner and possesses a something about his expression and demeanor which always inspires confidence and friendship. At the recent session of the Business Educators' convention, held in New York, he was elected president for the coming session at Milwaukee, where we shall hope to see "Bob" in his native glory with the same petrified smiles receding from the base of that self-same nasal organ.

When Mr. Sadler was conducted to the chair he made a few fitting remarks, which he referred to Mr. Packard's hospitality in the following fourth-of-July style: "How fondly you will cherish the remembrance of the visit to the tomb of General Grant under the guidance of Bro. Packard [Packard flinches] you will picture him as he rode up and down the line with majestic grace on his mettled steed, pointing out the places of interest with that expressive index finger and making his guests thrill with happiness. [Packard turns ghostly pale and looks for a trap-door]. If ever we had an opportunity to make a general of a business educator it was yesterday." At this point Packard seemed desperate and gave him a withering look which brought him from his pinnacle of eloquence with an ointure thud. He saw his way through however, and continued, "They will tell of our efforts last night to make a general of this great and good man, and how he, with tears welling up in his eyes which mirrored the surroundings, declined the honor, saying: 'Don't call me General, call me Silas.'"

As an educator Mr. Sadler's greatest achievements have been in commercial calculations. He has invented more short cuts in business computations than almost any man living. His textbooks on commercial arithmetic have met with real success, having been introduced throughout the country in all schools where common sense methods were appreciated.

The patronage of Mr. Sadler's school is largely from the city of Baltimore, but he draws students extensively from all the Southern, as well as from the Northern and Western States. His school is always well filled, having an average daily attendance of over three hundred pupils. His annual commencement are an event in the city. The great Academy of Music, in which they are held, is always filled to overflowing with the best citizens of Baltimore, to whom he has commended himself and his enterprise in a peculiar way. For the past ten years the best lecture courses given in Baltimore have been given by Mr. Sadler, under the auspices of his college. There are no lectures so high-priced or so high-minded as to escape his toils, and he rarely fails of making a hit. To all of these entertainments the students of his college have free access.

He is as simple hearted as a child, not a bit cynical, free from petty jealousies, and as true as steel. He holds no rancorous strings in his breast; and while he is necessarily an earnest competitor—desirously reaping what he believes to be his own—he never allows business contests to enter the social realms, nor derange the sacred relations of friendship to his fellowmen. Give the world more such men and you bless the race.

Here are a few of his mottoes of life:

"A good name will shine forever."
"He that speaks sows, he that hears reaps."
"Civility costs nothing and buys everything."
"Better be alone than in bad company."
"He is rich whose income is more than his expenses."
"Say little; think much; do more."
"He who commands confidence commands success."
"It is never too late to learn."
"Promise little and do much."

Dispassionate View of the Late Educators' Convention.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PENMAN'S GAZETTE.
Sir—It is a matter of gratification to the members of the Business Educators' Association of America that the two leading organs in this country of practical education,

and co-operation than in the recent convention?

It is true, as it should not be, that a very large number of important workers in our specialty were absent; and it is also true that those present and laborious have added very much to the interest and substantial benefits of the occasion. I felt at the time, and still feel that this absence was unfortunate and should not have been, but I also feel that there was a special obligation laid upon my teacher in this country to neglect his own business, or to go contrary to his own judgment in helping to make a success of the New York meeting. There has never been a time in the history of the business colleges, and there never will be, when the majority of those engaged in the business will feel it incumbent upon them to join their fellows in a convention. It is not necessary to inquire why this is so, nor to bewail its being so. The convention is in the highest degree a business affair, and those who

fact so far as the general public is concerned, we stand together as representing a distinct idea of education, and it is a very limited view of our duty to the community that we should be careful only as to the claims and practices of our individual schools. Any man in our business who will acknowledge even to himself that he doesn't care for the better conduct of the so-called business colleges of the country, has in my opinion a very narrow view of the great work in which he is engaged, and of which he can be at the best only a part.

That time is past in the history of these schools when individual success in one direction is to be measured by individual failure in another. It can with great certainty be said that the higher the level reached by the united efforts of the business schools of the country as a whole, the better it is for the educational, financial and otherwise, of every honest individual effort. "No man liveth to himself alone," and of no human effort can this be more surely said than of the effort in which the practical educators of this country are at present engaged. The New York convention, with the eighth in the regular order of the conventions of the organization started a Penman's Association and culminating in the "Business Educators' Association of America." This organization had its birth in this city, and the impulse given at that first meeting, which was in itself a protest against a convention of schools, of working teachers, has been in one direction, that of broadening and enabling our work, and of fostering the sentiment of mutual feeling and co-operation among all grades and classes of workers. The meetings have been held during the vacation months because at that time the teachers were supposed to be generally at liberty. The conventions during these eight years have covered a large area of territory within the limits of New York on the east and Jacksonville, Ill., on the west, and it was felt that a return of the association to the place of its birth, under the present conditions of growth would be an appropriate and timely event. The special advantages in New York for such a meeting were alluded to in the invitation, and reiterated in the various circulars sent out to the members. It was presumed, as undoubtedly was the case, that the most of those who found it possible to be present would desire to cover in their visit to the metropolis as many points of interest, instruction and edification as possible, and the Executive Committee who had the matter in charge felt it incumbent upon them to see that these natural wishes were met. While there was no lack of exacting work in the programme of the convention, there was intermingled a just proportion of social recreation to oil the machinery and meet the reasonable expectations of the members. The committee knew, of course, that each individual had the privilege of selecting for himself his own means of entertainment and that this could be done outside of the time devoted to the convention work, but they felt also that an added pleasure might be given by uniting, as far as could be done gracefully, our forces in recreation as in work.

So one day was set apart for a trip up the Hudson, including a banquet and the ordinary accessories proper to such an excursion. A visit to two of the popular resorts at the sea-side, including a dinner under the auspices of one of the city clubs; a carriage excursion to the tomb of Grant, and some other minor diversions not necessary to mention, were had. It has been hinted, in one at least of our college journals, that the great mistake of the convention was "in trying to serve the inter-



WARREN H. SADLER.

Gazette and the *Art Journal*, have seen proper to devote so much space to the deliberations of that body in its recent convention in New York; and not only that space has been surrendered, but that so fair and candid—although spic and in some instances sharp—a review was given of the proceedings. Some of the Business College exponents, only two of which, however, have come to my notice—have spoken somewhat in disparagement of the results of the convention, and have drawn some inferences which seem to me unfair. And in so saying I do not fear that any one will charge me with undue sensibility; in fact, so far as my own interest in the convention is concerned, or so far as anything to do with my personal part in it, I have no fear whatever, and do not find it at all necessary to speak, either in self-defense or otherwise. And again, it is possible that my own position and responsibility in the matter somewhat disqualifies me from an impartial estimate of the results; so that when I say I am candidly, as I feel candidly, that in no previous meeting of any of the bodies of business educators which have flourished more or less during the past twenty years, was there more good honest work, or a better prevailing spirit of harmony

I attend it, necessarily look at it in a business way.

There is no investment of time and money which should not be made without an adequate return, either in the acquisition of knowledge, in the cultivation of friendly relations, or in restful recreation. In my view of it, the convention should conserve all these three things, and so far as I am concerned it always does. We are all such hard worked men and women in our ten months of severe application to exacting duties that we have little or no time to cultivate friendly relations with each other, or to find out what is being done outside of our own household.

We naturally get into ruts of which we are not aware until we are brought face to face with different practices and different ideas, and I think give voice to the average sentiment when I say that the great work that has been accomplished so far in all our comings togethers has been in the direction of broadening our ideas, giving us a better sense of our responsibilities, and putting us in greater harmony with our work. For, say what we will, or think as we may concerning the differences in merit between schools of our kind, we cannot avoid the responsibility or belittle the

ests of the individual members rather than the welfare of the organization." Until that sentiment was promulgated the committee ingeniously supposed that the best way to promote the we fare of the organization was to look after the best interest of the members, simply supposing that it was the members that made the organization. So far as the committee are concerned they are perfectly willing to stand upon the record, and when the proceedings of the convention shall be made public, as they will be within a few days, all interested persons will have the privilege of deciding for themselves as to the comparative outcome of the convention. It has been my privilege to prepare these proceedings for the press, and I have been profoundly impressed, not only with the good spirit manifested by speakers, but with the good sense and practical value of their several contributions.

There was the utmost freedom of discussion both permitted and encouraged, and

there were not a sufficient number in attendance at any one time to give the subject anything like a fair presentation, and it was therefore not called up. I am the more astonished at this, because during the past year there has been more progress made in different schools in shorthand and typewriting than in any other studies, and there seems to be no good reason why the whole question of manuscript work which includes practical grammar and a liberal use of English should not have received marked attention. On the whole, however, I feel prepared to say as the result of a candid estimate of the work of the convention, that it was wholly satisfactory, and do not fear but it will be so rated by all candid persons.

Sincerely yours,
S. S. PACKARD,

Command large fields but cultivate small ones."

wise and laconic reply: "That education that is used the most." Never was a greater truth uttered, and it is a fact that is so plain that he that runs may read; but it is also a fact that has never penetrated the understanding of far too many professional educators of this country. It is true, however, that every successful Business College has somehow imbibed this truth and made it their watchword. Business education is what the people need and must have everywhere, and what they will always use the most. The multiplication of these worthy and useful institutions has so utterly confounded and mystified their most inveterate enemies, that we seldom now hear a word of complaint against them.

The common sense of the American people which can be relied upon in every emergency, came to the rescue of these schools, and gave them such a magnificent passage as was never accorded to any institution in the world's history. They have shown the whole

with this body will forge a powerful link in his chain of true success, and he will gain a fund of advice and instruction which will be sure to redound to his future benefit.

Drawing Apparatus.

This apparatus consists of a frame provided with a stationary drawing board, of a movable counterbalanced T square, and of rollers on which an endless sheet of drawing paper is mounted. Each of the bearings of the upper roller is adjustable in a slot, formed in the upper part of each standard, by means of a set screw, so that the drawing paper can always be held in stretching position on the board which connects the standards. The shafts of the rollers are provided with pulleys, over which pass endless cords, by pulling which the paper may be moved up and down. On the end side of each standard is a guide rod, on which is mounted a slide, to which the T square is



FLOURISHED BY M. R. MOORE, MORGAN, KY.

although it was true, as it has always been, and will ever be, that the older members, rather than see the time go to waste, spent a good share of it in promulgating their views and in trying to bring out the younger members, still I am sure that the ground covered and the sentiments evolved will strike any fair mind as being in the direct path of progress for the work in which we are all interested. The subjects receiving the best attention were naturally the subjects most taught in our schools, namely, penmanship, bookkeeping and arithmetic; but beyond these, the mastered view upon political economy, commercial ethics and the management of schools have not been excelled in any previous meeting of our body. It was a source of great regret, if not of humiliation, that one important subject which we had hoped would be brought out more prominently than in any previous meeting, namely, that of shorthand, was entirely neglected.

The Executive Committee made a strenuous effort to secure a fair attendance of shorthand teachers and writers, but for some reason,

The Secret of Success in Business Education.

BY PROF. H. RUSSELL, JOLIET, ILL.

The well-known aphorism "that nothing succeeds like success," was never more vividly verified than in the rise and progress of business education in this country.

It was begun under many discouraging circumstances, and only for men of indomitable courage who were the advance guard of the pioneers, could we begin to hope for the grand results that have been so gloriously achieved. To such men in all worthy undertakings the world is and always will be the great debtor.

Men who have the courage of their convictions and faith that they are right, then death or victory, are the kind of men that move the world. History is replete with doings of such men. America has many such names to enroll on her scroll of honor. One of the greatest scholars and orators that this country ever produced who was once asked: "What education will pay the best," gave this

world a grand system of Business Education that they can point to with pride and gladness in nearly three hundred institutions well equipped for the good work. The secret of their great success is in that education for the people must be founded upon common sense, and upon what they need to prepare them to do their business.

It has also been the aim of these institutions who have been the most successful, to adapt themselves to the wants of their patrons.

In all their efforts they have been most heartily sustained and encouraged by that great-hearted, whole-souled educator, who has proven himself the right man in the right place, Gen. John Eaton, the Commissioner of Education at Washington, D. C.

The Business Educators' Association of America have also done a power of good, and has proven one of the best organizations that has ever existed in this country; composed as it is of some of the oldest scholars, experienced teachers, finesse debators, it has been and always will be one of the foundation elements of progress. And he who connects himself

attached. Secured to each side is a cord, which is led over guide roller, to a counter weight. The T square slides in two horizontal straight edges. With the aid of the straight edges horizontal lines may be drawn, and with the swinging straight edge, which can be moved laterally on the straight edges, vertical or diagonal lines may be drawn. With this apparatus, the operator can make drawings on paper of considerable length without moving from the board.

This invention has been patented by Mr. Arthur C. Feron, whose address is care of Mr. Pottier & Styrns, corner 41st street and Lexington avenue, New York City.—*Scientific American.*

While the Union troops were marching through a Maryland town during Lee's invasion, some of the stragglers broke into a bakery, and as one of them issued forth, bearing a loaf of bread on a bayonet, an Irish soldier cried out: "Liflinnan! Liflinnan! be jabbers, there goes a man wid de staff of life on the point of death!"—*South Franklin Gazette.*

THE PENMAN'S GAZETTE.

Private Letter from "Sally."

MR. EDITOR.—You may think me a triflumerous this month, but I have thought my mind full again, and must pour my fidget ideas into your auditory hopper for air. I fancy I can see you ploughed in a book study and an alapaca coat as you clip the casement of these burning thoughts, and unfair the eight yards of gingham string in which they are rolled. By still further flight of fancy, I see you whispering something through your clenched teeth which sounds like a list of California towns, as my gray pages light up your place of concealment with their brilliant ideas heavily traced in red ink.

Do you know, Mr. E.itor, I sometimes think if I were deprived the privilege of slinging my seething thoughts, my inert soul would expand to such an abnormal size that I would be compelled to draw my bonnet over with a shoe lace. Ever since the coming of the New York I have been counting the months that must pass before we can all meet again. I long for the day when we shall all meet in concord and sweet song around the hearthstone of Milwaukee Spencer. I yearn for the eventful hour when we shall gaze with one simultaneous gaze upon "Bob"; as he stands wrapt in smiles and perspiration with open arms to clasps us with one great universal salasp. Ah, I think even now as I pen these lines I can catch the tremulous melody of that voice as he stands there in all his loveliness, with hair parted in the middle, greeting the dusty and travel-worn members and friends. Hello! Packard, Ames, Burnett, Rider, Kelly, Palmer, Elliott and as many others as will go.

Well, Mr. Editor, I wish with all my powers of anxiety that every commercial teacher of every clime could be there. Milwaukee is a nice quiet town, and many would find it balm to their careworn minds to while away a few days there on "Bob's" native health. I would like to see Elliott of Burlington there, and I can't see why Schofield shouldn't go. Hundreds of the young penmen would like to grasp his hand, and taste the savor of his jovial nature. I would like to see more from the tropical clime. Why don't Soule of New Orleans cool his brain with Wisconsin zephyrs? Why can't Reynolds leave his bananas and oranges long enough to inhale some of the sweater laden ether of Milwaukee? Couldn't Blackman leave his pet alligators long enough to caress the placid head of "Bob"? I would like to see Frank Goodman there in pea-jacket and knee-pants. I would like to see him meet face to face with Mother Isaacs in a late copy of Mary Walker pants. We all want to see Flickinger, Soule and Pearce of Philadelphia there, and why can't Pearce of Keeuk be whirled there by the "philosophy of motion." Can't Rathbun lure Coon, Lillibridge, Ritter, Jennings, Chapman, Palmer and Goodeyer there through the drawing powers of his seductive bow?

I believe D. B. Williams will go, and by the powers of "muscular movement," draw Bennett, Worthington, Taylor, Root, Reynolds, Brown, Wilson, Cawfield, Souler, Powers and Johnson with him. I want to see them all these jostling together and plunging in a tide of good fellowship until all their muddosity is washed away. I want to see them eddying under the warm sunshine of "Bob's" hospitality until their souls become warmed up to a friendly heat. I want to see such a sympathetic current as will yank all frivilous apprehensions into the irredeemable past.

I want to see them all come with hearts ajar willing to receive as well as to give ideas. Golds-mith will be there expecting to see Joe Foeller, Magee, Lothrop, Dennis, Madras, Watson and others, and if they are not there he will flood his cheeks with the bitterest quality of tears. I believe there are hundreds who would go if they could realize what a good time we will have. Even Michaels would be tempted to turn in his grave if he could see us all aboard a Milwaukee barge floating in one joyous bunkt of humanity on the most bosom of Lake Michigan.

McKee and Henderson would turn their heels toward Oberlin for a season if they knew G. W. Brown would be there to fill the room with energy and business writing. Burnett and J. B. Jones would go if they were sure "Bob" would have the late remains of Peck's bad boy on exhibition. There's Wells of

Syracuse, one of the brightest stars in the galaxy of penmanship, I believe will condescend to drop from his zenith into the open arms of the aforesaid and before mentioned "Bob." If he is there, finger movement must "writhe beneath his conqueing heel." If I find one vacant chair and empty peg on the hat rack I shall feel sad. I know there are scores of superior teachers who never say anything except to their classes. Well, now, is this not a little selfish?

Let every teacher leave the janitor in charge of his college and perspire away the sultry hours of July in "Milwaukee, please."

Trusting you may garner in this harvest of red, ripe thoughts, I remain

Peacefully yours,

"SALLY."

My Scrap Book.

BY F. S. BREATH.

The book itself is not large or elegant; but it is not of the book that we wish to write, rather it is of the fine specimens of pen work which have found a place between its covers. There many of our most famous calligraphers are represented by handwork. We pore over its pages with delight. From their silent, yet powerful example, we receive new inspirations in our work. Will the readers of the GAZETTE glance with me at a few of its most beautiful pages and note some of the peculiar characteristics of each?

The first that particularly attracts our attention is a finely flourished bird surrounded by a mass of harmonious curves. The work is from the nimble pen of W. F. Roth, a physician of Manheim, Pa. His skill with the pen equals that of our best professionals.

We have placed opposite to this flourish a specimen of plain writing of great excellence. It is a letter from Worcester's great ink-slinger, A. H. Hinman. You will be at once struck with its plainness. There is not an unnecessary line upon the whole page. In this respect it might serve as a model for our young friends who think writing is not graceful unless inclosed in a meaningless maze of tangled underbrush.

Here's another good example of the same sort of work. It is a copy line done by Schoolfield of Quincy. You all know his work well to need comment from me. Here, too, is another letter of faultless execution. It came up from the sunny South. One of her foremost writers traced its graceful lines with his ready pen. M. J. Goldsmith of Atlanta, Ga., is his name. The writing is of the small, running hand type, rapidly and easily executed, yet systematic and regular.

Next we see another handsome letter. This one is from Klipe, the great pen artist. His writing here is large, yet strong and smooth, indicating a free, easy, executive power. Of the small letters which are nearly perfect in form, he has shaded only the loops and stems. Try it, boys, and see if it does not give you work a chaste and neat appearance.

This time it is a flourish of uncommon artistic merits. W. D. Showalter, teacher in the Bayless College at Dubuque, was its executor. He is one of the very youngest of professionals, yet his work entitles him to a high place among them. Once more it is plain writing of the standard, compact style. Bold and skillful shades run through the page; its execution is wonderfully graceful. It is from the pen of Hoffman, secretary of the far famed Spencerian Business College of Cleveland.

Bennett, who is so well known to the readers of the GAZETTE, wrote the letter which now comes to our view. We are at once struck by the beauty of his capitals. They are formed after the standard models, always with grace and effect. His small letters are very large. Still they are of good form and graceful combination. Here, also, is a smaller specimen of his work, showing the same skill and characteristics.

You like something bold and dashy? If so, you have it here in a piece of artistry from the rapid pen of B. H. Spencer of Albany. In form it is true "Spencerian"; but done with such grace as to make your every nerve thrill with chirographic enthusiasm.

That old veteran, B. M. Worthington, has inscribed his name to the next piece of writing. Almost perfect in form, delicate of line,

small in size, and exceedingly handsome, may be truly said of it.

Once again it is spring time, and the fatigued songster warbles to us its sweetest notes. Dore, the youthful quill driver now of Des Moines, is the happy cause of the music. On the other side is his letter. Does it need the combined evidences of the two to convince you that he will take a place in the very front as a penman?

Rapidity of execution is the main point that distinguishes the next specimen. It comes from McKee's Institute of Penmanship, and was done by his partner J. T. Henderson. But while writing rapidly he by no means destroyed beauty. It is one of the prettiest pages in the book.

A portion of two pages are taken to confine specimens of Palmer's work. One is a letter done in his small, corresponding style. Free and graceful, one can see muscular movement in every line. His compliments in a bold hand is the other. Here also can be seen the benefit effect caused by a trained muscular movement.

Friends, are you growing tired? Why, I have hardly begun to tell you of the wonders of this book! Do you think it strange that I prize it? Is it a wonder that amid its beauties I seek and find inspiration? I have another scrap book. It comes to me monthly, not alone with splendid specimens, but with choice reading and careful directions for progress. It is the GAZETTE, and it is yours as well as mine. All can here find much beauty.

A Stream Cannot Rise Above Its Fountain.

BY CHANDLER H. PEIRCE.

As we drift along the stream of everyday existence, we encounter amusing incidents which help to make life worth the living.

In our field of usefulness there are earnest, painstaking, energetic and thoughtful workers who find pleasure and profit in pursuing a legitimate business, content in letting the laurels rest where'er they fall. There are others who seem determined to reverse this order of things by straining at impossibilities, with a hope of creating an impression that the stream can rise above its fountain. That the Mississippi River flows up hill is an indisputable fact.

A modern Don Quixote is not to be wondered at in an age so prolific as this! It would indeed be more noteworthy not to have some one lead the van, and be conspicuous for oddities and eccentricities.

We are content to let each play his part and willing (if the court so rules it) to await a proper decision, that conviction may not be premature. While we have a desire to deal justly, we cannot shut our eyes to what experience has proven beyond a peradventure.

We are conscious of some things which we know are pugnacious to the best interests of the profession, and we are not one who can coldly permit gross errors to be paraded without an expression of sympathy or pity for the erring ones. We therefore wish to state candidly, mildly, peaceably, yet unequivocally, that the teacher does not live now, never has, nor ever will, who can instruct a pupil to write better than himself.

We know of living examples who point with a feeling of pride and self-satisfaction to those who have been under their tutorage and achieved creditable results. This is not only right and proper but justifiable in a strictly business sense. What we are deriding is the standard set up by a few hopeless imbeciles which reverses the proper order of things, and places the stream above its fountain.

While no student should be so ungrateful as to forget his alma mater, while we must remember that honor is to him to whom honor is due; he must not be so blind to his own self-respect as to account in any but a plausible way for the skill and ability which were gained beyond the ability of the teacher.

The moment a pupil's writing becomes better than the teacher's that moment the stream rises above its fountain.

While this cannot exist, we wish to understand as saying that instruction ceases when executive ability is wanting. Upon this hypothesis there can be no just claim from the

teacher for increased ability beyond what is recognized as equal.

The ambitious teacher will apply his avowed principles, and develop all possible results, thereby proving any slight claims which otherwise he is not entitled to, and has no right to assume. Any progress then beyond the teacher is due to thoughtful consideration upon the part of the student, and no practical working is determined by such effort as will characterize its development. There may be undeveloped principles of worth in the theory of any one, but claims of any moment will receive no consideration from competent judges when proof is wanting of their tangibility.

There are penmen in the field to-day, who were once students of institutions which they care not now to acknowledge, because they have risen above and beyond them in every sense of the word, and the house should be reversed. These surely is no criminal intent in such an act, but upon the other hand it is hollow presumption upon the part of any instructor to lay claims for gain that was purely the result of one's own thought and labor. I repeat it: It is indeed laughable to see and note the strong satisfaction and enjoyment which a few wretched teachers get out of this part of their high calling, viz.: That such and such a one was a student of his, and he (student that was) can write not only soberly but with a skill that few would attempt to assume.

Now this same student (that was) is not only a superior penman, acknowledged, but is as far superior to the teacher now (that was) as was the teacher when instruction first began.

Is it just, is it right, is it proper to attempt to establish such vacuous claims?

We hold our original proposition to be self-evident that no teacher can instruct beyond his ability to execute, and that all rightful claims end where equality of execution is perceptible.

An October Lily.

The wide marsh grilles the gleaming lake With a whitening ready robe, Whose soft, low hum, and murmuring wake Long songs by the reed-edged edge; And close to a willow's swaying shade, A fly with petals white, And cup the sun-gold deily made, Grows glad with the mellow light.

It hears the wind in the woodlands sigh, And the anthon sprays sing, While above it darts the dragonfly, And the brown moth nests it wing; And swallow, seeking that distant zone Where the orange groves are sweet, Drains that summer so willy-noun, Has returned with dying feet.

Far up the rounding hill-tops show The oak, and the lofty pine, And the birch, whose bark is thin, And with garments twain, The yellow plumes of the goldenrod, And the purple gay beans toss, And chicklets chirp in the browning soil, Where the gray rock beds its moss.

The justly grating along the wall Are rock with a rare, sweet ring, And here you hear the quail's comrade call Where the buckwheat stubbles shine, And seeds are bright with the kiss of frost, And the purple gay beans toss, And the crimson pippins glow, With a light the summer sun-rays lost, When the south wind whispered low.

The blustering north is keen and chill, And dole with bitter notes of storm, Through aster and goldenrod, And the mid-day sun is wan, And the lily seems a message, bright With the gray lily winter will know, When the fond thrushes of winter's blight, And the grass shines through the snow.

THOMAS S. COLLIER.

When Artemus Ward exhibited his panama in Louisville once, he had been out with the boys a good deal, and was not in prime condition for his show in consequence, hence it went off badly. The next morning a friend, disposed to excuse the contrepente, said: "Artemus, the show was hardly a success last night; your lights were bad." "Yes," said Artemus, with that sad, far away look he sometimes assumed, "my liver was a little off too."

Texas Siftings.

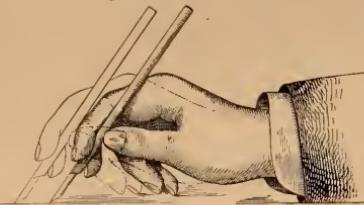
A solemn, gray-haired old man came in town one day last week and said the fish in the Sioux River were out on the banks fanning themselves with their tails. Nobody seemed to doubt him.—Estelline Bell.

THE PENMAN'S GAZETTE.

Hand and Arm Calisthenics.

BY A. J. SCARBOROUGH.

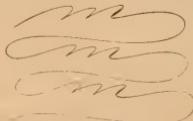
Furnishes the prevailing feature, eh? Well, considered only as letters they do look a little fettered, but the idea is to bring the letters in the closest possible relation to their corresponding movement drills. By such practice we learn to associate every movement drill with the letter or part of letter it is intended to strengthen. Getting complete control of the movement is a hard task for many, and unless practice becomes interesting, discouragement follows. After you have reached the point when you come to make capital letters with a fair degree of skill and ease, you find practice pleasant. You see clearer the advantage of exercise practice. You find your coils and ovals transforming into graceful letters. You see and comprehend more fully a



"Giving correct position of hand and pen, also showing action of the hand, with forearm working back and forth without sliding the sleeve, in making the direct muscular movement."

beautiful art growing out of the drudgery of repetition. Skill and grace in execution which you once considered a gift to a select few from a partial author of nature, you now see that all this wonderful accomplishment is the result of toil.

Now I want every student reader of the *Gazette* to lose sight of genius, or the idea that the penman is born with one of the nine muses grafted in his right arm. Just rake away the trash of all your old habits of finger movement, cramped fingers, whole arm movement etc., and get down to solid ground. First get a good position of the hand as shown in cut. Don't take hold of the pen so firmly as though you feared it would explode with the slightest pressure, or grip it as though you feared some one else wanted the same holder, but take hold and move in a firm, positive manner.



Such an exercise as the above will give you a sweep of movement. The lateral strokes tend to strengthen the movement in long words.



These exercises call for more extensive movement than anything else. When you have learned to make them well, you will find you have much more confidence in your movement. By such practice you get training in both small and capital letters combined.



Try to make a row of C's across the page without stopping or raising the pen. Shade in the loop and observe that the finishing strokes are full curves. Don't allow your movement to weaken until you have made as many as five or six, the more the better.

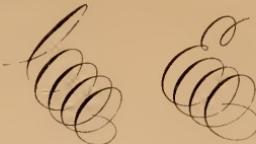


Shading is a feature that needs special study and practice. You may be able to form a letter perfectly and fail to get the shading just as you wish. Shading down strokes alternately in oval practice is a splendid drill. The following C exercise should be practiced as often as possible, shading the first in loop, second in oval and so on.

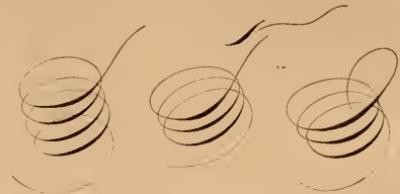


The *Gazette* is a strong advocate of business writing, but at the same time it realizes that

if the ornament is entirely removed from writing, there is little of the fascinating element left. It is often the ornament that leads us to the practical.



Beauty charms and inspires our minds to action. Labor becomes a pleasure when we love the accomplishments we are seeking. Drudgery wears off as skill approaches.



The above will help you in shading the stem letters at the base line, and will also help you in forming good ovals in stems.



Practice the S and G, finishing with oval exercise; see that your ovals are full and shaded right down at base line.



Strike from the shoulder with a force and determination that will land you across the page with a string of healthy looking G's. The *Gazette* wants to see some of the work of every subscriber, and especially those who are practicing from these lessons. We are going to do all we can to make the lessons a success, but we can't know this until we see some of the results.



We feel an interest in every one who is trying to profit by the *Gazette's* teachings, therefore we want to keep track of the flock.



The above is a good drill for L, D, and all letters containing the compound or stem curve. Don't conclude it useless practice because it looks like a prize package watch chain.



In practicing the three B's combined, the movement becomes strong and free. Cover three or four sheets with such practice. Don't become carole-s because you have dwelt on a copy for some time. See that you improve on an exercise before changing off to something else.



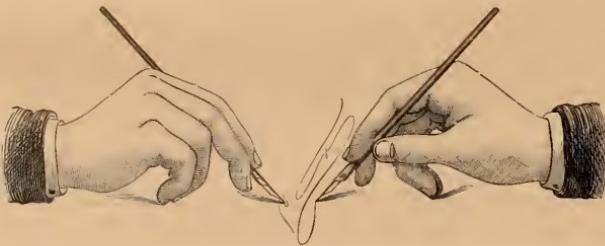
Combining caps is an interesting practice and helps you in signature writing.



Remember the GAZETTE "Family Circle" column is always open to its members. When you wish to know about any features in writing that are not explained, let us hear from you.



By reference to Prof. Wells' lesson to beginners in the December GAZETTE, you will find the following unsurpassed directions for getting the muscular movement: With right arm resting lightly on the table, open the hand, placing it perfectly flat upon the table, palm touching and arm resting on the fleshy part below the elbow. Now you have the correct position. Keep it so by frequently repeating the above.



SHOWING CORRECT POSITION OF HAND.

Without changing position, close the right hand firmly, raise it just enough to clear the table, and balance on the muscles of the forearm, not allowing the wrist to touch; now, use the muscles of the shoulder in conjunction with the shoulder and elbow joints, work the fore, arm back and forth in its own direction, pushing out and drawing in, without sliding the sleeve. The sleeve should remain stationary as if glued to the table, while the wrist works out and in, impelled by the action of the shoulder muscles. The simple motion thus produced on a direct line with the forearm is the key to all muscular movements, and should be practiced daily until the action of the muscles brought into play becomes perfectly easy. The forearm in this direct motion will carry the hand back and forth a distance of from one to one and a half inches without sliding the sleeve.

Humor Among Penmen.

MR. EDITOR:—In my migratory experience I have rubbed against almost every symptom of the profession, and have found but very few cases of that malady known as joke-blindness. I have noticed that the chronic placidity of the most stolid and resolute scriber may be wrought into mirthful confusion by the rejuvenating thrill of a newly burnished joke. I have even seen gravity shattered on the embalmed features of the most important by the languid thud of a time-hallowed "chestnut." No reason why the profession should be forever impaled on the point of logical grape. Give them some saucy with their feast. Distort their solemn faces with mirthful electricity. Read the funeral service which covers the very human. Why should a penman incur a disordered liver through an excess of chronic dignity? Why should he cultivate a longitudinal expression because he can construct a fair English alphabet? Because of his hands' cunning, should he look upon life as a vast march of obsequies? I have met a few of the fraternity whose facial muscles were apparently paralyzed, and who would look upon humor as they would upon the malefic brow of a deceased relative. But the majority of them are as full of wile as a Hostetter's Almanac. I have seen the reflective image jolted from Packard's face by the introduction of an elected jest. I have seen the fine-lined lines merged into curves, as his oil vacuum commenced to ram across his features. I have observed

Harvey and Henry Spencer convulse like two gelatinous mountains while exchanging their infantile effusions of attenuated wit. I have seen Sadler's eye assume the luster of an Alaska diamond when anticipating a tidal wave of hilarity. I find the most stolid among the tribe occasionally give way to the distorting effect of instantaneous coruscations of seamstesters, and ruthlessly smash the obsolete canons and conventionalities of cast-iron antiquity. That's what we want. In order to succeed, every penman needs a robust liver and a pair of lungs larger than a cent sponge. Look at "Bob" Spencer! There's a living monument to whole-souled laughter. Look at the halcyon expression of Burnett! "He smiles and smiles and is a penman still!" Turn your gaze southward; there's R. S. Collins, who yields the pen with skill, and hasn't an atom of cynicism in his system. Let's exchange some of the side-whiskered pomp and captious austerity for whole-some humor. Not wit whose age would entitle it to a position in some dusty museum, nor puns which should have been sacked and rammed into oblivion before the medieval period, but unimpeded, soul-stirring productions of the present age. B. F. Kelley don't like the idea of shedding the moss off an antique and jaded joke before he can get it into his book. He can get him a new one at any time, by calling on Preston. There's Macrae's, he's piping to late editions, and Dennis is growing pale and thin over the moth-eaten jests of the *ante-bellum* period. Palmer needs the same diet to change his facial perpendicularity to a horizontal ex-

Of course if any are possessed of a galvanized check we can't expect them to fracture it by a smile.

Hoping, Mr. Editor, that these eye-moistening remarks may be viewed through the transparency of tears, I remain
Smilingly yours, "SALLY."

The Itinerant Teacher.

BY W. D. SHOWALTER.

The Itinerant period in the life of a penman is one of amusing interest. It is generally considered necessary, before assuming the responsibilities of a business college teacher, for the youthful ink-slinger to spend a season in organizing and conducting evening classes. Experience is demanded by college proprietors, and the hopeful young-ter accepts his fate, and embarks in the traveling field. He soon ascertains that the greater part of his net profits will be in the coin of experience. "Tis true he finds this currency very valuable in his future career, but it is often very reluctantly accepted as a recompense for theunceasing toll incident to itinerant work; toll that the college professor never knows the meaning of, unless he, too, began his career in this way.

The life of a travelling teacher of penmanship is one of continual hardships. He is received with coldness and suspicion by the majority of those to whom he must look for patronage. He is the focus of all eyes, and the subject of

the class to have a good time, and therefore of course make no improvement, a fact which he is frequently reminded of toward the close of the school. He succeeds in collecting about one-half of the small amount of tuition promised him, and finds that it will little more than meet his board bill.

He leaves the place to repeat the same programme in an adjoining town, with probably a little variation for the better or worse. As he has suffered a good deal of close confinement during his stay in the village, he feels that he is in need of some vigorous physical exercise, so for this and other sufficient reasons, he indicates his opposition to railroad monopolies by proceeding to his next field of labor in the pomp and splendor of pedestralism.

Upon taking a retrospect of his labor, he finds that those rough places through which he has passed constitute the school of real experience, and he concludes that he must have enough of it by this time to carry him safely through anything that might await him in his future career. Not having any offer of anything better just at present, and desiring to make just money enough, with his Itinerant teaching to enable him to purchase a new suit of clothes, and pay his railroad fare, should he succeed in finding a position somewhere, he toils on, growing insensible to all gossip concerning him, learning how to gain the favor of those with whom he comes in contact, finding out the best methods of conducting his classes successfully, how to avoid being the dupe of ordinary tricks of school boys, and in short, how to organize intelligently and carefully, how to teach thoroughly and practically, and how to secure the favor of almost any community, be they ever so prejudiced against writing teachers.

This frosty winter of bitter experience causes the death of many a fondly-cherished hope, the crumbling of many a dream-castle, the abandoning of many impractical theories and the erection of reasonable hopes and possibility structures in their stead.

The Itinerant field is abandoned with a great sigh of relief; and yet in the after career of the Itinerant, he often revisits with pleasure to some of the bright places in his wanderings. He forgets, for a moment, the hardships endured, and recalls some moonlight night when he walked home blushing with some maiden-pupil or expended a part of his scanty earnings for a livery rig with which he spent two hours in the company of a bright village damsels, despite the precautions of watchful mothers and jealous lovers. This part of his dearly-earned experience, he would gladly live over again.

On the whole, the travelling teacher of writing is not to be envied, and yet this severe school of disciplining this hard contact with humanity will never lose its good effects on his after life, and if he achieves fame or fortune in the chirographic world, he is likely to attribute his success, in a very large measure, to his early Itinerant teaching, and the experience thus acquired.

Dubuque, Ia., Sept. 18, 1856.

What to Read.

Are you deficient in taste? Read the best English poets, such as Thomson, Gray, Goldsmith, Pope, Cowper, Coleridge, Scott and Wordsworth.

Are you deficient in imagination? Read Milton, Akenside, Burke and Shakespeare. Are you deficient in powers of reasoning? Read Chillingworth, Bacon and Locke.

Are you deficient in judgment and good sense in the common affairs of life? Read Franklin.

Are you deficient in sensibility? Read Goethe and MacKenzie.

Are you deficient in political knowledge? Read Montesquieu, the Federalist, Webster and Calhoun.

Are you deficient in patriotism? Read Demosthenes and the Life of Washington.

Are you deficient in conscience? Read some of President Edwards' works.

Are you deficient in anything? Read the Bible. —Ex.

In the page of card specimens for September A. W. Dakin should have been credited with card No. 5.

—Read this number of the GAZETTE carefully, and ask your friends to subscribe.



NEW YORK AND CHICAGO, OCT., 1886.

[Entered at the Post Office, at Chicago, as Second Class Mail Matter.]

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The Gazette's Aims.

The GAZETTE aims to be charitable to all, and malicious to none. To steer clear of all petty jealousies and personal conflicts. "To live and let live." To recognize worth wherever found. To reward from all, self-worth.

To reverence men for their good deeds, and not solely for their age. To manufacture mythical glory for no man.

To deal with facts in an interesting manner. To be wide-wake at all times to the interests of its cause. To publish all articles which are naturally expressed and bold with common-sense thought, even if truth be seasoned with humor.

To recognize all as honorable until proven otherwise. To kick at no man simply because he is being kicked by others. To express its candid opinions regardless of the sepulchral snorts of cynics.

To listen to reason at all times. To stultify and embalm no theory simply for its absurdity. To allow no man to scream *eartha* through its horn because an idea as well known as pie-planed echoes across his cavernous dome. To be perfectly just and upright in all its dealings.

Life in Writing.

Sluggish motion produces stiff and lifeless letters. Give us writing which shows the driving force. A free movement will arouse the unsuspected resources of ability. If you love the beautiful in writing, shake up your slumbering energies! Kindle yourself into burning enthusiasm. Teach your art that the will is master. Leave the doors to reason open and learn to discriminate between fossilized platitudes and common sense. Get an idea and practice it. You might ponder over

hair-balancing theories and mental protoplasm until the crown of your intellect assumed the effulgence of an unclad onion, and without putting forth some vigorous effort in practice, you will have accomplished little more than breathing your share of air during the time thus spent. Take on enthusiasm; it generates the invincible impulses that will give you success. Shake off that phlegmatic, frigid, slothful movement. Let your work show that you are aglow with inspiration. Use discretion and fair way! Take a good idea whenever you can get it. Accept it because you think it good, and not simply because the giver has labeled it such. Take advice as you would guide-books, if it fits your route; take it, if it does not weigh it, in the scales of reason. Advice is the history of experience; all experiences are different.

Put a life current into your work, putting vigor and speed into your movement.

Simultaneous Ideas.

Progress demands invention. New ideas are a necessity. They are like coins, just as good from one source as another. No more premium on them from the hairless dome and austere brow, than from the cantelope pate of remoteness. Necessity gives birth to new ideas; Wide-awake men want revolution of methods; naturally then, hundreds are scanning on the same trail and will find similar results. Because an idea "dawns upon your mind, and seems as fresh and bright as a newborn lily, you need not read the firmament with your ear-whop, *Eureka!*" The idea may fit other mental calibers. You may, if you look over the field, find others who have discovered the idea and are quietly wearing it without ostentation. If you teach muscular movement, do all in your power to make it a success, but don't fatigue the fraternity by continually claiming that you have wrought out the whole grand plan. Where so much simplicity, common sense and naturalness are found in any method as in the muscular movement, there are a number of discoverers. Men don't shut their eyes to necessity that one individual may feast on the broth of invention. When you think a new thought, it is always best to carefully look over the field while your brain is cooling. If after a careful search you fail to find a match for it, then it may be well enough to fit it out by degrees to the famishing public. Had other men swung in the hammock under apple trees and thought at the same time, Newton might have had rivals in the gravity business. But the falling apple which proved the key to Newton's discovery, might have suggested cider and dumplings to the minds of others less curious about the solar machinery.

Pure originality in any art is a rare thing; of course, new ideas may be suggested to the mind of one individual for the first time by careful thought in a given line, but the same conceptions may have been formed and carried into practice through a similar cause and line of thought. Teachers often adopt similar methods because the motives prompting them are caused by similar necessities and reasons. Business demands an easy and rapid style of penmanship, muscular movement furnishes this. Wide awake teachers are, as a necessity, trying to accommodate the growing demands of the practical world. No one takes a slow train when there is a fast one going in the same direction, unless he has not discovered the difference of speed. If he is asleep and behind time, he may take a gravel train, that he may nurse his feeble theories and prevent confusion among his bemuddled hobbies. Thousands are lifting their heads above the banks of their old ways and catching at new ideas. Then, do we wonder at so many grasping the same tow-line of thought? They are scanning the vaults without their pocket-telescopes from observatory heights, thousands of miles separated, at the same instant, may discover the same new asteroid, returning comet, or grand wonder in the revolving worlds. While the scientist in Florence pour over the theory of the movement of atoms, the American scholar may be discovering the same law. Hundreds of inventors and scientists have realized with sad awakening that the discoveries with which they would dazzle the eye of man are as old as the days of knickerbocker pants and sandal-wood shoes.

Distorted Birds.

Have you observed how some of our florish ingaturity break away from the laws of nature in their construction of the fowl kingdom; nature fails to furnish the freaks they wish to represent. She has not get-up-and-get enough to allow their genius full swing. They also cut loose from the tedious styles and forms of ornithology. It follows nature too closely. Its birds look too meek and affect too nearly the plumage and proportions of those twittering creatures of the forest. No, what winged genius wants is more variety, more curvature of plumage, more pointed heads, more fantastical sweep of wings, and longer toe-nails in the scope of fowldom. Nature has not given us the graceful droop of under lip; the wide waste of expression about the eye; the healing protuberance of crop and the tragic position of foot for which the chirographic talent is most yeams. We have seen that pen and ink symbolic creation, with a wealth of mouth, that were it endowed with a voice to match, its warbling would stop a Waterloo watch. We have watched, with minglings, the grieved expression of the flourished what-is-it that he writhed under the weight of a two-horse power goose-quill. We have almost given way to tears of sympathy upon seeing a frail sparrow clutching and suspending a large oak in mid-air. Perhaps this was unintentional on the part of the penman. He doubtless arranged the ponderous perch for the bird to rest on, but the way the situation fell upon our retina, was that the bird in a thoughtless moment had wrenched the shrub from its mother earth and was carrying it to its distant aerie for upholstering purposes. When genii gets so restless for novelty that she produces web-footed canaries, feathered alligators, cat-faced humming birds, eagle-heads with swallow body attachment, woodpeckers with peacock conclusions and other feathered freaks, it is about time to shift the scenes. We admire art as much as any one, but when it soars to that pitch when its productions must be labeled and accompanied by a war map or explanatory key, the glamor of appreciation becomes a fraction thready, bare. There must be a gnawing sense of remorse in the penman's breast who, after producing a mass of curves and shades, is necessarily compelled to designate such production by affixing in bold letters the word "HORSE!" There must be some touch left out, lack of proper shading or some other deficiency in the flourished swan which is taken for a cow. Penmen should study the distinguishing features of fowl and quadruped. It would save much of the time spent in correcting mistaken identity. Time spent in labeling and explaining designs might be profitably spent in retouching and finishing. Nature may seek pity, compared with the creative powers of a seething intellect, but we have noticed that some of our best artists accede to her laws, and imitate her objects.

Correct Spelling.

About the most inharmonious combination that can be looped together is beautiful writing and deformed spelling. Nothing will call forth the cold, stolid finger of criticism quicker than an innocent primary word spelled in bad taste and occupying a prominent position in a beautifully written letter. It looks about as incongruous as a pig in a parlor. We have seen boys who exhibited more originality in spelling than any other direction; it seemed to spread in the field of orthography like a contagion. They would leave the venerable Webster and its ponderous tome far in the background. They would spell English words according to the Clippewa pronunciation. They would cut and revise Webster's methods until scarcely a feature of the old master's style remained. They would hammer and batter long word into deformity, until they looked about as foreign as kilt skirts. They would ram the conventionalities of Webster into the dusty recesses of forgetfulness and emulate the novel style of the late Billings. Bushy men lose sight of good writing when coupled with poor spelling. About the best way to learn it is to have a dictionary at hand and always consult it when the least doubt arises.

"Trust a man to be good, and true, and even if he is not, your trust will tend to make him such."

Respiration and Execution.

Should a penman breathe while executing the most delicate strokes in a design? This question was thrust at us not long since by a scribe who was apparently enjoying his lucid intervals. Well, now, we should say the question of time would be an important feature in this problem. Holding the breath for a few seconds might prevent tremor in the stroke, but shutting off the valves for an hour or so is very fatiguing, and is liable to derange the respiratory movements. We shouldn't like to see the face of a brother scribe looking as bilious and inflamed as a newly-upholstered suitcase, simply because he is flaggaging the profile of a wren's nest.

Ask them to quit the use of tobacco and other injurious habits, but indulge them in the respiration habit. It has a hold on them which they cannot shake off. They find it very restoring after being half smothered by a shower of tinlinabulous verbiage from the leisurely bore.

Deprive them if you will of all artificial stimulants, but give them their full quota of ether. Ask them to stop swearing, but don't ask them to hold their breath until they have the expression of a clother's dummy.

Originality.

The originality demanded by some critics is simply an impossibility. To attain it a person must make a *fablet rosa* of his mental faculties. He would have to place himself in the condition of the first man and ignore all ideas of previous generations. Like some ancient hero he would have to shut his eyes, close his nostrils, and seal his ears with wax, to prevent other men's thoughts from falling on the membranes of his faculties. Then the only thing he could succeed in being original in would be his idiotic eccentricity. We live in a great ocean of thought, and inhale it just as naturally as air. Yet occasionally we may find one individual who has managed to shut out all thoughts of others and has refrained from the mental exertion of conceiving himself.

The most conscientious writer, however hard he may strive to avoid using the ideas of others, is compelled to be, to an extent, a literary resurrectionist. His brain is full of assimilated thought that has lost its lead. Dead men's wits echoes in his mind long after he has forgotten its source. Goldsmith once said: "It is a misfortune for fine writers to be born in a period so enlightened as ours. The heat of wit is gathered in and little left to gleam." Our precursors have beenet nearly all the patent approaches to glory. They have trodden the field over and we must walk in their footprints or stand stock still. But if the ideas of others be assimilated and moulded into original style, is not that a new creation. "Can the bee make honey without rilling the roses of their sweets?" Is the rainbow less beautiful because it borrows its colors from the sun?" Originality has been defined as *creas-ing*. Old electro-plates are melted into a mass and poured into moulds and converted into new designs. Ideas of other men are thrown into the mind's mould and wrought into new productions. The mind is a mirror, forever reflecting new reflections, which are utilized in its workings. By observation and reading the mill is being constantly filled, and all that genius does is to turn the wheel, which mixes and combines the materials into originality. It is not easy to define what is called genius; but one thing is certain, namely, that it does not feed on itself and spin cobwebs out of its own bowels, which would only keep it forever impoverished and thin, but is essentially passive and receptive in its nature, and impregnates itself continually with the thoughts and feelings of others." We create beings in the mind which we clothe in the garments of dead men; ideas which it stripped of the thoughts of others would be only the shadow of uncertainty. "Who can say as he draws, from his well stocked quiver a fine arrow, whether or not it has been shafted with the solid sense of Bacon, feathered with the fancy of Byron, or pointed with the logic of Chillingworth?" The author may have been so unconsciously admited that it would be impossible to assort and recognize them all. Derwent Coleridge says in defence of his father from the charge of plagiarism: "In an overwrought brain the door which separates the chamber of memory

Shorthand.

This department is edited by Prof. WILLIAM D. BRIDGE, A. M., Principal of the School of Photography in CHAUTAUQUA UNIVERSITY. [Address Box 555, Plainfield, N. J.]

Wide-scope phonographers are invited to contribute to this department: 1. Brief suggestions; 2. Letters concerning your work; 3. Letters concerning experiments in your State concerning phonography; 4. Personalities relating to the study and use of words; 5. Persons requiring the services of word experts; 6. Local shorthand associations news; 7. Shorthand periodicals or books for notice in our columns.

Curtis Haven of Philadelphia, has bought one of E. N. Miner's New York.

Do not be deceived by advertisements purporting to sell books so simplifying shorthand that you can master it in six weeks. Folly!

Any person having a copy of Marsh's System of Phonography for sale would confer favor on Prof. Bridge to write to him, stating price.

—Some of our contemporaries are becoming "funny" with ludicrous wood-utes. Better not attempt to rival *Puck* or *The Judge*, good friends.

Isaac Pitman has for years sought to prevent correspondence teaching of shorthand for pay, but remunerated instruction grows rapidly in England.

All readers of this department are cordially invited to send us news items, questions, clippings, reports of associations and other interesting matter.

Be thorough. A principle mastered till all words naturally come under it can readily be written, is far more profitable to you than five principles understood but not utilized.

Two hours' day study and practice this fall and winter will make you a good shorthand by spring, if the "root of the matter" is in you.

Mrs. E. B. Burnz of New York has not a set of her own publications, and scarcely any to sell. Persons having copies of her works to dispose of are requested to communicate with Prof. Bridge.

One valuable aid to personal enthusiasm in shorthand would be the securing as fast as possible of a library of shorthand works, papers, magazines and books in your system of shorthand—that one with which you are most familiar.

The recently elected officers of the New York State Phonographers' Association are: President, W. O. Wyckoff, New York City; Vice-President, George C. Appel, New York City; Secretary and Treasurer, William S. Kerlinger, Elmira, N. Y.

The process of photo-engraving employed in the reproduction of our shorthand "copy," as seen in the illustrations in these papers, is not always equally good, as see the shorthand in the September issue, which looked as though a ten-ton weight had fallen on the block.

The Horton type writing machine is now on the market. It is the invention of a practical shorthand and typewriting expert, and claims special excellencies, some of them as great superiorities over other machines. Send to the Horton Typewriting Machine Company, Toronto, Ont.

A minister, a returned missionary, has just told us that he took up Graham's phonography and studied it without a teacher, so that he might be aided in his work, and though he has never made a cent by it directly, it has been of inestimable help to him. Multitudes could do the same, to their great self-improvement.

Since Chautauqua, several pupils have begun courses in the Chautauqua University School of Shorthand, Prof. W. D. Bridge, Plainfield, N. J., Director, and many have sent for the new circular of the Shorthand Department. Send stamp and secure a circular which has information which all seeking to study phonography should read.

Our observation shows us that the system of charging so much a month tuition in photographic schools is a serious temptation to the conductors of said schools to keep the pupils as long a time as possible, that the tuition fees may be the greater. We have known students to be enticed by various means and

promises to stay eight, ten, and even fourteen months, constantly, at "so much a month." The true procedure is to pay a stipulated price for a course of lessons thoroughly taught.

—Many have asked if the lessons in shorthand in the PENMAN'S GAZETTE are the same as Prof. Bridge sends to pupils in his shorthand department of the Chautauqua University. We answer, No. The University course is very fully and carefully matured, every point being made clear to the pupil. The GAZETTE course is necessarily greatly condensed.

—Our recent article on "Deep-Sea Dredging" is going the rounds of the shorthand press. Good! It is inspiring to beginners in this art to think that if they master 100 words in the very best shorthand forms (word-signs and otherwise), they will have learned at least one-half of all the words they will ever have to write in shorthand. Our readers will do well to re-read that article.

Phonographers should welcome any valuable shorthand periodicals which give them reading matter in their own chosen system. W. H. most heartily commend Prof. Morris' forthcoming *Mentor*, the magazine to be pub-

lished early in October. Your "writer" in order as far as possible by cleaning it frequently—ever regularly. Keep it out of drafts; cover it on completing your work; oil slightly working parts; do not allow children to "play" with it; tighten loose screws; examine tensions; care as much for your machine as you would for a working horse, and be sure that neither will do good work without painstaking watchfulness.

Stick to your system, if it is a good one. Don't mix it with untempered mortar from some other. We see at times young phonographers dabbling with several systems, and good at none.

Follow these rules in your early study and practice of shorthand: 1. Think out the best form for the word desired. 2. Write that form with painstaking accuracy, as if it were to be engraved from your own copy. 3. Then write that word, with increasing speed, five, ten, twenty or even fifty times, till great speed is secured. 4. Join the word in simple phrases, writing them with similar accuracy and repetition. Thus you will secure two essentials of shorthand writing—legibility and rapidity.

Quite a war of words is waging between James Herbert Ford of England and Isaac Pit-

hook at the end of the same. Am I correct? Yes. I am pleased to see that you see the element of "principle" running through shorthand, as it surely should in a correct system. We therefore have a large hook at the end of all curves, to indicate the syllable "ion," and also on all straight strokes on the right hand side at the end, looking from the end to the beginning. Please notice that this "ion" hook at the end is not on the same side of the straight strokes that the "n" hook is, for the reason that when straight strokes having a "n" hook are to be joined with other strokes, the junction can be made much better if that hook is on the right hand side than if it were on the left (see plate, section 2): Fashion, vision, lotion, motion, nation,unction, Goshen, erosion, option, Bashan, Titan, addition, magician, asician, Russian, Hessian.

How do you make "plurals" of such words as have a "ion" hook? To make "plurals" or add "s," follow the following rules:

1. On curves having either an "n" or "ion" hook write a small circle on the inside of those hooks. This rule applies to curves. Note this. 2. The same rule applies to the "ion" hook on straight strokes, i.e., the added "s" is indicated by a small circle written inside the "ion" hook at the end; but on straight strokes having an "n" hook the hook is made into a circle (see plate, section 3): Fashions, visions, lotions, motions, nations,unctions, passions, bashans, editions, magicians, auctions, Goshens, rations, Hessians, fins, vines, thins, thence, assigns, shuns, lance, ears, manse, announce, swoons, pins, bounce, turess, chance, annales, joints, cons, gains, runs, honest.

Will you give me a miscellaneous mixture of words with these two hooks, and let me see if I can read them? Yes. (See plate 2, section 4)

Will you now give me a varied list of words using these two hooks, that I may see if I can rightly apply the rules given to-day? Yes. Cushions, rhine, swine, Warren, mourns, incisions, nonce, imitation, moonbeam, runaway, canopy, vaccination, negligions, bounce, drains, trains, trance, prunes, thrones, shrines, aversion, Thracian, editions, Parisian, emotions, solution, revisions, ascension, Domitian, ignition, demons, turns, trains, barrens.

Learning Shorthand.

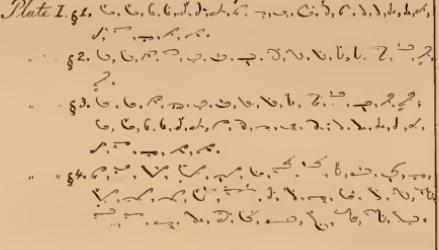
Any teacher of experience has many times received such a question as this: Are there not special practical suggestions which will help me to learn shorthand? We have a letter lying before us, just received, making that inquiry. We will most briefly reply: (1) Not all persons can learn shorthand. As some people have no ear for discrimination of sounds, cannot tell one note from another, cannot see any difference between *join* and *jew*, cannot except with utmost painstaking tell what are the sounds composing any given word—they therefore seem to be devoid of an ability which is absolutely essential to shorthand writing, according to phonographic principles.

(2) Some people are deficient in "grit," "pluck," "stick-to-itiveness," which says: What ought to be done if possible I will do. The principles of shorthand are simple. There is no bungarow to irritate modest souls. One step strongly taken, the next is simple if it be clearly, definitely explained, and the third, fourth, fifth, etc., are not to be feared. But to be sure, determination to go through is an absolutely indispensable factor to secure success.

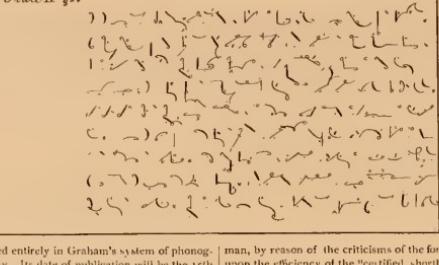
(3) An essential need in the study of shorthand is "reviewing" of principles, or in other words, a constant drilling. A mere seeing clearly the various individual principles of the art will not suffice. An iteration and reiteration is essential. Before studying the second lesson be sure to go over the first at least five times. Then before taking up any lesson, go most carefully and repeatedly over all the preceding lessons, so that before you take up the twentieth lesson there should be a full and ready review of the nineteen which preceded. We cannot emphasize this too much.

(4) The difficulties of individual pupils are by no means identical. What troubles one another sees intuitively. The latter fails where the first walks with courage. Therefore do not by any means assume similarity of teaching as applicable to all. Bring out points of instruction as the characteristic difficulties present themselves. And here we should say

Lesson 9



Reading Exercise



Isolated entirely in Graham's system of phonography. Its date of publication will be the 15th of each month; price, \$2 a year. Address Prof. W. G. Morris, Easthampton, Mass.

Dr. J. M. Buckley, editor of the *Christian Advocate*, New York City, is probably one of the most rapid speakers on the American platform. In a recent series of lectures in Boston, Mr. James P. Bacon, one of our pupils, reported Mr. Buckley for seventy consecutive minutes, and on counting the words found that they averaged one hundred and seventy nine a minute. How is that for speed?

The August number of the *Shorthand Times*, in a brief notice of Prof. Bridge's "New and Rational System of Shorthand Numbers," says of it: "It could be easily mastered and put in practice." The editor then devotes one page of his magazine to a suggestive extract from the work itself, and presents a specimen example of its use as applied to memory accounts. Thanks, brother!

Because your type writing machine gets out of order, stop all other activities, but remember that not a machine now on the market will show at times the "perverse ways of machinery," and in most perplexing ways plague its operator. We do not know of an exception to this rule. They all "do get out of order at times." Every honest dealer in type-writers will acknowledge this. But keep

man, by reason of the criticisms of the former upon the efficiency of the "certified shorthand teacher's" who are commanded to public favor by the latter. Other persons are being admitted to the fray, and the capabilities of English teachers of pupils in phonography are being very seriously criticized. There are few "certified" teachers of shorthand in these United States.

Phonography.

CONDENSED INSTRUCTION BY PROF. W. D. BRIDGE, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

NINTH LESSON.

1. You have been giving me hooks at the beginning of strokes. Are there hooks on the end of strokes? Yes. I will call you now to study these. First, there is a small "hook" on the end of every stroke in the system, written as follows, to indicate the sound of "m" inside the curve on all curves, and on the left hand side of all straight strokes, looking from the end to the beginning of such strokes (see plate 1, section 2). Fine, vine, thin, then, assign, zem, zem, line, moon, noon, longly, wine, yin, pine, bee, tree, down, chain, John, keen, gain, tan, home

2. That is indeed simple. And now, as you had a large hook at the beginning of strokes, I may imagine that you will also have large

that every pupil should be free to express his difficulties, doubts, and his hopeful feelings when the lesson is over.

(c) Put in immediate practice the knowledge acquired in each lesson. Begin to write as soon as possible. Early master the "word-sight." Begin to use these in every possible way. Copy time and time again the next phonography. Do not write much matter, but the same matter over and over till it can be written and read with the utmost freedom. And this "same matter" to which we refer should be such a qualified teacher has corrected after you have written it once, or which he has written for you as a "copy."

Esprit de Corps.

We have sometimes thought that a fault among American shorthand writers is a lack of a lively *esprit de corps*. There has seemingly been a seeking after the "mighty dollar," rather than a glorious and hearty furtherance of the "cause" itself. "Will shorthand pay?" seems to be the query; not, "Is there not enough in these mimic strokes, loops, and circles to bring fraternity?"

From our German exchanges we find that in the Fatherland there is an immense social side to the phonographic brotherhood. The monthly, semi-monthly and often weekly meetings are full of good cheer. Clamminess is tabooed; no select coteries are formed. "The more, the merrier," is the motto. An ambition to spread the art all over the land seems to rule the body of stenographers. Hence Gabelsberger, Stolze and Arends writers are full of *esprit de corps* to carry the good news into the regions beyond.

How is it with us? The thought of many seems to be thiswise: If I increase the number of students of shorthand, the market will be overstocked, and prices will tumble, and I shall suffer in pocket. The great thought seems largely overlooked that the art should be cultivated for itself and not for monetary considerations. Shorthand should be esteemed for esthetic purposes more than for financial. It should, if properly studied, create an enthusiasm in the pupil when he sees or uses the art. We greatly regret that the good old system of "Ever circulators" went out of fashion. They were the best aids to development of social fellowship and enthusiasm that we have seen. Of them we shall write more hereafter.

Mark's Views.

In a recent article "Mark Twain" thus aptly discourses on the hardihood of infantile idea promulgators:

"Literature, like the ministry, medicine, the law, and other occupations, is cramped and hindered for want of men to do the work, not want of work to do. When people tell you the reverse they speak that which is not true. If you desire to test this you need only hunt up a first-class editor, reporter, business manager, foreman of a shop, mechanic, or artist in any branch of industry, and try to hire him. You will find that he is already hired. He is sober, industrious, capable and reliable, and is always in demand. He cannot get a day's holiday except by courtesy of his employer, or of his city, or of the great general public. But if you need idlers, shirkers, half-instructed, unambitious and comfort-seeking editors, reporters, lawyers, doctors and mechanicians, apply anywhere."

The young literary aspirant is a very curious creature. He knows that if he wished to become a tinner the master smith would require him to prove the possession of a good character, and would require him to promise to stay in the shop three years—possibly four—and would make him sweep out and bring water and build fires all the first year, and let him learn to black stoves in the intervals. He wants to become a mechanician of any other kind, he would have to undergo this same tedious initiation apprenticeship. If he wanted to become a lawyer or a doctor, he would have to sit three times worse, for he would get nothing at all during his long apprenticeship, and in addition, would have to pay a large sum for tuition and have the privilege of boarding and clothing himself. The literary aspirant knows all this, and yet he has the hardihood to present himself for reception into the literary guild and to ask to share its high honors and emoluments with

out a single twelve months' apprenticeship to show in excuse for his presumption.

"He would smile pleasantly if he were asked even to make so simple a thing as a tent-cup without previous instruction in the art; but, all green and ignorant, words, pompously assertive, ungrammatical, and with a vague, distorted knowledge of men and the world, acquired in a back country village, he will serenely take up so dangerous a weapon as a pen and attack the most formidable subject that finance, commerce, war or politics can furnish withal. It would be laughable if it were not so sad and so pitiable. The poor fellow would not intrude upon the linstop without an apprenticeship, but is willing to seize and wield with unpracticed hand an instrument which is able to overthrow dynasties, change religions, and decree the weal or woe of nations."

People Reminiscences.

"Look into thine own heart, and write," is the advice of some literary philanthropist to aspiring genius. That is precisely what I propose to do.

I am aware that the excellent programme

following facts are presented for the first time to an expectant public:

In speaking of great writers, it was not my intention to limit the meaning of the word to authors alone, but to include penmen—other great penmen—and some of them as modest as myself.

My career as a penman covers a period of twelve years. During that time I have given as many as twelve lessons in penmanship to as many as fifteen pupils, nearly all of whom survived. Those pupils have passed out of my observation, and nearly all out of my recollection. But one of them I shall never forget. She was a tall, loosely-constructed young woman, in the semi-angular style, and her handwriting would make an Egyptian mummy turn green with envy. She was my most faithful pupil. She had looked into her own heart. She also extended to me the same privilege. But she could not be made to see clearly that there was any essential difference between a capital stem and an unmitigated pot-hook. It became necessary to hold her hand, and guide and restrain its erratic movements. Under these conditions she wrote fluently. But when her anxious instructor lingered more or less attentively over the desk

explained quite cheerfully that there were a dozen men in the county who could write better than that. I transfixed him with a piercing glance, and in due time held the Agricultural Society's check for \$1.50. The frame cost \$1.35, and the stationery used and ruined, 40 cents. When we moved the first time, my young wife felt constrained to ask if I were going to hang *that* thing up again!

Since finishing my masterpiece, my chirographic efforts have been more or less varied and interesting. My signature has been much admired, though a good many people who hold it express a willingness to exchange it for the cold and inartistic signature of Treasurer Jordan. My reputation as an accomplished flitter out of diplomas for sweet girls) has increased, though the trust was not fulfilled. In former years when at the zenith of my fame, lovely ladies often sought my hand. They wanted it to inscribe their lovely names on decks of cards. Perhaps they are not usually called decks. When completed, the gentle creatures would almost always thank me, though sometimes they omitted even this. But they generally furnished the cards. After practising the muscular movement for two hours to get the divine sweep and roll, and destroying a quire of legal cap paper, and after having written a long name on fifty cards in eleven different styles, a polite "Thank you" beats nothing all to death, as Milton (or is it Walt Whitman?) so faithfully and feelingly remarks. I remember that in one case I was engaged to write the cards for the farewell calls of a young lady of whom I was quite fond, though I had allowed concealment like a worm, etc. My impression is that she thanked me for the work, though I am not certain of that. There were about five hundred invitations issued for her wedding. I did not go. I explained to my friends that I was not feeling well, but if I know my own heart, that was not the reason. I never felt better. There was another reason.

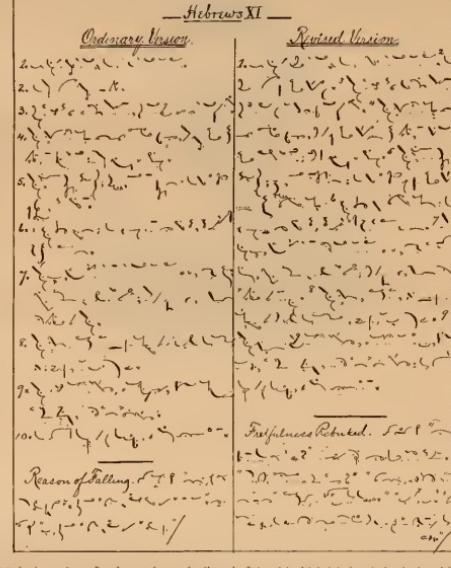
It is nice to be a great writer, and have admiring multitudes lean over your shoulder and read all your secret thoughts. But there have been circumstances in which I could have wished to be able truthfully to echo the emphatic lie of a volatile Englishman deplored the invention of the type-writer: "Thank God, I can't write!"

PHIL. L. STINE.

A Mother's Letter.

Here amid a heap of business communiqués is a feebly traced superscription which rivets our attention. We lose sight of the busy world around, and for the time become lost in those tremulously traced pictures of home and love. In those clearly delineated scenes, we stroll with her through wood and lane. We listen to those dear words of maternal affection, which fall upon our ear like the gentle murmur of a low fountain stealing forth in the midst of roses. Like the soft, sweet accents of a guardian angel's whisper, which comes like soft sunshine stealing through the world's frowns and warming our souls into glowing love, those truthful portrayals of our rustic homes make us children again. We are led again by her feeble hand across meadow and over rustic roads. We sit again with brothers and sisters around the glowing log fires and listen to the quaint old fairy stories. We love these letters, why? Because we know the heart that prompted them. They are pure gold. No alloy of fate flattery or polity. No tinge of art, but the pure, spontaneous flow of a heart's deepest anxiety, an expression of love as natural as the embracing sunshine chastely caressing the flowers of the field. Those lines are tremulous, but they are to us the crystallized vibrations of the soul's spirit. The footfalls of affection. The cable lines which carry sympathy across the oceans of experience back to the shores of infancy. The diary of boyish fondness. The wonderful agent which for the time at least cleanses our hearts of all skepticism and guile, and fills it with noblest impulses. Which makes us better men in the truest sense, by giving us higher aspirations, nobler resolutions, and a higher admiration for the grandeur of truth.

Teachers should spend less time in cultivating the memory, and more in developing the reasoning powers.—Central School Journal.



stated above has often been taken quite literally, and in the language of the vulgar, "worked for all there is in it." To the would-be writer, with pen poised irresolutely, and with eyes in a fine frenzy rolling, from heaven to earth and back to heaven again in search of an idea, the counsel of the l. p. comes like a priceless boon. He immediately turns his eyes in on his cardiac system, and then turns them loose upon the virgin page, until the first personal pronouns are thick as autumn leaves to Vallombrosa, and all the I boxes, from the long pica Roman to the nonpareil Chinese condensed, are as empty as the vault of a widow's and orphan's savings bank. It is all very well to examine the heart from time to time, to be sure that the ventricles and auricles are all these, and to grind the valves down to a joint in case they get to leaking. No one objects to that. But how the compositor must suffer, who, in an anguished moment, takes to his ease and stretches one of these heart gazers, and finds himself obliged to make up for the lack of it by a judicious use of figure 1's and question marks?

But this is all a part of my malicious design in writing these reminiscences.

Like nearly all other great writers, modesty has for a long time kept me in the background. And it is with coy reluctance, and only under the pressure of a stern sense of duty, that the

girl with brick-dust hair, shades of Spencer and Gaskell! how she slew the alphabet! About the same time, I finished my first Great Work of Art, and exhibited it at the County Fair. There were really two Great Works. One was the alphabet, in large and flowing capitals, and the other was a composite piece in the Queen Anne style. The center of this latter was an elaborate effort in scroll-work, representing a mythological bird of paradise on the wing, hastening to its nest with a beakful of flourishes for its hungry offspring. Around the sides were cards bearing more or less poetic names on more or less fantastic scrolls, as the case may be, and probably is. One of these was the real name of a real lawyer. His writing would stop a street car, and his signature looked like the traces left by an able bodied fly in a life and death struggle with the ink bottle. I tried faithfully to forge that signature, that I might exhibit it as a horrible example, and flattered myself that I had succeeded. And a woman looked at that Work of Art, saw the hypothetic bird, the problematic scrolls, the impossible foliage and the ideal names, and, though a total stranger to the man, admired nothing but the name of that lawyer.

My Great Work encountered no competitor at the Fair, but the judges declined to award me a premium, all the same. The Chief Justice

"Necessary Ignorance"

BY REV. EDWARD THIRING, ENGLAND.

We need to arrive at some conclusion on the subject of ignorance—necessity or otherwise.

I have never seen this subject brought forward; it may be my infirmities that I have not. Yet a clear perception of necessary ignorance is very foundation stone of true education. Few would claim omniscience, but all assume it. Ours would have to be given up.

As an illustration, let me draw your attention to the fact that there are about one thousand definite languages in the world. A reasonably good knowledge of five of these would be considered no mean attainment. To be a good Greek and Latin scholar, and a thorough speaker of German and French, in addition to our own language, would be considered satisfactory. But, what becomes of the nine hundred and ninety-five which we know nothing about? Nine hundred and ninety-five unknown, to five known.

If this compulsory ignorance meets us in one subject only, what becomes of the knowledge hums as the be-all and end-all of education?

Why, not a letter is written to the papers, nor a "Reformer" speaks, who does not loss into the school-caisson some half-dozen new indispensable subjects, every one of them with their thousand variations. They might just as well demonstrate that the fee-simple of six new planets was necessary to a schoolboy.

The idolatry of knowledge must perish, or education cannot begin.

A clear perception of necessary ignorance must become ordinary stock-in-trade, or mental bankruptcy will continue to be as common as it now is.

The Persian defined his view of education in three words—riding, shooting, truth. And no better definition will ever be given, if we take it as a type, and interpret it.

The interpretation is simple. The Persian wanted practical skill, and perfect heart-power. For what had a Persian to deal with? He had to deal with warfare against wild beasts, warfare against warlike men, and honor in his home. Their work was summed up in this: and so is ours.

They trained for it. Activity, skill, hardihood, fearless contempt of death, fearless upholding of truth, summed up their idea of training. And it gave them the empire of the world.

And the Persian was right. Nature—the laws of the world, lay down the main track as long as the world lasts.

Noble character comes first—truth. The training of skill and strength comes next.

Noble character is trained by noble example of life, whether in word or deed, and by honest surroundings, whether in word or deed.

As regards the actual work itself, a selection should be made on natural principles of growth, and obedience to laws of nature.

The main needs of life, and the main facts of life, are the same for high and low alike. All speak a language. Everything in the world passes through language. Not to clear the language pipe is simple insanity. Clear and widen the language-pipe first.

I am inclined to go by rescuing from a misuse, which has done much harm, an old proverb, and by changing one word in it, making it a working definition of perfect education on the knowledge side.

The perfectly educated will be jack-of-all-trades, and master of one.

"Master of one"—because there is no training in a smattering easily got by an active mind. "Jack-of-all-trades"—because no man can work hard all day, and there is infinite pleasure and profit in picking up everything worth having.

"Master of one." Because, in the infinity of subjects, the wilderness, the jungle of rival ignorances, no strong, calm, great character can gain its strength, excepting by being pressed to the utmost limit of its power by the fierce demand for perfectness that every great subject makes on him who has it enough to know what trying to be perfect means. Every good turner knows this fierce demand of the last ten or twenty years of a race.

"Jack-of-all." Because the active brain cannot be on strain always, and yet, being active, will be occupied. And men can gather flowers, and know them, without being gardeners;

men can buy in the market without being merchants; and thus, in a properly managed scheme, a thousand jack-of-all-trades persons come in naturally, to underpin the main work, supplement it, give it a finish, and ornament, and find pleasure for unprofessional hours.

Wanted. A Reading Public.

This is what the publishers say is needed—that is, serious readers, those who care enough about books to buy them, own them, and really possess themselves of their contents. That is what the writers say is needed—the writers who are becoming almost more numerous than the readers. Nearly everybody writes for publication; it is impossible to provide enough niches for their contributions, and the reading public to sustain periodicals does not increase in proportion. Everybody agrees that this is the most intelligent, active-minded age that ever was, and in its way the most prolific and productive age. Is there a glut and overproduction in the literary world as well as in other departments? Isn't it an odd outcome of diffused education and of cheap publications, the decline in the habit of continuous serious reading? We have heard a great deal, since Lord Brougham's time and the societies for the diffusion of knowledge, of the desirability of cheap literature for the masses. The Congressmen place cheapness above honesty in their sincere desire to raise the tone of the American people. There is no product that men use which is now so cheap as newspapers, periodicals and books. For the price of a box of strawberries or a banana you can buy the immortal work of the greatest genius of all time in fiction, poetry, philosophy or science. But we doubt if the class that were to be specially benefited by this reduction in price of intellectual food are much profited. Of course some avail themselves of things placed before their reach whi they could not own former); but it remains true that people value and profit only by that which it costs some effort to obtain. We very much doubt if the mass of the people have as good habits of reading as they had when publications were dearer. Who is it who buys the five, ten, fifteen and twenty cent editions? Generally those who could afford to buy, and did buy, books at a fair price, to the remuneration of author and publisher. And their serious reading habit has gone down with the price. We have an increasing leisure class. When does it read? Not much in the winter, for the demands of society are too exigent then. For private reading there is no time, and a short-cut to information is sought by means of drawing-room lectures and clubs, which are supposed to give to social life, without interfering with it, a laquer of culture. In summer it is impossible to read much; what is called the mind needs rest by that time, and the distractions of outdoor life in the mountains, and by the sea forbid anything but the most desultory skimming of the very lightest products of the press. To be sure, the angel of the Atlantic ocean sees a row of pretty girls on the coast seated on rocks or in the sand, all the way from Campo Bello to Cape May, with novels in their hands—one of the most pleasing imitations of intellectual life ever presented in the world. It is perfect when there is breeze enough to turn over the leaves. And the young men, those who are in business, or who are supposed to be getting a more or less "conditional" education—do they read as much as the young ladies? It is a curious comment on the decay of the reading habit in households, the blank literary condition of the young men who come up to the high schools and colleges.

Now we are not trying to defend the necessity of reading. They say that people got on in the Middle Ages very well without much of it, and that the women then were as agreeable, and the men as brave and forceful, as in this age. But it is certainly interesting to consider whether by reason of cheap and clapped-up literary food, we are coming round practically to the Middle Ages relative to reading; that is, the reading anything except what is called news, or ingenious sorts of inventions and puzzles which can be talked about as odd incidents in daily life are talked about. Read to any intellectual purpose requires patience and attention, and continuity of thought. This habit of real reading is not acquired by the perusal of the newspapers, nor by the swift dash which most people give to the cheap

publications which are had for the picking up, and usually valued accordingly. It is an open question whether cheap literature is helping us any toward becoming a thoughtful and reading people.—Charles Dudley Warner in *Harper's Magazine* for October.

Fragments.

THE TEACHER.

"As is the teacher, so is the school," has well nigh become a truism. It is not the school's location, its rooms, apparatus and library, its advertising and patronage that determine its merits, but the quality of its teachers. This holds true of every school, regardless of the field it essayes to occupy. Teachers no longer hope to discover a substitute for their own shortcomings. On the contrary, they find themselves carried along irresistibly by the desire to achieve the utmost in man-development. This age is not satisfied with the teacher of one idea, but must and will have the teacher of many ideas. To be more specific, it is not sufficient for a teacher of the graphic arts to be skilled in his own little world. He must know other worlds than his own. For example, the so-called pen artist, who perhaps wields the quill with such grace and precision as would astonish the gods, can no longer afford to murder the king's English, and confess himself an ignoramus in all things save one. It is hoped that the fact may be generally recognized by the thousands of young people who are daily devoting many precious hours to the mastering of an art, they trust is to be their means of gaining a livelihood. The coming professional penman must not be one-sided and narrow in his development, but he must be broad and deep in his culture. For such, the field is indeed rich and fruitful.

PENMANSHIP.

As a means of mental culture, much is said nowadays about the relative value of the languages and the sciences as a means of mental culture. The discussion indicates that mind-discipline is an important factor in modern education. Utility does not furnish the sole means of determining what studies shall have a place in our schools of this practical age. It is to be feared, however, that teachers of penmanship have too frequently lost sight of the mental discipline which should be induced in successfully presenting so simple a subject as writing. It is not too much to say that the will and every power of the intellect, and even some of the emotions, can be trained by the thoughtful teacher of penmanship. In proportion as the pupil acquires the power of attention, he progresses, under judicious guidance, in making his hand the willing servant of his brain. Just so far as the learner fails in attention—that is, fails in having the mind direct the movement of fingers, hand and arm—just so far he scribbles and squanders his mental energy. This want of attention is the greatest obstacle in every department of physical training. The learner who has the capacity to continuously command his hand will, if he desires, almost invariably make rapid progress in any of the manual arts. The teacher can usually lead the pupil to recognize this fact, and having once done this, the royal road—for there is one—presents itself. Under this mental rule, the mind commanding the hand, the servant comes to act automatically, the muscles seem to have memorized their instructions and know only to describe lines of beauty. This training of the attention actually involves mind development, and will give new power for overcoming difficulties in other fields of labor.

[To be Continued.]

Penmanship on the Road—Will it Pay?

Will it pay, is the first question asked regarding any calling, and the answer as applied to itinerant teaching could be given, yes or no, in one breath, and both hit the mark.

It would perhaps be better answered by saying, That depends on whether

You can write,

You can organize,

You can teach.

If you cannot write, prepare yourself in that by attending some good penmanship institute, and I might say here, go to the best, and the best does not always mean the cheapest, Go

where you will not only gain ability to write, but teaching power, love for the work, and an enthusiasm that will carry you through one season at least.

When you have prepared yourself as a writer, then you are ready to try your ability as an organizer of classes.

The ability to write is no assurance that you can organize classes; it will help you, and see to it that you must it help organize.

How well it pays on the start depends on how well you can organize. We will say wish to devote your entire time to the work. Then organize three classes, each class to meet twice nights per week. Tuition \$1 per scholar for a term of ten lessons.

Say you organize one class of fifteen pupils, one of twenty, and another of twenty five.

This will give you \$6 for a little over six weeks' work, counting nights of organizing.

You might at times not do more than hair as well, and at times you might possibly double it. It has been done, but we will say this, is near the average for classes in the country where you are to do your first work. Your expenses in the country need not exceed \$3 per week all told, and if you manage rightly they can be made much less—as low as \$1 per week, and even less if you can find something to do during the day, or an opportunity to give private lessons enough to pay your expenses.

But if your receipts are \$60, and your expenses \$20, \$40 cleared in six weeks ought to satisfy you to start with, as I venture to say it will, and if your classes have been well taught you will have no trouble in getting a second term, and perhaps larger classes than before. How to organize, I will speak of that next time. A. E. PARSONS.

Willow Junction, Int., Sept. 16, 1886.

Letter from a Father to a Son.

I see by your picture that you have got one of them pleated coats, with a belt around it, and short pants. They make you look as you did when I used to sink you in years gone by, and I feel the same desire to do it now that I did then. Old and feeble as I am, it seems to me as though I could spank a boy that wears knickerbocker pants buttoned on a Garibaldi waist, and a pleated jacket.

If it wasn't for these cutie little camel's hair whiskers of yours I would not believe that you had grown up to be a large, expensive boy, with grown-up thoughts. Some of the thoughts you express in your letters are far beyond your years. Do you think you yourself, or is there some boy in the school that thinks all the thoughts for the rest?

Some of your letters are so deep that your mother and I can hardly grapple with them. One of them especially was so full of foreign words that you had got out of a bill of fare, that we will have to wait till you come home before we take it in. Do you think a little Chippewa, but that is all the foreign language that I am familiar with. When I was young we had to get our foreign languages the best we could, so I studied Chippewa with a master. A Chippewa chief took me into his camp and kept me there for some time while I acquired his language. He became so much attached to me that I had great difficulty in coming away.

I wish you would write in United States dialect as much as possible, and not try to paralyze your parents with import expressions that come too high for poor people.

Remember that you are the only boy we've got, and we are only going through the motions of living here for your sake. For us the day is wearing out, and it is now way along into the shank of the evening. All we ask of you is to improve upon the old people. You can see where I foaled myself, and you can do better. Read and write and sifer and polo, and get knowledge, and try not to be ashamed of your uncivilized parents.

When you get that checkered little sawed-off coat on and a pair of knee panties, and that polka-dot necktie, and the silly little boys holler "rats" when you pass by, and your heart is bowed down, remember that, no matter how foolish you may look, your parents will never sour on you—*Ew-hang.*

"Nothing worth calling good can, or ever will, be started full-grown."



—We have a brief, but finely written letter from Prof. H. W. Flickinger this month.

—J. P. Regan favors us with some of his beautiful penmanship. His work is first-class.

—We had a letter from that wonderful little artist, Jos. Frelle of Jersey City, last month.

—E. A. Palenius, Bismarck, D. T., is a Compendium disciple, and a good, free writer.

—C. Beck, Waukegan, Ill., favors the GAZETTE with a club and some of his bold style of writing.

—E. L. Burnett of Providence, R. I., favors us with two letters written in his native Georgian dialect.

—H. W. Quintance, Aledo, Ill., occasionally sends the GAZETTE samples of his free muscular style.

—Prof. Geo. E. Little, teacher of drawing at Washington, D. C., paid the GAZETTE a pleasant call last month.

—W. D. Showalter, penman in Bayless' Business College, Dubuque, Iowa, combines skill with good ideas.

—We have just received a well-written letter from M. B. Moore, Morgan, Ky. Moore's flourishing skill is remarkable.

—E. L. Brown, Rockport, Me., is one of the Compendium boys, as the life and freedom of his writing will testify.

—Did it ever occur to you that Madarasz combines more accuracy, beauty and life in his work than any penman living?

—W. J. Kinsley of Shenandoah, Iowa, is one among the wide-awake penmen of that State. His writing is clear and full of life.

—W. W. Bennett is attracting much attention with his graceful pen at the Chicago Exposition of evenings, where he is in charge of Bryant's department.

—E. M. Barber, Chandler, Mich., one of Bro. Isaac's pupils, writes us a neat letter, and sends the GAZETTE a beautifully executed motto, which will no doubt appear.

—Prof. A. P. Root is doing some superior common sense teaching in Bryant's Chicago Business College. He is chuck full of the right kind of enthusiasm for good teaching.

—Notwithstanding Spring's disappearance from Dallas, A. E. Peck still exists in that thriving city, and pushes his pen with more skill than ever. He is one of the C. G. of 11.

—John P. Byrne of Woosocket, R. I., comes to the front in his writing. His letters are full, clear, and tolerably accurate. He speaks words of highest praise for the Compendium.

—H. P. Behrensmeyer of Quincy, Ill., sends the GAZETTE specimens of his skill in the shape of a letter and neatly flourished whip-poor-will languidly lounging in her hair-lined nest.

—In order to fully appreciate a well-trained muscular movement, you should stand by the desk of the clever-handed D. B. Williams, who wields his graceful pen for Bryant's College, Chicago.

—We are glad to note the improvement in B. P. Pickens' work. His birds seem to be arousing from their slumbering appearance. We notice they strike a better chirping attitude. They have quit carrying their under-lips in a sling.

—T. J. Miller, Shoutsceton, Pa., writes us a letter in a splendid running hand. He says he's a well-driver. We should say he drives a double team since he drives a pen with such skill.

—W. E. Dennis is showing the boys how to use the pen in a business-like way. The GAZETTE is keeping its eye off on Willie. His flourishing on exhibition at the convention was about the best we have ever witnessed.

—We dropped in on Goodyear & Palmer of Cedar Rapids, Ia., a few days since, and found these two plucky gentlemen hard at work in their well-equipped business school. Prof. Goodyear, in addition to his extensive school duties, is constantly publishing new textbooks which are having a wide sale all over the West. His new system of actual

business is superior to anything of the kind in existence. Bro. Palmer is fitting up about the neatest hall for normal penmanship we have come across.

Change.

Plain Talk, Brooklyn, shakes the GAZETTE up a little each month with its jolly earthquakes.

Book Chat, New York, gives in brief about everything that is being done in the field of literature.

The Ohio Business University favored us with a copy of the *Ohio Business Review* for September.

D. L. Musselman sends us a bright and lively eight-page sheet, bearing the title of *Gentry City Journal*.

In anticipation of low mercury during the coming winter the *Western Penneman* has donned a new overcoat. The September number sparkles with bright thought. The GAZETTE can see, through much of its finely woven rhetoric, S. H. Goodyear assisting at the pleasant call last month.

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—Notwithstanding Spring's disappearance from Dallas, A. E. Peck still exists in that thriving city, and pushes his pen with more skill than ever. He is one of the C. G. of 11.

—John P. Byrne of Woosocket, R. I., comes to the front in his writing. His letters are full, clear, and tolerably accurate. He speaks words of highest praise for the Compendium.

—H. P. Behrensmeyer of Quincy, Ill., sends the GAZETTE specimens of his skill in the shape of a letter and neatly flourished whip-poor-will languidly lounging in her hair-lined nest.

—In order to fully appreciate a well-trained muscular movement, you should stand by the desk of the clever-handed D. B. Williams, who wields his graceful pen for Bryant's College, Chicago.

—We are glad to note the improvement in B. P. Pickens' work. His birds seem to be arousing from their slumbering appearance. We notice they strike a better chirping attitude. They have quit carrying their under-lips in a sling.

—T. J. Miller, Shoutsceton, Pa., writes us a letter in a splendid running hand. He says he's a well-driver. We should say he drives a double team since he drives a pen with such skill.

—W. E. Dennis is showing the boys how to use the pen in a business-like way. The GAZETTE is keeping its eye off on Willie. His flourishing on exhibition at the convention was about the best we have ever witnessed.

—We dropped in on Goodyear & Palmer of Cedar Rapids, Ia., a few days since, and found these two plucky gentlemen hard at work in their well-equipped business school. Prof. Goodyear, in addition to his extensive school duties, is constantly publishing new textbooks which are having a wide sale all over the West. His new system of actual

business is superior to anything of the kind in existence. Bro. Palmer is fitting up about the neatest hall for normal penmanship we have come across.

BOOK NOTICES

SADLER'S COMMERCIAL ARITHMETIC School Edition, is specially prepared for the use of common schools, and embraces the best methods of computation as taught in the business colleges and practiced in business houses. It teaches pupils the style of arithmetic they will need—no more and no less—when they step from the schoolroom into the world.

It is a "new" Arithmetic—not only with reference to the time of its publication, but also as regards the quality of its contents; and unlike many things that are simply "new," every departure from the older methods will be found a decided improvement, simplifying the subject, and bringing it more within the comprehension of the pupil.

The authors are connected with one of the most successful business schools in the United States, and are specialists in arithmetic. They are therefore qualified to decide what is most practical and practicable in a work of this kind.

—A. H. S., Harrold Dak. You shade your writing entirely too much. Practice the "m" exercise tightly until you can make down strokes as fine as up strokes.

—D. T. G. H., Fairview, O. Put more decision in your movement; don't slant your loops quite so much. You can become a good writer by devoting more time to movement drills.

—R. L. C., Plainfield, N. H. Prof. W. D. Bridge of Plainfield, N. J., is a superior instructor in shorthand. The GAZETTE contains his lessons each month. Hundreds are learning from these lessons without a personal teacher.

—B. R. Phila. Yes, we will criticize your work and do all we can to help you along in your practice. Go to work in dead earnest. Work on copy-slip No. 1 until you can make the exercises with a free muscular movement.

—Jor. M. Joliet, Ill. We notice a tedious and labored air about your writing, which was doubtless brought on by excess of the bracelet wearing habit. No doubt the light falling as it does in squares on your desk is very imperfect. We prefer the soft light from ground glass to that strained through cumbersome iron grating.

—A. N. P., Cedar Rapids, Iowa. No, we are not in favor of introducing the chin rest in writing-classes. A small ottoman placed on the desk immediately under the pupil's voice will serve the purpose in cases where the rest is unavoidable. You may still say, "Give us a rest."—Smoking Chinese Havanas may strengthen your breath, but it will tend to weaken your nerves.—We do not know whether Prince is cross-eyed or not.

—L. M., New York. Your writing is fair for a boy of your age. Couldn't you use ink to as good advantage as glue in your card work? We wish you success, but would say you will find it a little disagreeable to write cards on the street in December.

—G. W. M., Delaware, O. The ringing sensation in your arm is brought on by writing three hundred words per minute. You should guard against such rashness; it is liable to bring on Saint Vitus' Dance.

—J. L. D., Sterling, Ill. Put more force in your movement. Practice the ovals until you can make them with a regular, easy motion.

Are You Going to New Orleans or Mobile?

If so, you can go via the MONON ROUTE via Louisville or Cincinnati, and see the Mammoth Cave, Nashville, Blount Springs, Birmingham, Montgomery, Mobile, and the Gulf coast for the same money that will take you through the dreary, uninhabited Mississippi swamps; we are confident you cannot select a line to the South enjoying half the advantages that the MONON ROUTE and its Southern connections afford.

No one should think of going South without visiting the Mammoth Cave, the great natural wonder of this continent. So much has been written of this wondrous place, that it is hardly worth while to say anything new in regard to it. It cannot be described; its caverns must be explored, its darkness felt, its beauties seen, to be appreciated or realized. It is the greatest natural curiosity—Nugget is the name given to those expectations are not satisfied by its marvelous avenues, domes and starry grottoes must either be a fool or a demigod. From Mobile to New Orleans (111 miles) the ride through the Gulf coast is about as agreeable as the rest of the whole trip. In full sight of the Gulf all the way, past Oconee Springs, Mississippi City, Pass Christian, Bay St. Louis and Biloxi, Miss., and Jeff. Davis.

When you decide to come make up your mind to travel over the line that passes through the best country and gives you the best places to stop over. This is emphatically the MONON ROUTE. The route from New Haven to Mobile, via Louisville, New Orleans or Mobile, is the shortest, easiest and most direct. The rates are the lowest. Pullman Palace Sleepers, Palace Coaches, double daily trains, the best to Cincinnati, Louisville, New Orleans or Mobile. Full length day coaches, both single and double decker, etc., address E. O. McCormick, Gen'l Northern Passenger Agent, Monroe Route, 12 E. Randolph street, Chicago, or W. M. S. Watson, Great Northern Passenger Agent, Dearborn street, Chicago.

The above cuts represent the countenance and fac-simile autograph of E. W. Richardson of Horse Cave, Ky. He wields his pen with as much grace and skill as any young writer in Kentucky. Not only does he write a free and forcible style, but possesses the rare faculty of imparting it to others. Like so many of our best business writers he acquired his style through the aid of Gaskell's Compendium. He says he owes all his success as a penman to the Compendium's teachings.

New Paths.

Every business man, says a shrewd observer in a recent paper, should endeavor in the form and method of his advertising, as well as in the execution of his business, to originate new paths and new methods, and not content ourselves with the beaten tracks of our competitors.

In this way only can he be a whole and complete merchant, whose business fundamentally is to strike out new paths and new ventures. The well-trodden ways of business are always full of a satisfied multitude, or if not a satisfied, an incompetent multitude, plodding like those around them, with just enough profit to keep body and soul together, often slipping down in idleness and run over, then reviving again, till death steps in, and with one blow ends both the life and bustness together.

Success comes to men whose faces are turned toward the future, and not the past.—Ex.

The work is published complete in a single volume; and for the convenience of the lower classes of graded schools, the first part of the complete edition, extending to percentage, is published separately. Both editions are published with and without answers. When not otherwise ordered, the edition with answers is always forwarded. Retail prices:

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Part I 50.

BARNES' NATIONAL SYSTEM OF PENMANSHIP. The publishers claim these books are the best ever made in this country, for the following reasons: They contain a practical system which, after being learned, will not prove too difficult for business purposes. Pupils who use these books will write in a free, graceful manner. The classification of capitals is wonderfully simplified. Eleven letters are formed on one general plan; ten on another; and the rest on a third. The gradation is simply perfect. The business forms are elaborately engraved on steel. The whole series for graded schools is comprised in six books, but for the use of the large graded schools, in both cities and country there are six additional books of smaller size to meet the demands of a still closer gradation.

Select several cards of different colors, and in the center of each fasten by a little mucilage a small round piece of black paper. Place over the card thus prepared a piece of thin white tissue paper. The variety of hues which the black assumes is very striking.

PENMAN'S GAZETTE

AND
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EDUCATOR

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R. S. COLLINS.

Like the majority of penmen, R. S. Collins was also born. It seems to be a habit the penmen have gotten into. Mr. Collins first kicked holes in the air and a flautel ulster on the 3d day of March, 1860, in Mecklenburg county, near Charlotte, North Carolina, and in close proximity to a large persimmon grove. He lived on a farm until he was 15 years old, but the most of this time being spent in school, his farm duties consisted mainly in manufacturing the products. His hands, however, were always very industrious. Sometimes he would turn them loose in a cotton field, and they would gather in over 100 pounds of the staple in a day.

In the spring of 1872 he took a course of writing under the famous E. W. Scott.¹ This course proved the very drop which awakened the latent genius which was coaxed in Mr. Collins' system, for under the enthusiastic spell which Mr. Scott had woven about him, after the gleaming had flickered. He made wonderful improvement in this short course. Prof. Scott encouraged him greatly, and told him that constant effort he could move abreast the plumed knights when he grew up a flourishing man, with American zeal and chin whiskers. In July, 1875, when only 15 years of age, we find him teaching classes with splendid success. So marked were his abilities as a teacher, he was soon employed as a professor of penmanship in a large academy, where he taught for some time with good results. He entered Davidson College in 1877 for the literary course, but the constant strain on his eyes here was more than he could undergo, so he dropped his literary pursuits ere his course was finished. After two years of care and rest we find him again able to take up his pen as instructor in his chosen art in King's Mountain High School (N. C.), where he remained as an ardent worker in the cause until June, 1883. He was much encouraged by the inspiring strokes from such penmen as Kilbe, Shaylor, Musselman, Worthington and others, which gave him new zeal to practice; but it was not until he saw the strong and faultless letters from W. H. Patrck that he was induced, Jan. 10, 1881, to enter Sadler's Business College, Baltimore, from which he graduated May 17, 1881. Brother Sadler found his writing so good that he could only think of too as the proper number to designate his grade at the end of each month. Sadler also gave evidence of a maganinious soul by continually encouraging him long after he had vanished from under his wing. He wrote these lines in Collins' album while at the New York convention: "As one of my boys, I am proud of your success." He at one time took a course of penmanship under the Spencer Brothers, and out of a club of 100 members he had the honor of being the "champion penman of the club." In September, 1881, he returned to King's Mountain to open a business college in connection with the Military School. He held this position until July, 1883, when he was called to the penmanship department of the Business College at Knoxville, Tenn., which position had been made vacant by the present editor of the PENMAN'S GAZETTE, A. J. Scarborough. After remaining there for about one year, he removed to Nashville, where he was appointed principal of a writing institute for the summer months, with an attendance of about 135 students.

Last year, during the month of March, we were strolling through the aisles of the World's Exposition Building at New Orleans,

listening to the whirring sound of a world of machinery mingling with the melody of a thousand pianos, when who should we find curved over a desk under the balustrade of a great stairway, but that plucky little R. S. Collins, turning out cards at the rate of 35,000 per month. The soul-stirring music from a hundred glittering horns at his left seemed to have lost its effect upon his finely-wrought nerves, for every stroke from his pen was as smooth and graceful as the Spencerian ripples observed on Lake Erie.

Mr. Collins is doing a good work as penman in the Knoxville Business College. He is a warm-hearted gentleman, believes the teacher must be enthusiastic in order to awaken that element in the pupil. The proprietor of the college, Prof. J. T. Johnson, with Mr. Collins' aid, is making it one of the leading training schools in the country.

Oratorian will compensate for a barren imagination. Meretricious clap-trap is of no avail here. Hackneyed phrases, simulated passion and incoherent rhapsodies generally fail to impress the soul that is alive to the tender pathos and glowing imagery of "Enoch Arden," the soul that loses itself in "the powerful rhyme of Avon's bard, or the heavenly melodies of 'Comus.' " I do not wish to disparage the work of "minor poets." But true poetry, let it be said, is a rare ingredient in the majority of these ephemeral effusions. The divine afflatus enters into their work about as largely as mathematics enters into the construction of a crazy quilt. If the embryonic bard possesses the true voice, he shall be heard. Freycythe Willow and Richard Realf "brought fresh fire from the empyrean," and the world was not slow to crown their youthful brows with undading laurels. The assertion that poetic diction has deteriorated

feciently matured. Result: "Linked" twaddle "long drawn out." Half-baked thoughts are as indigestible as half-baked bread. Prince-Bismarck says it is not possible to hasten the ripening of a peach by holding a lighted candle beneath it. Nor is it possible to hasten the orderly growth of the mind by the sharp prickling of the will. Paganism readily responds to the silken robes of insulation, but resents the coarse spurs of necessity and ambition.

Much of the so-called word juggling of the day is simply word juggling. There is a certain strain after effect, truth is often of less importance than smoothly flowing prose. In the works of some writers subtlety often passes for inspiration, and ambiguity for originality. Ambiguity is the curse upon which the author of "The Devil's Disciple" labbed into fame. Why should any one imitate the faults of Browning? His occasional obscurity is not intentional; he doesn't wish to mystify us. Let us enjoy what is intelligible, and leave the rest to those that like that sort of thing." Some readers, lavish their benignant encomiums upon the very passages which mortals of only average calibre find as unintelligible as the average political platform or the stump-speech of an Ojibway alderman. They think their professed enjoyment of these emigmas will be taken as a mark of rare acumen and delicate insight. Writers who do not possess the tribe of Browning's mental power or power of expression occasionally surpass the author of the "Ring and the Boot" in tuplicity of thought and metaphysical ballooning. They delight in weaving thoughts which are "as far from sounding and discovery" as the "Keeler motor." Just at present Mr. Swinburne has a host of feeble imitators. His unrivaled mastery over rhythmic, alliterative language, his cloysing, sensuous music, his sick fury, gorgeous imagery and frenziable wealth of classical allusions—these brilliant qualities exert a strong fascination over the mind of the budding warbler. The youthful imitator of the seductive Alphonso begins to stiffen his gelatinous lines with such fine phrases as these: "Fire and hail," "curses and kisses," "scorching sight," "branding tear," and "clinging and hissing flames of flame." He makes abrupt transitions from velvety rhyme to "barbarous dissonance," and affrights us with the lurid phantasmas of an over-baked brain. If he wishes me clearly to grasp the idea of separation, he will pack his expansive meaning into a sentence like this: "As wide asunder as the lurid lips of hell." Before the literary aspwan swallows Dr. Johnson's dictum, and gives his days and nights to the study of Addison; before he sets out to model his style upon that of any writer, living or dead, let him inculcate his "thinking pulp" with the late J. G. Holland's expressive aphorism: "Fish is good, but fish is always bad." It doesn't require an eighty-ton gun to propel a charge of bird-shot. Better adapt the bore of the weapon to the size of the missile, and enlarge the caliber for heavier thunder-bolts of thought. Men of exceptional endowments, like Browning or Carlyle, will always rise above the multitude, as the big trees of California tower above the general summit of the neighboring forest. But it just as foolish for an unimaginative man to affect the Browning or Carlyle manner, as it would b: for a callow school-boy to affect the stride and voice of a Salvini, or for a tenor of the falsetto variety to essay the role of a Scaria or a Whitney. Eccentricity is not genius. The physical contortionist may for the moment excite the wonder of the audience, but the unaffected grace and easy



R. S. COLLINS.

[For the PENMAN'S GAZETTE.]

Delusions of Aspiring Bards.

When the Farnassus-yearning youth of this driving era fails to make a strong impression upon the public he usually attributes his failure to the practical, materialistic spirit of the age—an age that is given over to Bessemer steel, rapid transit, electricity and other unromantic hobbies. Or he may affirm that his thoughts were sown in an exhausted soil; that the language of emotion has been worn nearly barehead, and has well nigh lost its pristine beauty and vigor.

I shall endeavor to show these the supposed positions are wrong. In the first place, the busy world of to-day has not utterly lost its appreciation or relish for the intangible products of the dreamers of fancy. The Golden Age of poetry is gone, but the world is ever willing to listen to a true singer. A true singer! Ah, there's the rub! We are "over-surfaced" with floods of indifferent verse, borne down under an incubus of mere words. In this dead level of mediocrity we search in vain for the pregnant thought of a Gray, the tender touch of a Burns, the exquisite music of a Tennyson, or the almost Grecian purity and perfection of a Keats. There is often a grace or rhythm, but rarely a

in value is surely fallacious. Many objectives, it must be admitted, have been overworked, symbols of sublimity have been made to represent the commonplace; but the true artist never fails to find an "untrodden field in the flower-y vale of poetry. The painter uses fewer tones than the poet, but the pigmies on his palette are as potent today as they were when Raphael blazoned his sublime conceptions upon canvas, or Michael Angelo glorified the vast walls of the Sistine with his inspired brush.

Eromson tells us that some of Tennyson's works are poems. We can appreciate the full force of this high tribute when we recollect that the Victorian laureate was preceded by Wordsworth and Byron and Shelley and Keats. Yes, the wild-eyed rhyme-builder is wrong when he declares that he was born several centuries too late; wrong when he asserts that the effete phraseology of his predecessors is not a fit vehicle for his soaring thought. If his metal has the true ring, it will pass at once into circulation; if found to be spurious, it will be confined to the limbo of forgotten myths.

Give a block of marble to one sculptor, and he will carve from it a tolerably good statue; give it to another, and he will release an imprisoned angel. The trouble with these disappoindted Byrons is usually this: They rush into print before their thoughts have suf-

¹ Sonification of Prometheus fire."

No amount of ingenuity in the art of the

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strength of the full-limbed athlete will afford abiding pleasure and satisfaction. The canons of poetry are wonderfully elastic, but it is not likely that Longfellow's simple songs will ever be supplanted in popularity even by Walt Whitman's scandalous methods. It is probably true that some of our living poets have improved upon the methods of the old masters; yet it is equally true that Raphael's "Madonna and Coseggi" or "Adoration" have not utterly paled before Whistler's sensuous symphonies of leadheads and mustard. In the world's anthology of oratory few pieces outshine Abraham Lincoln's simple address at Gettysburg. Another fault: Lack of keen observation. The superobvious observation shown by some writers puts us in mind of the average tourist at Niagara. The impatient tourist, upon alighting at the station, rushes over to Prospect Point, dives into the Cave of the Winds, stalks along Table Rock, hurriedly surveys the green Horseshoe through a spray-dimmed eye-glass, and hurriedly catches the afternoon train for New York, "don'tcher know?" Now, what did he see? Simply this: An irresistible tide of foam-flecked, molten emerald rushing over a mile of precipices at the rate of one hundred million tons an hour. But the spirit of the stupendous spectacle; the infinite variety and enchanting loveliness of its changing moods; the "sheyey influence" which are ever transforming the scene into finer lins of beauty; the play of sunlight on the ascending spray, now dull as drifitng cunuli, now instantly transmuted into diamond dust and tremulous rainbows—these delicate accessories of the matchless picture either elude his stolid gaze or fail utterly to impress him with a true sense of Niagara's crowning glory.

C. W. ANDERSON.

For the PENMAN'S GAZETTE.

Ye Olden Time.

BY S. S. PACKARD.

[The editor of the PENMAN'S GAZETTE asks me to "hurl off" something for November—something savvaging highly of your (my) native spice." The editor is sarcastic, to say nothing of his being a little cruel. If he wasn't a personal friend, and hadn't pledged himself "to be perfectly just and upright in all his dealings," I might think his purpose was to get me in a hole so he could cover me up. And really, I shouldn't blame him much, for I have often thought that these young bright fellows who are just coming upon the stage and getting such a firm hold of affairs in their own way, must feel no end of annoyance at the persistence with which such fossils as Bartlett and Packard, and "Bob" Spencer, and "Father Nelson" and "Father Mayhew," to say nothing of Hinman, Ames, and Brown and Rathbun hang on and try to run things. Why, not more than a week ago I received a pathetic letter from Robert—I couldn't say Bob, for I respect my fellow patriarch too highly—asking if I had not been born east if I did not think we were getting too much the way of the boys, and that it would not be a proper consecration "youmn blood" to keep more in the background, and let us assert self.

I have noticed a tinge of melancholy on my friend's face—between his stentorous guffaws—during the last two conventions, and none of us who were present at the "eligious exercises" of the recent New York affair will ever forget the tender tremulousness with which he alluded to the possibility of his not being able to attend the future conventions as regularly as had his wont during the past twenty years.

It is astonishing how insidiously the sense of growing old steals upon the busy man who has never had time to seriously reflect upon it, but has kept on doing and planning as though he was the only man living, and there was no end to the world. He overhears the younger "trash" venting their crude notions and illating to him familiarly as "the old man," and he is startled. He looks in the mirror and sees the ghost of his father staring at him—the white hair, the wrinkled face, the deep set, far away eyes, that he used to gaze at while he pitted the owner because he was so old. Now it has come his own turn, and he is not at all ready for it. He has just begun his work, and there is so much to do. He is only getting his hand in and thinks it the supremest folly to give it up to the boys.

I was thinking these thoughts something in

the order in which they are here given, when the editor's request came to hand, and I turned my drawer and took therefrom a few sheets of manuscript which I chanced to come across a few days since, and which I read twice over—not for any merit there is in the story, but for the flood of memories it pourts over me, and the assurance it gives me that I am really growing old. I need these reminders, for there is not in my current thoughts, in my tastes, in my hopes, in my choice of companion ship, in my zest for all good things above ground, anything that separates me by an inch from the happy days of forty years ago when the events I have here recorded actually occurred. I have no thought that the editor will publish this scrap or any portion of it. I simply send it to him in desperation. But if he should disappoint me by crowding it into his columns, leaving out half sentences and twisting whole ones as his wont, I will necessitate my writing another chapter, not merely to correct the printer's blunders, but to make the reader understand if possible, why I wrote what I have written. This announcement will, I know, dispose of the whole matter, and leave the reader and the editor to their unmeasured ways.]

I don't remember a time in my life when I did not want to see more of the world than came within the limits of home and neighborhood. I was not a venturesome youth, as that word would be understood now—had no desire to cope with the wild Indian of the plains, to seek the lair of the grizzly, or even to become a road agent. My childhood days were noticed on the calendar before the advent of the dime novel, *Dicks and Girls' Weekly*, or even the mild flavored *Youth's Companion*.

The most exciting juvenile literature which came to my hand was the Arabian Nights entertainment, Robinson Crusoe, and those discouragingly ploddy Sunday school stories wherein the bad boys had all the fun, and the good boys went to heaven early. After reading one of these books, I always had a strong inclination to be a bad boy, if I only dared; first, because I wanted to live longer than good boys did, and next, I was not fond enough of music to want to sit on a damp cloud day after day and play on a guitar. But after all I had a wholesome fear of hell as it was pictured by those who seemed to know all about it, and concluded that the safer course would be to keep within the limits of the divine law, and accept only such pleasure as did not seriously jeopardize my chances of heaven—simply in the spirit of the little girl who prayed to be made good. "Not too good, O Lord, but just good enough so mamma won't punish."

At the age of sixteen, I asked my father to give me his blessing and let me go forth into the world and seek my fortune. He did so, and I went. There were no railroads then, and even had there been, I had no money to pay fare; for up to that time I had not, except upon one occasion, ever owned so much as a dollar. That exceptional dollar I had faithfully striven for during the whole of my last school term, and as it was the promised reward of excellence in my class, I esteemed it highly. It was literally a "dollar of the daddies," being of solid silver, and very heavy. I have never in my life felt so rich as I did when this round sum was placed in my hand by my beloved teacher who, putting his other hand paternalily upon my head, made a pleasant speech cautioning me against false pride on account of this sudden wealth, and speaking a kindly feeling on my part for those of my fellows who had not shared my good fortune. This apt and wise speech made a great impression upon my mind, and has had more to do with my later life than it would be proper to state here. That dollar was the beginning of whatever fortune I have been mine. It gave me the comfortable feeling of a capitalist, and enabled me to enter upon life with a consciousness of solid worth that no man with empty pockets can feel.

I seem to have been cut out for a schoolmaster, for I drifted into the business as naturally as water runs down hill. After a two years' experience in my adopted State, Ohio, I gathered together my savings and crossed the river into Kentucky. Here a new order of life dawned upon me, for it was in the palmy days of slavery, when the patriarchal institution was exulting. In its new lease of

power through the forced annexation of Texas, and the encroachments of Northern abolitionists and free-sellers were temporarily held in abeyance.

I well remember the first shock to my sensitive soul of the degradation of slavery. It was during my first journey on "slave soil"—a sixty mile stage ride from Mayville to Mount Sterling. At early dusk we encountered on the highway a colored man walking alone. He was somewhat gaely, though grotesquely attired in a mismatched suit consisting of a very breezy pair of trousers that were much too short, leaving a four inch gap filled with native, undraped hide between the bottoms of the legs and the top of the wide-mouthed loganoms which were tied with a tow string; a coat that had evidently been worn by a much larger person; a gay striped vest with a flaming red necktie, and a Steele-crowned hat that had seen much service, but was re-invigorated with a wide red ribbon tied in a bow behind, the ends hanging down his back. He was an unadulterated darkey, with a face as black as the ace of spades.

As we approached this unique being, he deferentially stepped aside, and with hat in hand and bowed head, waited for us to pass. The driver checked his horses, and yelled out in a voice of command:

"Come here, you black scall! What are you doing here this time of day? Whose boy are you, and where are you going at?"

"I'm Massa John Isaac's boy, sir, and I gwine to m' wife's house."

"You are a d—d liar, and you know it. Take this!" and he laid the long whip lash somewhat gently most of his tone would warrant, about the poor fellow's legs.

"For God, massa," cried the chattle, with the faintest accent of alarm, "I'm gwine to m' wife's house. I am, indeed."

"Who owns your wife, and where does she live?"

"She 'longs to Massa Stevens, thar away."

"Whar away?"

"Jist ayont the clearin' thar, down by Skank's mill."

"That's another lie, and you know it. You're running away, d—d you, and I'm going to kill you on thar spot. Wher's your pass?"

The poor fellow fumbled with great trepidation along the lining of his Sunday hat, and after almost giving up in despair, he finally clutched a small piece of brown paper and handed it up to the driver. This superior being took the paper, turned it about, scanned it sharply, swearing the while, and finally handed it back with an oath. Then he gave the fellow a cut with his long lash, told him to get out of the way or he would run over him, and drove on.

I thought at the time that this was an arbitrary assumption of privileges and power on the part of the driver indulged in by way of diversion and to relieve the monotony of the journey; but I afterward learned that it was a privilege which the laws of the State and the well-established customs of society gave to the meanest white man over any colored bondman whatever.

I remained two years in Kentucky, and at the end of that time was astonished to find myself so fully accepting the social condition. I lived mostly in the "blue grass region," where resided the most humane masters, and the most contended slaves. The nearest approach to an anti-slavery sentiment was a sort of drift acquiescence in Henry Clay's colonization scheme—the real purity of which was in order to rid the State of dangerous proximities. The colonization doctrine, however, was very unpopular with the slaves who greatly preferred the chances of perpetual servitude to the terrors of exploitation. I remember an instance of a unmammited slave, made free on condition of his going to Liberia. He was got on board the vessel against his master's protests, and when on return voyage was found strongly stowed down in the hold. He was, of course, brought back, and on his arrival renounced himself to the executors of his master's estate, begging to be put again into slavery.

The colonization scheme, though humane in its intent, was but a poor substitute for emancipation, and was in fact but little removed from the penal system of Great Britain in its effect on the emancipated. The freed slave felt himself as much condemned to perpetual ban-

ishment, as though he were under prison.

One of the pleasantest Kentucky sojourns was a visit to Clay at his Ashland home. He was a man of fine presence, of countly courtesy and genial hospitality. He was the first great man that I had ever met at such short range, and I shall never forget the feeling of relief and gratitude I experienced from his great kindness in putting me at my ease. He was sitting for a portrait to a native artist, who had this great chance for fame has never been heard of outside of his State, and I was honestly asked for my criticism, which I as honestly gave for what it was worth.

Henry Clay was worshipped by Kentuckians and loved by his immediate neighbors, among whom he moved with that easy familiarity and modest bearing which marks the true man.

Another illustrious Kentuckian whose home I visited was the great emancipator, Cassius M. Clay, who with his twin brother, Brutus, owned the finest stock farm in Kentucky, if not in the world. It was situated in Bourbon county, near the county seat, Paris, in the very heart of the blue grass country, and was remarkable not only for its natural beauty broad expanse and great fertility, but for the Yankee-like order and snugness there was about it. These two Clays—cousins of Henry—did more to encourage and promote the importation and cultivation of blooded stock than all other men in the State, and to them is largely due the present pre-eminence of Kentucky as a fine stock-raising State. The horse fairs held in Paris, even in those early days, were of national importance, one grand feature of which being the almost uniform presence of Henry Clay on the judge's stand.

Thirty-eight years have elapsed since my two years' sojourn in Kentucky, and I doubt if a week has ever passed that my mind has not reverted to some phase of that, to me strange experience. It has enabled me better to understand the spirit of what is known as "The Slaveholders' Rebellion," and it gave me much sympathy with Elihu Burritt's impracticable scheme of "Compensated Emancipation." The teaching I did in that State was done in a log schoolhouse built in the woods, the only road in its vicinity being a private road through farms, closed over every few rods with gateways. The traveling, as is probable the case to-day, was mainly on horseback, very few carriage roads existing outside of the cities and large towns. It used to seem to me that Kentucky children must be born on horseback, so common was this mode of locomotion, and so easy was it for persons of all ages to adapt themselves to it. The darling of the young ladies in this respect used to fill me with terror and admiration, and my own awkwardness only added to this mingled sentiment. It was evident to all who saw me ride that I was not "born on horseback."

I shall never forget my first unfortunate experience in helping a young lady to her saddle. I led the horse up on the wrong side of the mounting block, expelling her in somet way to climb over the horns of the saddle. As she confessed herself "no climber," I had to reverse the animal and endure the smothering jabs of the young gallants, who under the most favorable circumstances were not inclined to take much stock in the "Yankee schoolmaster." I had the good fortune, however, to live down local prejudices, and to take a modest part in training one or two youths who on account of that training, or through their own merits, have risen to some distinction in public affairs.

The most daring enterprise in which I was engaged was a peculiar Kentucky enterprise, that of assisting in a runaway match. This sort of thing was much in vogue in those days, and was usually in its outcome, a harmless and satisfactory proceeding. The preliminary skirmishing, and the military tactics that were called into play, were worthy of any cause, and the final result on whichever side it might fall was usually acquiesced in. Some times, however, there was more or less hard blood in the case, and the ears did not easily heal. Especially was this so when family feuds were sought to be bridged by the union of a Master with a Chapel. In the case in question there was some difficulty of this sort, and the young man who was an intimate

"...one, had been contemptuously, and unreasonably rebuffed by the girl, and only thing he could do to save his dignity was to marry the girl, and this now she decided to do, and as promptly announced his decision to the father. The usual tactics followed. The girl was kept at home and closely watched. All avenues leading to the outer world were cut off; the castle bridge raised, the portcullis shut down, and the castle declared to be in a state of siege. It is truthfully said "love laughs at locksmiths," and never since the days of Romeo—never since Adam, in fact—has there been a gate strong enough, or wall thick or high enough, or a baulk of timber shrewd enough to cool the ardor or thwart the purposes of two young hearts that love. This sentiment is thrown in for what it is worth. I feel it strongly forty years ago, and I have had no occasion to revise it since.

I made the young man's cause my own; used the privileges that were accorded to me as a friend of the family to see that there was no serious hindrance. In the correspondence, arranged for the escapade, and saw the happy couple on their way to Aberdeen, Ohio, a little village opposite Massville—the Green of Kentucky—where lived the man of law, who made a nice business of joining the "holy bonds," fugitives from across the river. The stern "parlante" was never reconciled to his defeat, although by it he acquired an excellent son-in-law, and although he had in his overwrought mind set the example which his daughter followed.

The happy couple migrated to Indiana, and have now about them a merry brood of grandchildren who would be surprised to read this account of the going on of the old folks.

[For the Penman's Gazette.]

November.

BY E. R. LATT.

The autumn's reign is near its close.
First-painted leaves that shone like gold,
Relaxed their fingers, lost their hold,
And on the breast of earth repose.

Repose, we sue when some fitful gust
Makes them like mimic incision in whirl,
Or for us when their form is bent
In clouds, like clouds of chaff or dust.

September's come, and comes to stay,
As soft as velvet to the sense,
Passed from our fond embraces hence,
Like to a child that slumbereth.

How charming were the scenes she brought!
What alesson days and nights were hers!
How faithfully each scene recurs,
In hours of meditative thought!

In gorgeous robe October came,
And grasped September's fallen wand:
Magnificence filled all the land,
And far was spread the ruler's fame.

But now, superb October, too,
Has shrouded the fate of monarchs grand;
Though with such splendid gifts endowed,
None are those glories from our view.

A stern success mounts the throne,
Where lenity held the sway;
We sigh for pleasures passed away,
But the vision we see is own.

November comes, the frosty moon,
The star custodian of our joys;
Morn is with cheerful voice,
With iron hand, and knitted brow.

Few sweet amusements as before,
May we expect our heart to know;
Such happy scenes as charmed us so,
Are not reserved for us to see.

The whispering breeze that soothed the ear,
When warm the air, the evening fine,

"Twill not be yours, 'twill not be mine,
For many tedious months to hear.

The lury wind-harp of the trees,
Will shrink from contact with the blast;

As it shall rear in anger past,
Like a spirit that can find no ease.

Gone is each migratory bird,
Going rapidly westward,

When the sun's rays still delay,
And ne'er November's blasts are heard.

Not on the earth a winged soul will bide,
The tyrant's rule, but with the rest;

Gas, of a milder clime in quest,

With green sylvans spreading wide.

And wild geese from the North afar,

High overhead, by day and night,

Pursue their noisy, noiseless flight,

Where our dear, exiled song-birds are.

Would that an exile like to this,
Might unto man permitted be!
Ah, then how blest indeed were he,
The winter's biting cold to miss!

But there is of wealth a death,

The birds' beges is their own;

The poor may not, however prone,

So change abodes upon the earth.

The connoisseur full appears,
The luscious fruits all gathered lie,

The buds are full, and fruits are high

Bursting, with the golden exs.

The equinoctial wind and rain

Hive in the distance died away;

Their tumult was, from day to day,

As if some demon groaned with pain.

The brusht breath earth soon shall feel

And metamorphosed seem to be,

Ere long, into an armory—

An armory of glistening steel.

A coat of mail instead of leaves,

The woodpecker shall seek his yore;

And when he comes from shore to shore,

White hawks the prey coves.

The topaz girls a merry tabor,

Have gathered up, with noisy glee,

The oily nuts, from bush and tree,

To eat on winter evenings long.

The first shell glows at close of day,

And youth festivites shall hold;

But what of age? Alas! the old!

She sits and dream the hours away!

Amid the crackle of the brands,

What mommies shall o'er them come,

Of olden days in childhood's home,

As they sit with folded hands!

None are the flowers that smelling stand,

Living with fragrance all the air,

As if were scattered everywhere,

The odoriferous sandal-wood.

apparently intended, viz.: "I am a nice person." How can one be "nicely"? How can a horse be "nicely"? A person or a horse may act nicely, but a "nicely appearance," "nicely health," is too absurd. Skip the nicely; say "I am well," or "very well," or something akin.

PLURAL PRONOUN IN PLACE OF SINGULAR.

"It is a rare occurrence for one who has not had special training to pass an satisfactory examination to entitle them to teach." From a school report. How many "them" can there be in "one"? If the word "them" is required, better say, "for those who have not had special training;" or, if one is retained, "one" in place of them." Better still: "It is a rare occurrence for those who have not had special training to pass an examination entitling them to teach." In the original sentence one means one person, but them means more than one and cannot refer to one. Exception need not be taken to the use of him in the corrected sentence as excluding the feminine, it being com monly so taken in a generic sense to include both sexes.—Practical Educator.

Rather Good.

I once heard a very good story told about Edward Everett.

He and Judge Story were at a public dinner. After ordinary toasts had been given, Judge Story arose and said:

"Fame follows fortune wherever it (Everett) goes."

Everett arose and replied:

"Here's to the legal profession. It has never got above the first story."—Ex.

Excuse this atrociously-penned epistle. Under favorable conditions my handwriting becomes as graceful as the floating drapery of a Grecian goddess, or the sea-blown tresses of a water nymph, or perhaps more properly, as a willowy as the heaven-directed mane of a Mexican mule; but said conditions are as rare as clams in clam chowder, or plug hats in Deadwood.

Franzically yours,
CHAS. W. ANDERSON.

Buffalo.

The question may arise in the reader's mind as to what elicited such torrents of fanciful adulation. Go square his hoard bills as we have squared them, and the question will vanquish from your mind like a cadaverous bound from an animated bo.



Thomas Allen Reed, one of the oldest and most expert of England's shorthand writers, though actively engaged in the daily practice of his art in the courts and otherwise of London, finds time and desire to aid his brother stenographers, and constantly is in preparation for something new for their benefit. The latest proof of his interest is the compiling and publication of a work bearing the title: Technical reporting, comprising phonographic abbreviations for words and phrases commonly met with in reporting legal, scientific and other technical subjects. Price, in cloth, 2 shillings;



JOHN T. SHOTT ENGRAVED BY JOHN T. SHOTT, LOGANSPORT, IND.

SOME GOOD STROKES BY J. W. SHOTT, LOGANSPORT, IND.

Our Victim Writhe.

DEAR EDITOR.—Before I begin to lay the present offering before you, I must confess that I am dragging back the growing flood-gates of my effervescent fancy and suffer its seething contents to shimmer along these lines. The October GAZETTE has just yielded up its cloven sweets to my insatiate appetite. When in the deuce did you get such ideas? Such fecundity of thought dizzles one of my slender resources. You don't hammer a thought into an almost impalpable nothingness, as the gold-beater does with his pellet of gold. You dissolve a happy idea in a pointless procession of words. Thought jostles thought; they march in close ranks; there are no gaps from exordium to peroration. I could not say which pleased me most. It is difficult to particularize where everything is of uniform excellence. "Slunalous Ideas" was capital, but the article on "Distorted Birds" relieved me of several precious buttons and effectually exercised the hollow-eyed demon of despondency. When my quivering optic nerve sucked up the words "wrenched the shrub from its mother earth and was carrying it to its distant arke for upholstering purposes"—when these words dashed against my risible arse, I was compelled to step out into the murky bosom of the night, and give vent to my stentorian hilarity. "Originality" exhibited her sunny style to splendid advantage. The GAZETTE is crisp, meaty, and suffused with a continued play of light banter and unctuous wit. Your subscribers have no suspicion that a horrid fate is impending over them, and winter coming too. Now, please don't laugh, if you can't do it without a labored effort. No perfunctory guffaw will be tolerated. They make a hearty thud when you leave out the volatile element—a large, incalculable thud.

The sight of this edition of the New Testament recalls the many hours we spent in our early days as a phonographer in reading Mr. Pitman's edition of 1849, and the still later ones in reading the 1856 edition. We took out great care to copy to one who was enlisted for the war, and it was some months later found in his hands, as he lay dead on the field of battle, opened as he had scanned its well-worn pages for the last time. No mortal can imagine the importance of this to him, nor the pride he must have felt in it. We prize it, although it bears not our beloved "Graham" phonographic physiognomy.

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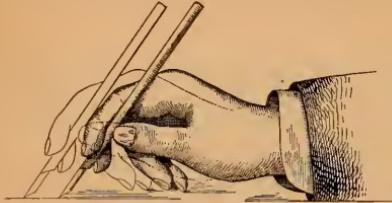
Movement Exercise.

BY A. J. SCARBOROUGH.

In this lesson you will notice a small cut which without close scrutiny you would pronounce the portrait of a mammoth craw-fish making his escape from a Jersey sleeve. But look carefully, it's a hand wrenched into this painful and unnatural shape by finger movement and neglect of correct position. You will notice, instead of pushing the pen, the hand is apparently dragging it heavily along, leaving rough, harsh strokes in its wake like the zig-zag



trail of a stub pen in the hand of a fifth-rate lawyer. You will also notice that the hand in trying to ouststep the pen across the page has fallen over to the right, and is an obstacle to its own progress. You had about as well attempt to fly as to write a free, graceful style with the hand in this sickly position. Every movement comes from incorrect position. You cannot learn form until you have learned movement, nor can you learn movement without following some kind of form, either the letters or their corresponding exercise drills. Movement is the cause, form is the effect. Be sure that you begin right. Don't evade correct position and movement simply, because you are set in your habits of penholding, etc., and find it a little tedious at first to start on the right track. See that your arm rests lightly on the muscles just below the elbow. Keep the heel of the hand just above the desk. Notice how the fingers rest on the desk in the large cut.



You can study and cultivate movement to good advantage without a pen by sliding the hand from right to left, to and fro without using the fingers or lifting the arm. The following practice with light strokes will help you in preventing the hands turning over in lateral movements like the one in the cut:



Sweeps long enough to produce the arc of a circle from right to left, sliding on the nails of third and fourth fingers, are a splendid practice. In exercises of this nature the arm is balanced on the muscle of the forearm, which acts as a pivot. Observe that the position of the hand does not change in moving from right to left. Concentrate your energies on a single purpose. First, be sure that you have the correct position and movement. Educate the forearm, muscles and hand. Remember that "practice makes perfect" only when properly directed:



The m exercise practiced with a regular and free muscular movement will do more toward regulating your minimum letters than almost anything else. Try to go half across the page in this exercise without letting your hand become cramped or turned over to the right:



Such exercises help you in making clear distinction between m's, n's, p's and u's. See that you get this second exercise sharp at the top, beginning with right curve:



Whatever we discard in penmanship, we can't get along without oval practice. There is so much depend on the oval form that it becomes necessary to devote much practice to exercises of the oval character. You may fill three or four pages each day with the direct and reverse oval practice to good advantage. Remember that when you practice the oval carefully you are improving every capital letter in some portion:



In learning the above, you are learning to make the most difficult part of W, M, N, U, V, Q, X, Y, and Z:



You can't dwell too much on exercises like the above. They will give force and freedom to your work:



Write words in which m, n, u and l are combined. More illegible writing comes from making these letters all sharp at the top than any other cause. This error is common in the hundreds of letters received at the GAZETTE office every day. It is this, which causes our clerk to scratch his head and ponder over Uncle Sam's diversified story entitled "Postal Guide":



Practice loop exercises without bending the fingers except a trifle on the up stroke near the top:



In making the first part of H and K, be careful to curve first stroke enough to throw the letter on the proper slant. Shade near the base line and finish with a full oval:



Exercise calling for various moves without lifting the pen, or much checking will tend to remove all stiffness from your letters, and give you complete control of the muscular movement:



Here we have the same introductory curve as in H and final oval, and shading same as in the first part of H and K:



Try an S exercise like the above. Shade after crossing the loop. You can't make this with a cramped movement. The machinery must run freely and regularly:



The G is closely related to the S in its most difficult parts. You make a full right curve



and then start around as in the capital O, but on the up stroke halt the height of the oval you



stop and form the capital stem, and thus you form the complete G:

Remember, these lessons are intended for a month's practice. Don't scribble over them all in an hour's practice. Learn one thing well before you commence another:



Begin the D as you would the capital stem, shading near base line. Finish with a loop across the top of beginning stroke:



The J exercise will test the extent of your movement more than all the rest. Begin as in first part of W, though the top is not quite so full. Shade heaviest after crossing the ruled line.

Let us hear from all who are following these lessons. We are in dead earnest on the subject, and want to know what the GAZETTE's family is doing. We would like to receive a line from every member.

[For the PENMAN'S GAZETTE]

Writing for the Press.

BY W. O. SHOWALTER.

The penmanship periodicals of the present day are universally acknowledged to be model class journals in every respect. They would be vigorous advocates, and creditable representatives of any calling or profession. Being liberal in their views, dignified in their moral tone, handsomely illustrated, finely printed, full of healthful instruction, and combining with the most substantial reading matter, a generous supply of bright, sparkling wit, it is but natural that they should exert a wide influence, not only in the creation and diffusion of interest in good writing, but in shoving to the outside world that the teaching of penmanship has risen to the dignity of a profession, having its thousands of workers, its millions of pupils and its educational journals to advance its interests to encourage and help those who worship at the shrine of chirographic beauty.

We, who are actively engaged in the work of reforming the scribbler, readily realize the fact that our most valuable co-worker and most helpful source of aid and strength is the penmanship press. Not only does it come to us with the choicest intellectual fruits that can be gathered from the gardens of chirographic intelligence, but it invites each of us to assist in garnering for its storerooms the golden sheaves of ripening ideas and advanced thought. It is a beautiful medium through which writing knights may help each other by the exchange of opinion and the discussion of progressive methods. The voice of the earnest teacher, speaking from the platform of the penman's press, is heard by every live worker in the ranks of progress.

It behoves the fine, ambitious teacher to see to it that he contributes his share to the monthly feasts of mental sustenance that is regularly spread before the readers of our best periodicals. Although our contributions may be insignificant, compared with those of honored literary lights, it does not follow that we are compelled to stand in the background, feasting from the tables prepared by others, and selfishly guarding any valuable theory that we may be cultivating in our own private vineyard of school work.

It seems to me, when looking over the bill of fare in our periodical mind feasts that the veterans in our ranks are scarcely contributing as much as would be expected of them. In the extended experience of old workers there is certainly much that would prove beneficial if dispensed. In the form of literary contributions through the columns of our journals. The veteran who desires to see his chosen profession keep pace with the lightning progress of other arts and sciences, and who is really interested and concerned in regard to the future weal of his lifework, will naturally take pleasure in pointing out to the younger tollers the breakers he has safely passed, and the obstacles he has overcome. The present generation of writing teachers will make as

tonishing progress in the art of imparting skill to others during the next decade, and the old workers can lend a helping hand in this determined crusade by acting as dictators and as partial guides. While the ambitious youthful instructor has definite ideas of his own, yet, if he is reasonable, is ever willing and anxious to profit by the more mature counsel of experienced educators. It is of great importance that the press be well filled with sound reasoning on the subject of teaching, for through its columns the young workers receive their most lasting ideas of how the work of reform should be carried on.

I think that I echo the wishes of all earnest young penmen when I urge all old teachers who may honor me by reading this article, to take a more active part in the literary work of our calling. Life is of brief duration, and at its close we not regret having done all in our power for the good of the cause in which we spend the greater part of our lives upon earth.

CHICAGO, Oct. 26, '86,

PROF. A. J. SCARBOROUGH,

My Dear Sir:— In reply to your request asking me to write a few words for publication! I hardly know what to say that would be of material interest to your readers; but if the expression of a few thoughts which have arisen from personal experience and observation will be the means of arousing even one poor mortal, and kindling within a spirit of enthusiasm and a desire to further action, I shall feel fully repaid for the trouble taken to arrange these few haphazard thoughts.

In the first place the great question before the penmanship public to-day, and one that is being agitated to a great extent, is what movements or movements shall we use to cover the greatest range of usefulness. Without doubt our particular movement has sufficient strength and force to itself to justify its adoption and discrediting all others. Noted business writers as well as professional penmen, tell us that in order to bring forth the best results a combination of finger, hand, wrist and forearm movement should be used, with the forearm or muscular movement predominating. The term forearm or muscular movement is usually attached to this method of writing from the fact that it is the chief movement to the combination.

I have framed a definition of my own of muscular movement, hoping it may remove from the minds of beginners some of the erroneous ideas commonly entertained on this point.

Muscular movement is a free and natural action of all the muscles and joints of the arm from shoulder to finger nails, with a stationary rest of the arm upon the desk just forward of the elbow, and the hand resting lightly upon the last two fingers. The hand should rest lightly, however, upon the last two fingers in order that the hand may slide over the paper with perfect ease while the pen is in motion; the same movement being used on capitals as

small writing, only that capitals require more force and display of motion.

This movement, when rightly used, cannot fail to bring forth pleasing results, and in my own personal experience I cannot speak too strongly in its favor, and it is painful indeed to hear some one of the old school decrying this method, and trying to "keep alive old theories not suited to the present spirit of the times."

It is gratifying, however, to know the rapid progress the school of muscular movement is making; we are also glad the GAZETTE has brought to its head one who has courage enough to shout reform whenever occasion demands, and brave enough to rise above the influence of cliqueism and speak the truth. Palmer, through the *Western Penman*, is dealing death blows to old theories with wonderful effect.

As a co-worker in this cause I extend to you a friendly hand, and wish you in wishing a hurried approach of the time when we all will tear away from the environments of old and useless theories formed by the hand of time, and rise with the tide of progress to a higher plane of thought and vision, and there unite in one common brotherhood in recognizing reform as reform, truth as truth.

Writting yours,

D. B. WILLIAMS.

[For the PENMAN'S GAZETTE.]

Admonition to an Inflated Rooster.

Young man, your *verbal* knowledge of life may at times lead you to advise older heads in the performance of their, to your eyes, ill-defined duties, but at such times you should stay the tongue, that if wagged would no doubt cause the age to wallow in wealth. The paternal ring of *clop-dia* may seem lean for your Kerekshef tooth, but remember they doubtless have huddled a few meager ideas together from experience and your *fletching-up* which you could doubtless wedge into your supernal career. Your pa may be approaching the slank of his early, and his memory may be a trifl transmogrified, in consequence of which you may slightly revise certain history which has fallen under your period, but even then you should not accuse his dullness of being romantic, or given to fabrication. This is very irreverent on your part, and besides your feeble patriarch may have an obscure bed-slat in his vicinity, with which to cultivate your emulated knoll of reverence.

You may think your pa and ma gathered their knowledge too far back in the murky ages to be of any service to you, and that it won't pan out like the early variety of lore which you are using, but remember they are a tribe older than you, and have tasted the gall and wormwood of experience in larger doses than you have. You may be able to teach them to square a circle or diagram a sentence, but they will rather outwind you in manipulating a lamenting child or quelling an irascible friend. Their objection to your fluent swearing may be evidence to you that they are uncultured and incapable of appreciating your atheistic accomplishment, but remember they were doubtless reared in the remote precincts, and never had the opportunity of acquiring a taste for your smoking vernacular.

Your pa may bore you by holding to an old form of costume, by latching his shirt in front, by adhering to the liberally constructed bifurcated garment, and harnessing himself in an over-conservative manner generally, but, verand and blooming mortal, you may yet discover that a well-lauded collar can never fill the office of a stiff upper lip, nor will a spotless shirt-front supply the place of a clear conscience. Your close-jointed cutaway may cover up a multitude of sins and an untrained hide, but it won't shroud a mean little worn soul. You may part your hair centrally across the equator of your pate and still have an unabashed mind. You may cause your canines to shine like a contribution plate by applying fragrant lubrication, but it will not more than substitute for thinking-pulp. You may be able to draw more attention than your proprietor, or to draw more smoke than salary, but you will observe that your bank account is insignificant compared with your culture and clothes. You may have ample gaff and goatee to run a business concern, and still be the owner of a vulnerable credit. You may

be further advanced in algebra and alcohol than you are in business and hustle.

In short, young man, before you go any further in the world go and secrete yourself in some sequestered gulch and try to ascertain which one of the boys you are.

"SALLY."

[For the PENMAN'S GAZETTE.]

The "Unknown Quantity."

BY W. BURRILL MORRIS.

"Everything that is, is equal to its contents," says a eminent mathematician, which no one doubts, if we restrict the axiom and its accompanying conclusions, viz.: That all things are measurable to the field of matter tangible to the physical senses.

But if that proposition be applied, as, indeed, many do apply it to things which are, although conceivable, yet not apparent at the present time, great mistakes, irreparable injury must to the result; that is when applied to the capacity of the intellects and powers of thousands whom we daily meet.

For where is the mathematician, who can formulate any set of rules by which correct conclusions may be reached of the exact contents of human character?

We see, here and there, the bunting of for aught we know a future of a mind, rich in its powers, and commanding in its force, but if there is the least atom of that not in accordance with our own conceptions and ideas, we are too prone to reject wholly and without reserve his entire opinions.

For men are in general so selfish, and yet so unreflecting of their *real* interests that whatever fails to meet their approbation is to them quite undesirable.

The reason is that for the real and existent, though undiscovered, they take the apparent, and conclude that as such appears to be the whole it therefore must be equal to what it appears without considering the unknown quantity which lies behind, for aught they know or can tell.

The minister's wife sat on the front porch mending the clothes of one of her numerous progeny. A neighbor passing that way stopped in for a friendly chat. A large work-basket half full of buttonholes sat on the floor of the porch. After various remarks of a gossipy nature, the visitor said:

"You seem to be well supplied with buttons Mrs. Goodman."

"Yes, very well indeed."

"My gracious! if there ain't two of the same buttons that my husband had on his last winter suit!" I know 'em anywhere."

"Indeed!" said the minister's wife calmly, "I'm surprised to hear it, as all of these buttons were found in the contribution box. I think it might as well put them to some use, so I—what, must you go?" Well, be sure and call again soon." —Merchant Traveler.

The Loom of Life.

All day and all night I can hear the jar of the loom of life, and near and far it thrills with its deep and muffled sound. As the tireless weaver goes around.

Bustly, consciousness, goes the loom, in the light of day and the midnight's gloom. The wheels are turning early and late, And the wool is wound in the warp of fate.

Click-clack! there's a thread of love wove in; Click-clack! another of wrong and sin; What a checkered thing will this life be When we see it snarled in eternity!

When shall this wonderful web be done? In a thousand years, perhaps, or more— Or to-morrow, who knows? Not you nor I, But the wheels turn on and the shuttles fly.

Ah, sad-gred weaver! the years are slow; But each one is nearer the end, we know; And some day the last thread shall be woven in, Grand is the love, instead of sin!

There are we-spun webs of woe that lie we-wove—say Do we furnish the wester, woe each day? It were better then, O kind friend, to spin A meaningful thread—not a thread of sin.

—Unfeasted.

—The current of Mr. Pierce's thought in October Gazebo was hindered by the omission of an "e" in the word "stream."

THE PENMAN'S GAZETTE.

9

Tight Sleeves and Bracelets vs. Free Movement.

After all the verbosity which has been spilled on this subject, and the wendalls which have been waved husky and callous in its cause, there still exists a class of young people, some not so tender, who still bolster the idea that so long as there is enough hand projecting from its fetters of plated bracelets, ric-rac harness, burlap sleeves, and chinchilla swathing to clutch the pen in a death grip, they can learn to write. And if with all this artificial upholstering they fail to cause their pen to sainster across the page in a leisurely manner, they march much at its hampered gait. They see their teacher write with freedom and ease, and at the same time keep his features on the front side of his head, but they fail to notice the absence of shackles about his arm. They do not observe that his arm rests on muscle instead of jewelry and padding. They fail to see that instead of lugging personal chattels across the page his arm is free and unfettered. We have seen the gentler sex striving to use free muscular movement with skin tight sleeves and bracelets which were only distinguished from handcuffs by the absence of connecting links. We have seen their little hand flogging out of these bangled bands like a dwarfed dog from a brass collar. We have heard them saw the desk with their jingling shackles, as they tried to jerk a capital stem into shape. We have listened to the grinding melody of twenty or thirty of these comfortable garments ringing above the smile's and sighs, while they were whirling into shape the oval exercise. Of course it is not our mission to disparage the use of the ornament, but it may be carried to excess, and is in some towns. It's a perfect craze in Sing Sing, Joliet and Waupun, and about one town in every State. It may never grow on a people, but will in time become in dented.

We once tried to guide the hand of a young man who held to the pulse warmer as stiff as he did to his creed. We could have overcome an ordinary covering of leather, but he persisted in wearing a wrist garment which looked like a Turkish rug, and which was so thick that while his arm rested on the desk he had to struggle in order to get his third and fourth fingers on the paper. This was a luscious boon in our experience. After seeing how much he was attached to them, and how much was attached to him, we could not have the heart, nor muscle we might say, to tear them from his grasp. We could have aided him for eye, tooth, or some other trifle, but would not ask him to return the earmine brass hilt which was furled about his wrist. He is away now in Texas, practicing the whole-arm movement by hurling his littecomes heavier over the horns of the recording songster of the plains. The whole-arm movement works well in that line of execution.

Of course the above statements may seem quaint-like in their proportions, but there is a surging current of gravity which prompts this distention of cold facts.

Teachers often ask their pupils to disrobe all bad habits of cramped fingers, whole-arm movement with tongue accompaniments, etc., but they neglect wholly the request for unfeathered arms. Before you can come to ground principles you must come down to solid muscle, instead of smothering the pupil with your loquacious lecture on anatomy, by giving him the Latin name of every fiber from shoulder to thumb nail; by expounding the contraction and relaxation of the internal cutaneous nerve in pursuit of a right curve, and how the radial and ulnar-cutaneous nerves obscures the pell-mell command of the brain in erecting capital stems, request them in their mother tongue to set their arm free by removing the bracelets, relaxing the adhesive sleeves, and unblanketing the sultry wrist. Asking them to remove their coats rehearses too vividly in our minds the days of harnessing bastinados and mule-whip solos.

To see a pupil trying to write with a thick overcoat about his form always gives us an uneasy sensation about the right arm, and a mental distress. We have seen the ambitious school-girl rasping the desk with her metallic ligament in attempting to secure the graceful roll of arm; we have seen her arm writhing in its crocheted harness, while her little mouth traversed her features from ear to ear. This to us was very touching, but we wept later on,

It would have looked unmannerly to have moistened the schoolroom furniture with our tears. We sometimes feel, with a flavor of melancholy in the thought, that the very secret of a graceful and free movement often lies in the deplorable fact that a lean exchequer necessitates the adoption of a scanty costume.

Muscle Culture.

If much of the membranous cuticle devoted to shades and curves was wrought into muscle by urging buck-saws across the grain of ligneous growth, we would notice a more buxom air about so much of the feeble, exhausted pensmanship of the day. Penmen who are compelled to substitute the rubber dots for forearm muscle are to be pitied as much as the victims of the whole arm movement. Those who use castors or swings in lieu of voluntary siews should emulate the bulging fiber of a pagillistic artist by attaching themselves to copiously filled coat scutles and perambulating three or four flights of stairs. Those who are victims of hypochondria, or are lugging a narrow, cavernous chest, should take brisk walks up craggy steeps, swing an ax over a pile of Hickory or rock-maple, practice lofty tumbling, and strengthen their muscles in various ways by daily friction. A daily routine of moderate exercise in which the arms are called into play, as in rowing, swinging dumb-bells and vaulting will tend to give a weak muscular movement strength and decision. But an exercise like base-ball generally does more harm than good to writing. We have seen the youthful athlete with a wealth of thumb from its effect which was painful to behold. We have seen him tenderly nurse such pet from the diamond as he dictated parental epithets to his fellow student. We have seen him go one eye on the page while the other lurked, feverish and swollen, under a small green blind. This kind of exercise waxes rather too exhaustive for the welfare of the oft-mentioned hair-line and graceful form. A slight callous in the palm from moderate exertion may not retard the pen's progress, but when the index finger is knocked silly by a ball which is upholstered with iron slugs and buckshot, or when the right-hand thumb is snatched into fish ball by a blow from a ten pound bat, we have noticed that the pen fails to traverse the page with its wonted grace and agility. We were once employed in a school where the base-ball craze broke out in its worst phase. The first victim was a freckled fellow with a large autumnal nose and a red head. He met the ball on the home stretch and also just over his left eye. The eye was needlessly kept behind mush and linen, and was not able to be used for weeks. He always complained in the writing class about his focus, said it threw his slant out, and sometimes he could see two letters when there was only one. The next unfortunate was a boy who came in with a long face and the middle finger of his right hand fenced in with pieces of shingles and court plaster. He took his seat and tried to steer his invalid finger across the page as usual, but his movement was grotesque in the extreme. His abnormally swollen finger bobbed over the page in an aimless manner like a lame toad. His letters were equally clumsy. His capital O's were changed into triangles. His capital stems resembled ox-horns, and his J's looked like broken fishing rods.

The next subject from the field was an extensible youth with an Irish brogue and a straggling tail. The guard-club had been struck and jammed into his face until his features resembled a checker board. His face was bound up in cross-strips of court-plaster until it looked like a suspender exhibit. This course discommodeed his movement, as his features were unable to accompany the motion of his hand. And so on, one by one they dropped into the disabled list until the penmanship room had the air of liniment and a surgeon's apertments. We had to take on extra courage in order to look these brave heroes in the face and guide their mangled hands across the page.

If instead of lying on sofas and courting painful ideas until the whole nature finds sympathy in nothing save minor keys and wailing cadences common to the monotonous chants of cannibals and hairless monks, the penman would throw down his pen for an hour each day to uncup his hollow chest, throw back his shoulders, walk briskly through the open air, bend his cramped form to the splashing oar, or move around vigorously in any other way save the base ball grounds, we would soon have a more robust craft.

The Decoy Scoped.

A CARD-WRITER'S SCHEME DETHRONED.

Every card-writer who has rolled the *suece* pigment of experience under his tongue in large and frequent lumps has filled his museum of thought with divers schemes and novel decoys for the untrusted. He can cover his face with an air of more business pressure to the square inch than almost any other mortal living when there is a prospective customer in luring range. He is always busy, often writing cards by the hundred for such celebrities as G. Washington, Mrs. Langtry, H. Greeley, Ben Butler and Lydia E. Pinkham (as samples). He can get his features in haggard and care-worn condition almost instantly. He can throw a weird expression about his eyes and cause them to roll languidly in their sockets as though he were contemplating the erection of a new planet. There is a superhuman import in his demeanor, which indicates that he has purchased the earth and is considering the style of battlement he will hedge it in with.

The most expensive and risky form of decoy is that of placing his week's earnings in an enticing group on his desk, that the leisured passers may be impressed by the enormity of his business. A scribe, whose name just at this moment does not flick across our memory, but who charms the public eye with his plastic quill in the village of Chicago, tried this latter lure to his sore discomfiture. He arranged his entire possession of shuckles in bright array on his desk and commenced congratulating his genius for suggesting so novel a device. He walked into a store to summon other admirers, but while away a sneak took in the situation and four hundred dollars in small change. When the scribe returned only to behold the vacancy of his bewitching exchequer and an upturned inkstand, a cold, slimy feeling hovered over his frame like a jar of milk drenching down his back. The party who appropriated the lucre did not leave his card nor thank the quill-driver in any form, but seemed to be in pursuit of a dog with tin attachment. That penman is dining out this month and slumbering under the twinkling stars at night. Under such circumstances he is always a great lover of nature and astronomy, we think.

Crumbs of Comfort.

CULLED FROM THE MAILED.

The October GAZETTE is a charmer.

Chas. R. Wells.

GAZETTE for October is a splendid number.

W. N. Perris.

I am very much pleased with the GAZETTE, and wish you much success.

J. A. Wescott.

I know of no publication in the way of pensmanship that surpasses the GAZETTE.

J. M. Hopkins.

I like your style of saying things, you are just the man the GAZETTE wanted.

W. F. Bennett.

In my estimation the GAZETTE is one of the finest papers on pensmanship I have examined.

B. W. Crandall.

After comparing the GAZETTE with other journals of its nature, I find it the best on record.

G. W. Milkman.

As a lover of literary beauty, I can but wonder at, and admire the genius displayed in the GAZETTE.

W. D. Showalter.

I can candidly say that you are making the GAZETTE much better. You are the right man in the right place.

R. S. Collins.

Comparatively every number of the GAZETTE seems more beautiful in thought and execution. I predict for you and the GAZETTE a bright future.

J. W. Shott.

Judging from the appearance of the last GAZETTE, you are going to have one of the best class journals in the country, and the management is fortunate in having you at the helm. You are good authority, and can back

up your opinions by executing a model business hand, one having the two great essentials, legibility and rapidity.

L. Madaras.

The GAZETTE to hand. Each number pleases me more than the preceding one. It is chock full of the best of plain and ornate in pensmanship.

Geo. H. Schultz.

I notice a marked improvement in the different educational departments of the GAZETTE, besides a good sprinkling of mirth to take the chill out, which I relish very much.

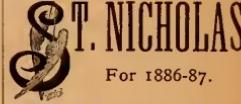
Jos. Focher, Jr.

The PENMAN'S GAZETTE gives evidence on every page of its change of editor. Prof. Scarborough's vivacity, flights of figure, keen wit and bright, sparkling descriptions, give earnest of what we may continue to expect from his ardent skillful "muscular movement."

The Business Student.

"The Ideal Magazine"

for young people is what the papers call *St. Nicholas*. Do you know about it—how good it is, how clean and pure and helpful? If there are any boys or girls in your house will you not try a number, or try it for a year, and if it isn't just the element you need in the household? The London Times has said, "We have nothing like it on this side." Here are some leading features of



Stories by Louisa M. Alcott and Frank B. Stockton—several by each author.

A Short Serial Story by Mrs. Burnett, whose charming "Little Lord Fauntleroy" has been a great feature in the past year of *St. Nicholas*.

War Stories for Boys and Girls. Gen. Baden, chief-of-staff, biographer and confidential friend of Gen. Grant, and one of the ablest and most popular of living military writers, will contribute a number of papers describing in clear and vivid style some of the leading battles of the civil war. They will be panoramic descriptions of single contests or short campaigns, presenting a sort of literary picture gallery of the grand and heroic contests in which the parents of many a boy and girl of to-day took part.

The Serial Stories include "Juan and Juanita," an admirably written story of Mexican life, by Frances Courtney Taylor, author of "On Both Sides"; also "Jenny's Boarding-House," by James Otis, a story of life in a great city.

Short Articles, instructive and entertaining, will abound. Among these are: "How a Great Panorama is Made," by Theodore R. Davis, with profile illustrations; "Winning a Commission" (Naval Academy); and "Recollections of the Naval Academy"; "Boring for Oil," and "Among the Gas Wells," with a number of striking pictures; "Sketches from George Eliot," by Julia Magruder; "Victor Hugo's Tales to his Grandchildren," recounted by Brander Matthews; "Historic Cities," by E. S. Brooks. Also interesting contributions from Nora Perry, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Joaquin Miller, H. B. Boyesen, Washington Gladden, Alice Wellington Roche, J. T. Trowbridge, Lieutenant General Fitch Schwabs, Noah Brooks, George Denio Litchfield, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt, Mary Mapes Dodge, and many others, etc., etc.

The subscription price of *St. Nicholas* is \$3.00 a year; 25 cents a monthly. Subscriptions are received by booksellers and news-dealers everywhere, or by the publishers. New volume begins with the November number. Send for our beautifully illustrated catalogue (free) containing full particulars, etc., etc. THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK.

\$6 Library, 50 cts,

\$6 a month, half-yearly, or annually, choice lot to choose from \$12, \$18, \$22, or \$25. The Library contains everything every month. The Literary Revolution includes the best of English and American literature. Catalogues, 15¢ each, may be had for 4 cents; or *Centenary Catalogue* and particulars, free. Address JOHN H. ALDRIN, Publisher, 300 Park St., New York. Mention this paper.

Prof. F. G. Morris.

Prof. F. G. Morris is a genius—we have thought and said this for more than a score of years—in fact, ever since he graduated at the same academy with ourself nearly thirty years ago, with high honors. He was in the active ministry of the Methodist Episcopal church for many years, and frequently in our own library has resounded to his aphoristic theological utterances. His churches were several of the largest and most important in Boston, Lynn and elsewhere in Massachusetts. As a preacher he was probably unexcelled—a certain vein of sententious, logical and captivating expression always characterizing his discourse. Though not in the active ministry to-day, he is almost constantly engaged in pulpit supply in his own town and vicinity, being extremely popular outside as well as inside his own ecclesiastical walls. He is a citizen of credit in his own community, acting as School Committee, in which work his rare judgment manifests itself.

Mr. Morris has had considerable experience as a member of the State Legislature of Massachusetts, and no member of that body during his connection with it surpassed him in perfect knowledge of all parliamentary practice, and this was freely spoken of as unexpected in a minister.

Mr. Morris is a constant student, an acute thinker, an accurate judge of literary and linguistic matters, and well read in several literatures. If we remember rightly he wrote in shorthand every word of the British Essaysists that might cultivate the graces of language and language expression in beautiful phonographic forms.

Mr. Morris is well married, and has a home where many earnest shorthand students have found motherly care and fatherly instruction as they have been fitted for their work. Mr. Morris was a member of our own parish in Eastern Massachusetts, when Mr. Morris won her as his bride. His children are in their early manhood and womanhood, and a great comfort to our old-time friend.

Mr. Morris has been an associate with us until recently as an active professor in the phonographic department of Chautauqua University, but increasing educational work at home, and the new (and we trust successful) venture in the editing and publishing of his entirely shorthand magazine, the *Meteor*, demand much time which we would gladly have him give to our assistance.

For phonographic insight, perpetuity of expression and devotedness to his beloved art of standard photography, few of our acquaintances compare with our old-time friend, Morris.

W. D. Bridge.

Artemus Ward.

Is he gone to a land of no laughter—

This man that made mirth for us all?

Proves death but a silence hereafter

From the sounds that delight or appal?

Once more shall we hear the joyful duty?

Once more shall we exultate? east?

Has the heart done overworking with beauty,

As the eyes have with tears?

Nay, if such can be wear, what can be wear?

That man's good decays not with earth?

And of all the heart strings none are pure

Than the springs of the fountain of mirth.

He that sounds these has pierced the heart's bellow-

The places where tears are and sleep;

For the sun flakes that dance in life's shadow

Are wrung from life's sleep.

He came with a heart full of gladness,

From the glad-hearted world of the West—

Was our invader, but not our friend of gladness;

Spake he words of joy, not of mere jest;

For the man in his heart longed for love.

When the intruder died from our arms,

And those that were loudest in laughter

Are silent in tears?

SUPERIOR PENS.—Gentlemen: We take pleasure in stating that for business correspondence and general office work, your pen, "Gaskell Compendium, No. 1," is preferred above all others by those engaged in these departments of our establishment.

It gives us great satisfaction always to testify to the merits of a really good article which we have thoroughly tested.

Yours very truly,

BAILEY, BANKS & BIDDLE.

Jewlers, Philadelphia.

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—M. B. Moore reports a good mail business, as he deserves.

—We have a brief letter from H. W. Shay, for this month.

—J. G. Harmison, Lexington, Ky., does some very nice engrossing.

—We have a well-written letter from O. A. Hoffman, Milwaukee, Wis.

—J. M. Harkins of Calhoun, Ga., writes as near a business hand as the best.

Plain Talk, Brooklyn, N. Y., gives us something to smile over each month.

—A. W. Dakin still holds his position in the front ranks of the C. G. of H.

—A. E. Parsons of Wilton Junction, Iowa, still infuses life and vigor in his work.

—Frank McFarland of Athens, La., sends the GAZETTE some well-written letters.

Brother Isaac favors the GAZETTE's scrapbook with a beautiful swan this month.

R. S. Collins writes the GAZETTE a letter this month which is full of life and grace.

—G. Bisler of Wooster, O., is meeting with encouragement in his physical training methods.

—T. M. Davis, of Alfred University, N. Y., is doing a grand work in the field of business education.

—Crandle & Webb are furnishing some valuable hints in the way of pen drawing to the profession.

—W. N. Ferris of Big Rapids, Mich., is doing a grand work as a popular business educator of Big Rapids.

—George H. Schuetz is throwing his ink gracefully under the guidance of McKee and Henderson at Oberlin, Ohio.

—G. W. Milkman of Pottstown, Pa., has charge of the College of Pennmanship in the Y. M. C. A. building of that city.

J. A. Wescel favors us with some beautiful specimens of his work. Wescel's work always falls on our retina with a graceful swoop.

—C. A. Faust of Chicago writes the most beautiful hand work we have seen. He is also a superior workman in other branches of the art.

—J. A. Stroburg, teacher of pennmanship and bookkeeping in Augastana College, Rock Island, Ill., cuts about as artistic flourishes as the best.

J. W. Shott of Logansport, Ind., stridly vanishes to the front of the GAZETTE's ranks this month. May your shadow never contract, Broth'r Shott.

B. F. Veal of Michigan City, Ind., notwithstanding his name, writes us a very neat letter, wherein he speaks words of highest praise for the Compendium.

—Wood & Van Patten impress the GAZETTE as being two wide-wake college men. Their Commercial College in Davenport is a thriving institution.

—H. J. Williamson, Richmond, Va., has a flourishing school. Every stroke of his pen gives evidence of push. His writing shows clearly the business driving force.

—J. P. Wilson, who writes cards at the Palmer House, Chicago, has opened several evening writing institutes in different parts of the city, and is meeting with good success.

—B. P. Pickens is still advancing in the art of taxidermy. His birds are so life-like they sometimes perch on the rim of our editorial wicker ware and twitter their finale.

—We received photos of some of James Foeller's masterpieces in the way of resolutions. He is a wonderful artist in that line and a thorough gentleman besides.

—D. B. Williams, the wide-wake muscular movement penman, is doing a good mail business. His writing and ideas are up with the times. He executes every sentence he preaches.

—A young man in Salem, Mass., wills to become a phonographer. He cuts out the short-hand lessons in the GAZETTE and pastes them to a book which he carries in his pocket, studying them earnestly. Pluck wins.

Notice the remarkable bargains offered on page 151: Self-Help Series, four volumes for \$6.00, complete set of Charles Dickens' novels for \$18.75; 12 volumes Scott's Novels for \$1.80. See the remarkable 20 cent list.

—We have just received a letter from our valued friend, B. F. Kelley of New York, in which is exhibited a cominging of skill and a noble spirit. We earnestly wish there were more just such men as Kelley in this world.

—Mrs. Boeve, Richland Centre, Wis., is demonstrating to the people of that section that penmanship is not an art in which the lords of creation may dabble and preclude the gentler sex. Her work deserves a liberal patronage.

—A young man existing at Blue Gulech, Mont., has recently shipped us a flourished owl, which we are training to hoot. Penmen祝愿 their rivals' work hooted at may have it accomplished in good shape at 35 cents per book.

—W. D. Showalter, who has been for some time connected with the Bayless Business College, Dubuque, Iowa, has made arrangements to teach in Pearce's College of Business, Philadelphia. We predict for Showalter a brilliant career in the field of penmanship.

—J. W. Coffield is driving the quill with muscular force at Kohl & Middleton's museum, Chicago. He is stationed in line with nature's most surprising freaks. Visitors look him over, and seem disappointed when they find him constructed on the plan of the ordinary homo, with no stray features.

—In this issue we give some exquisite thoughts in verse from the pen of E. R. Latta. Mr. Latta sings in a sweet and simple strain. He seems content with nature as it is. He does not threaten to pluck any of the unripe planets, nor does he become frantic in his verse over some yellow-haired maiden, as is often the case with new bards. This thing of poets getting beyond themselves, because some young woman, sixteen hands high, has crossed their path, waxes a trifle tiresome at times.

—J. D. M., Eureka Springs, Ark. Williams & Rogers, Rochester, N. Y., can furnish you on workkeeping you wish.

—E. G. V., Yarmouth, Me. Dwell more on the oval and in exercise for the first month or so. Do not allow the wrist to touch the desk.

—A. K. B., Chenoa, Ill. You are using the right movement. Go ahead; you will finally make your exit from the proper end of the horn.

—W. E. R., Truro, Ia. You should bridle your capitals; they are wild. You show evidence of the right kind of material in your system to succeed.

—J. T. H., Salem, O. Your writing is very beautiful without reform. The only suggestion we would make would be to secure more freedom of movement.

—C. B., Western, O. Put more force in your work. Practice the exercises given in the GAZETTE more. You can become a good writer by careful practice.

—G. H. L., Exeter, Neb. Yes, your writing is fine. Practice the GAZETTE's lessons more and you will gain more freedom and regularity in your movement.

—C. E., Madison, Ind. Your writing looks a little ragged, although the letters are formed fairly well. Leave off the extra finishing strokes. Strive to get a free and regular movement.

—B. R., Philadelphia, Pa. When you have practiced a few months from the Compendium, send in specimen of your work. Just now you should dwell on copy slugs No. 1, more than anything else.

—M. L., Emmetsburg, New York. Your writing is very neat, but hasn't quite force enough about it. Don't slant your letters quite so much. Round your 'm's and 'n's a little more at the top.

—A. H. S., Harrold, Dak. Don't shade your down strokes so much. Practice the in exercise until you can make down strokes as light as up strokes. Yes, when you are 21 years

old, we don't doubt but that your writing will equal that of the large gents. When Madarasz was your age, it is said that his writing looked as ink as though he had traced it with a pointed string.

—L. W., Ashland, Va. Try to make your small letters more uniform in height. Your spacing between words is very irregular. Correct these two prominent errors, and your work will look much better.

—W. T. C., El Dorado, Ill. The GAZETTE's lessons are doing you good. We notice a grace and strength about your work which is pleasing. You are on the right track to become a good penman. Keep it up.

—F. Mc. F., Athens, La. We should say you write with a fair muscular movement, but haven't regulated it fully, by practicing exercises of a simple nature. Your work shows evidence of determination to succeed.

—F. L. D., Kansas City, Mo. You are on the right track. Glad to see the GAZETTE's lessons are doing so much for you. Your writing while very neat, shows a lack of free movement. Drill on the exercise copies more.

—J. G. R., Bright, Ont. The lessons in penmanship will be continued in the GAZETTE. We can furnish back numbers of the GAZETTE to December, 1885. You can have your subscription date back to December, and thereby get the full course of lessons.

—C. W. A., Buffalo, N. Y. Your bump of variation may be made more tubercous by few culges from congealed brick. Apply on the crown of your intellect three or four times a day until your brain begins to jostle against your dome, and things terrestrial assume a dizzy hue.

—R. S. C., Knoxville, Tenn. In writing to your lady friend you should never address her as "Dear Birdie," or "Toosky Wopsey." There is a ring about such epithets that will give the girl a desire to drop herself with a gurgling splash into some large wet body of water. It also has a tendency to set the paternal hoof in a state of violent vibration when you call. No, the seal of tar is not an emblem of constancy.

—E. L. B., Providence. Your document bearing a baboon's footprint as signature, and a fragment from your nether drapery as seal, was brought over from the P. O. in a sealed pouch. After administering chloroform and carbolic acid we had it under fair control. The office boys are convalescing slowly. Do you not in your numerous correspondence, find it tedious to be compelled to remove your shoe in order to sign a document?

—J. J. D., Scranton, Pa. Your letters are not positive. You do not use a free movement. You can become a good penman by careful practice. Your bird's head has wandered quite a distance from its body, and you know that eventually necessitates an ungainly waste of neck. There isn't sufficient swoop about the bird's make up to ever overtake the winged alligator which is fleeing from a gaping fate.

—B. P. P., Mooreville, Tenn. Your bird looks very well, but it is a door mat or a sheep skin he is clutching with his hind foot? You have inserted his eye too far down his neck. Why didn't you place it under his wing since he can't afford an eye lash on his slender neck? The bug you have built in the front ranks certainly places little value on his life, as he seems cool and collected right under the shadow of a yawning William, or will you call him to call it.

—W. B., Pekin, China. Your suspenders are too short. The curve may be taken out of your vertebral by applying a rectangular crowbar under your vest. You can restrain straining of sinews through your whiskers no doubt have given them that deformed and faded appearance. Glad to know that the citizens of Pekin appreciate your skill enough to pay you 17 cents per day. You have certainly made wonderful progress in shirt marking. With the method you have adopted, you will not doubt accumulate a vast wardrobe and disabuse the Mongolian race.

The October GAZETTE pleases me "muchly." The fact begins to dawn upon my obtuse intellect that you are "the right man in the right place." Find enclosed \$1, for which

please place me "on the list." Any one who has "lost the spice of your jovial nature," and is not willing to go on it, is fit subject for the embalmers. Accept my warmest congratulations, and best wishes for your future success.

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THE WAR SERIES, which has been followed with unflagging interest by a great audience, will occupy less space during the coming year. Gettysburg will be described by Gen. Hunt (Chief of the Union Artillery); Gen. Longstreet, Gen. E. M. Law, and others; Chickamauga, by Gen. D. H. Hill; Sherman's March to the Sea, by Generals Howard and Slocum; Generals G. A. Gillmore, Wm. F. Smith, John Gibson, Horace Porter, and John S. Mosby will describe special battles and incidents. Stories of naval engagements, prison life, etc., will appear.

NOVELS AND STORIES. "The Handwriting Man," a novel by Frank R. Stockton, author of "The Lady or the Tiger?" etc., begins in November. Two novelties by George W. Cable, stories by Mary Hallock Foote, "Uncle Remus," Julian Hawthorne, Edward Eggleston, and other prominent American authors, will be printed during the year.

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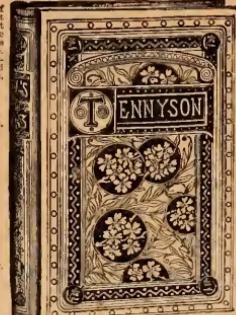


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PENMAN'S GAZETTE AND BUSINESS EDUCATOR.

THE G. A. GASKELL CO., PUBLISHERS.

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VOL. VIII.—No. 12.

D. B. Williams.

By a slight ocular demonstration the reader of this page may catch upon his or her retinal tissues, the graphic outlines of one of the most vivacious little beings the world of coils and curves is capable of bringing to the fraternal footlights. To omit the fact that he was born would be to depart from the regular custom of biographers. It is generally understood that birth is the *exordium* of every man's career, the *alpha*, we might remark, of every sojourner on this terrestrial ball. Mr. Williams was born in Ottawa, Waukesha county, Wis., about four-and-twenty years ago. His early years were not blist with beds of roses, therefore he knows the flavor of the gall and wormwood of experience. Being the possessor of an invincible spirit and an adhesive purpose he has climbed and carved his way up the *spiral stairway* to enviable success. He made his first marks by holding a metallic utensil to *terra firma* and coasing a steed to drag the same, but he is now bitterly opposed to the *drawing process*. He filled his father's soil until eighteen, when the possibilities of life began to spread out before him on a larger scale; and he bid farewell to rural life and sought the busy world of commerce in crowded cities. He came to Chicago and found employment in a mercantile house, where he remained for some time, then he went to Milwaukee and entered the very excellent business college of Prof. Robert Spearer. He found this course of great value, far more so than he had completed that we find him in the counting room of a large Milwaukee firm successfully managing their accounts. In 1883 he resigned this position, which he had so competently filled, to enter the field of penmanship.

Within three years Mr. Williams has pushed himself fairly and grandly to the front of his calling. He is now teaching in Bryant's Business College, Chicago, at a liberal salary. He is a very successful instructor of not only penmanship but of accounts and business arithmetic as well. He has the happy faculty of inspiring his pupils to their utmost effort by permeating the schoolroom with a cheerful and enthusiastic atmosphere. In addition to his school duties he is building up an extensive mail business all over the country. His national course of lessons by mail are proving a grand success, as every mail brings testimony to the fact from those who are practicing them. His writing is done with a graceful muscular movement, and therefore is strikingly fresh and beautiful. Few penmen possess so much scope of movement, and at the same time such perfect control as he.

We know Mr. Williams to be a young man of superior character; a man of his word; a gentleman from principle and not from policy. He is not warped by praise or blinded by popularity, but seems to have a course in life marked out, which he is following to the letter.

FOR THE PENMAN'S GAZETTE.

Recollections of a Penholder.

It has been wisely observed by Mr. Cheope, or some other pale-faced philosopher, that the child is father to the man. We are not, however always in the condition of being able to fully appreciate the fact, and do the circumstances seem always to harmonize with the theory. For example, a small but very wicked boy may pin to the rear elevation of our sacred person some such play-bill legend as "Nolody's Child." As we reach impulsively into space with our left hand to grasp the

situation and the boy, we may strive in vain to reconcile all the apparent inconsistencies of the case, though in our strong right hand we hold a vivid imagination and a piece of siding. The placard may be true in its main features, and yet we know, when we grow calm, that we are the immediate offspring of just such a piece of noise and inflammation as we awoke with a convenient barrel-stave. On the other hand, as we gaze like a cradle and perceive a mouth, with other humaa members distributed feebly about it, there is some difficulty in believing that this infant is the father of some grown person—especially if it is a girl. And yet we know on the authority of an adage as old as the newest minstrel "gag," that it must be so

page. In one of them I had occasion to use the word *expect*. I wrote it "eekspect," rather than compromising my reputation by making a stammer at a letter X. It was the same unknown quality of the deepest dye that it is in Robinson's Algebra.

In life, other influences got in their work. One of the most conspicuous of these came with my first and only love. We were very fond, but the course of true love, etc. In the same class was a large, corn-fed, platter-faced girl, named Jenille, who organized and maintained a desperate flirtation, to the great grief of my gentle Lucy. So one day I received, via the red-haired, intellectual girl, and the bullet-headed boy, a slate bearing this

seem very small causes." It was "tuff" to be convicted, but it was still more harrowing to be required to write my own sentence. But I did it, and as a part of the original penalty that I did it before I had any recess. While the other boys and girls were out playing "good"—that's the way it was pronounced—and "shiny," and in the exuberance of delight sooking snow down the backs of their necks, I was congregated behind my desk writing that beastly platitude all over quires and quires of legal cap. For a while I wrote the whole sentence, running along one line, thus:

. Great results often follow from what seem very small causes.

Then I would write in the vertical order, thus:

Great results
Great results
Great results

When the column was full, I would begin again at the top:

often follow
often follow
often follow

By varying the order to this and other ways I managed to outlive the sentence, but I can attribute the thinness of my hair on top to no other cause. As in the case of the Pauplet, no affliction for the present seemed joyous, but grievous, etc., so this agony was fruitful in the most far-reaching consequences. When I rose from that supreme effort my system was naturally more or less callous, but I could swing a pen with awful and destructive power. For months afterward, I could have written "Great results," etc., all over the tissue paper of my thoughts, with my left hand tied behind me, Marquis of Salisbury rules.

PHIL I. STINE.

For the PENMAN'S GAZETTE.

The Eve of Winter.

Though even has flown and invisible fingers,
Are silently studding the heavens with light,
The glow of her parting kiss blushingly lingers
Upon the dark cheek of the hovering night.
And where this thin curtain of clouds are dividing
As rose-tinted lids of a luminous eye,
Full orb'd and radiant face Luna is gilding
Across the blue vast of the cloud-dappled sky.

The planets are forth, Bright Andromeda graces
The spot where 'tis Pleiades tremble and gleam.
The stars for every moment are in motion,
The terrible Dray is dirily revelling
His mighty dimensions, and far in the east,
The glittering Huntsman is silently stealing
Along in pursuit of the shadowy Beast.

The river Neptuna shivers and shimmers,
And stretches like a pliant floor;
Like Yunnan through vapor ruddy light glimmers
At e'er and aye on the opposite shore;
While high through the trees where the stream in its
turning,
Gushes with bright embers, the flame and the glimmer,
The crimson smoke of brassy Autumn leaves burning,
Aconds like a ghost in the silvery air.

Beautiful Autumn! brown sister of Sunnec! The footprints have faded from mountain and plain; And purpled leaves have given way to money-gorged hummer, And autumnal mists have covered the green plain. The hoary voices roll harsh and stern; Through desolate "temple"; a dolorous psalm! The glory has faded and flown, and no longer The breath of the woodland comes laden with balm! *B. Buffon.* C. W. ANDERSON.

"Certain thoughts are prayers. There are moments when the soul is kneeling, no matter what the attitude of the body may be."



D. B. Williams

In the case of nearly all great men their particular genius has been foreshadowed in youth. (I borrow this fine, though-bright word, "foreshadowed," from a reporter for the daily press, with the understanding that it is to be critical, and I thought if I knew my own heart, that I could answer that in the affirmative. I did so, unadvisedly. I saw Lucy read it and grow pensive. Then she wrote only the heart-breaking words, "Good-bye," and passed the slate as before, hotton side up. It was quite clear then that either she or I had made the mistake of our respective lives. The next day I solved the mystery, and in that hour I gained a new and profound regard for penmanship. Properly translated, the question of the constant but anxious Lucy was, "Do you like I envy?" There was something grotesque and archaic in the form of the interrogatory, but I was not disposed to be critical, and I thought if I knew my own heart, that I could answer that in the affirmative. I did so, unadvisedly. I saw Lucy read it and grow pensive. Then she wrote only the heart-breaking words, "Good-bye," and passed the slate as before, hotton side up. It was quite clear then that either she or I had made the mistake of our respective lives. The next day I solved the mystery, and in that hour I gained a new and profound regard for penmanship. Properly translated, the question of the constant but anxious Lucy was, "Do you like I envy?"

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THE PENMAN'S GAZETTE.

FOR PENMAN'S GAZETTE.

FRAGMENTS.

BY W. N. FERRIS.

In a preceding paper we have endeavored to show that the penmanship student should have a practical knowledge of other things than his art. The days are past, if they ever existed, when a three months' course in a business college will equip a young man for commanding a large salary in the counting room or "pen art hall." We also attempted in speaking of penmanship, to show that the art offers admirable means for real mind training, an object seldom regarded by either teacher or pupil.

HINTS IN TEACHING PENMANSHIP.

It will be impossible for the author of "Fragments" to offer much that is new or valuable to the readers of the *Gazette*, because Prof. Wells and many others have gone over the ground in such a thorough and extensive manner. Young teachers, especially those in the public schools, may be benefited by having their attention brought to bear upon little things which are frequently neglected in trying to train children in this useful and beautifull art.

First position. The young teacher, after the first two or three days' drill at the beginning of the term, it seems to repeatedly call attention to how the pupil should sit at the desk or table. But when we reflect that the majority of mankind warp and deform the skeleton in a thousand and one ways; when we recognize the fact that very few people ever know how to stand, sit, or walk, we should not hesitate to drill pupils in the matter of correct position until they are able to sit with grace and ease. In fact, the teacher must keep this in mind from first to last, remembering that a correct position of the body, as a whole, and of its parts, is always of very great value.

Another point too frequently ignored is the mental condition or mental attitude of the learner. The entire class should be induced, as far as possible, to assume a happy and cheerful mental state. Smiles, not frowns, ought to be upon every face. If school is delightful—if it is a place where children come, not only for mental power and knowledge, but for hearty enjoyment, this cheerful attitude will be easily secured. Irritable, fretful, discouraged, tired students accomplish very little in any line. This is especially true in learning any of the arts.

Another point akin to the one just mentioned, and quite as important, is that the pupils really love to write. If they enjoy the exercise—if they take pleasure in anticipating that by and by the hand will become deft, and portray the beautiful outlines existing in the mind—if there is pleasure in the act itself, there can be no doubt concerning the result. In short, lead pupils to come to penmanship-dill as they would come to a rich repast.

Young teachers, and quite often those of much experience, in beginning a course of penmanship-training, fail to give the gymnasiums of the art sufficient time and attention. Movement exercises are presented during the first week, and then from day to day regular work in writing letters, words and sentences. The truth of the matter is that movement is of primary importance. Movement exercises should constitute the chief work of the learner long enough to enable him to get control of the muscles employed in doing rapid writing. Nothing is gained by hastening to letter-practice; on the contrary, the tendency is to encourage the pupil to perpetuate his bad habits. Having given the class a thorough appreciation of movement, introduce practice upon letters, still employing daily the regular movement drill. Many of our expert penmen attribute a large part of their success in learning the art, to laboratory practice upon a few important movement exercises, such as are given in Gaskell's Compendium.

Another means, seldom employed by teachers, is to have pupils file daily a slip of their class practice for the instructor's criticism. This criticism should be made in red ink, touching, perhaps, only a single fault. Occasionally write a word of hearty commendation upon the slip. This will cost the teacher but little work, even with a class of forty or fifty, and will place him in a position to better suit his instructions to the actual need of his class. If the pupil dates and preserves his

slip he will, in hours of discouragement, have an opportunity to see just what he has accomplished. In almost every instance the learner will be pleasantly surprised to find that he has made great progress—discouragement will give way to new hope and confidence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOR THE PENMAN'S GAZETTE.

Thoughts.

BY W. D. SHOWALTER.

All around us, spread in beauteous profusion, are the creations of mind. In the workshop and factory, as well as in the public libraries, we see the effects of thought. In the onward rush of that locomotive across the river yonder, as well as in the temple of art in fair-off sunny Florence, is exhibited the labors of human genius and the fruits of mental research. The mechanic and the author are co-workers in the field of intellectual investigation.

When we stop to reflect on the wonderful strides we are, as a people, making in the grand triumphal march of Christian civilization; when we consider our vast and varied achievements in art, literature and commerce, we cannot repress a feeling of reverence for the divine force that has brought about the improvements and inventions of our present age.

Thought has tunneled the granite moun-

tain, that progress has reached its limit, and that improvement upon our present seemingly perfect civilised inventions or theories is impossible, will at least discover his mistake ere time carries him to the silent tomb.

To insure a harmonious march on the highway of progress, it is necessary that earnest thinkers have charge of every department of human industry. The division of civilization's army which falls behind will soon be covered with the dust of oblivion.

In all branches of educational effort, constant advancement is necessary. The world is moving; we must fall in line and keep step to the music of the orchestra of thought.

Philadelphia, Nov. 19, 1885.

FOR THE PENMAN'S GAZETTE.

Success and Failure.

SELFISHNESS AS AN INGREDIENT OF BOTH.

BY E. K. ISAACS.

There is perhaps not a person living who is not accustomed to a greater or less extent in whatever he does by selfishness. But the word "selfishness" has a displeasing sound. In its common acceptance, the word represents an odious quality in man. We all hate a selfish person. Yet this consideration of self is a powerful motor in the wonderful machinery of civilization. It is a very difficult matter for an ordinary mortal to do *anything*

wealth, look after his own interests. This, in fact, is the duty of every one: A man must be "selfish" enough to think well of himself, to have confidence in his own ability, and to put that confidence into practice by being vigilant in the pursuit of his occupation. But all of this should be done with a view to helping others as well as self. Our own success certainly is fraught with greater happiness if it is not built on others' ruin and unhappiness. If we feel that in our own struggle for success we are also causing a betterment of the condition of others, our success will certainly bring us more enjoyment and satisfaction than would should it have the opposite effect, or no effect whatever, on our fellow beings. Viewed in this light, there is, perhaps, no business or profession whose successful prosecution is productive of as much satisfaction as successful teaching. And under this head might be included preaching, for what is true preaching but teaching? A teacher's success is measured by the improvement of those under his charge. Compare the life of a successful teacher with the life of a "successful" saloon keeper. The teacher may look back fifteen or twenty years with calm satisfaction as he remembers the army of bright and promising youth whom he has led onward and upward to a higher and nobler life. It may be that some have gone astray, but the teacher has the satisfaction of knowing that he has at least tried to elevate his fellow men. The saloon keeper! Let



FREE FROM THE FRANTIC QUILL OF R. S. COLLINS, KNOXVILLE, TENN.

tains; it has chained the lightnings of heaven and made them subservient to human convenience; it has discovered new worlds, and decked the brow of the sea with floating palaces; it has soared to distant planets, sealing the very walls of heaven in its unlimited wanderings, and in its mystic flights, has gone beyond the gates of death and revealed to us the glories of unknown states of existence; it has solved the mysteries of philosophy and delved with untiring vigor into mathematical reasoning; it has developed and promulgated the teachings of science, advanced theological dogmas and guided the hand of the inspired artist and sculptor; it has dotted our country with cities, and girded hill and plain alike with bands of steel; it has created the enchanted world of literature and clothed the earth with newspapers; it has established benevolent institutions, founded universities and spread the waves of commerce; it has erected temples and reared monuments that pierce the very clouds; it has ever constituted the fount that has raised man from barbarity to Christianity and refinement, from crudity to culture.

The munitions of awe-inspiring splendor that beautify our cities are simply thought turned to stone, or embodied in glittering colonnades of marble. Our magnificent public buildings are all the children of the brain cloned in granite.

Thought is not limited in its scope, nor are its possibilities measured. He who believes

without being stimulated to action by selfishness. "Will it pay me?" "What good results will accrue to me from doing this?" "Why should I do anything, unless I am benefited, directly or indirectly?" These are questions or thoughts that naturally arise whenever any line of action is contemplated. But it does not require any giant intellect or any extraordinary moral capacity to understand that consideration of self alone, without any regard or feeling for the consequences or effects of our actions on our fellow men, is a very mean thing indeed. It is this that attaches such odium to the word "selfishness" and to a selfish person. A liquor dealer sells liquor to a man. The man drinks it to excess, gets drunk, goes home and abuses his wife and children, and causes sorrow and desolation in his household. The liquor dealer perhaps knew that the man would get drunk and abuse his family, but selfishness predominates, and he continues to pour his damnable stuff into the throats of his miserable customers. And so, the man who gets drunk, what is he but selfishness? It causes him togulp down the vile poison? He does it to satisfy his own appetite, and without any regard for the effect it has on his family.

But there is a certain kind of selfishness that is proper, and that is necessary to the highest success. It is that kind of selfishness which does not allow a person to elevate self by degrading or injuring others. A man has a perfect right to build himself up, accumulate

him look back twenty years over his "successful" life. What has he done over which he may experience a single spark of genuine happiness? Instead of building his success on the betterment of humanity, he builds it on its degradation. Instead of looking back into the past and seeing a multitude of bright and ambitious faces looking up to him for guidance and advice, he sees a multitude of miserable human beings whose condition he has made worse by his "successful" business. His "success" consists simply in making money, and in this he is prompted wholly by selfishness; hence selfishness, its most odious form, is the successful element in a saloon keeper.

But a teacher's success cannot possibly be measured from a money standpoint only, but by the intellectual and moral improvement of those under his charge as well. It is impossible for a truly successful teacher to be selfish, unless the desire to enjoy the satisfaction of knowing that he has done his duty to the very best of his ability, may be termed selfishness. This, however, is not saying that a teacher has no plenty of temptation to be selfish. What teacher when before a class of pupils, perhaps many of them careless about giving and applying themselves to the truth expounded, does not often feel: Oh, well, what do I care whether these dull pupils get what I am trying to explain, or not? Why should I work and worry myself to death trying to make others better, as long as they do

not seem to care themselves?" I say, what teacher is not often tempted in this way? But this is nothing but selfishness asserting itself, and it is bad teaching, the result of our teaching is not satisfactory.

But while successful teaching is fraught with perhaps more genuine satisfaction than success in any other calling, so unsuccessful teaching is perhaps fraught with more unappiness than is failure in any other calling. What teacher, though ever so successful in the main, does not occasionally feel, at the close of a recitation, that his efforts during the hour have been almost a total failure? And who can imagine a more distressingly mortifying feeling than that which the teacher experiences after such (to him) seemingly unsuccessful attempt?

It might be remarked here that the path of a writing teacher is not always strewn with roses. He has perhaps more temptations to be selfish (which includes vanity) than any other teacher; and it certainly requires no less tact and skill—teaching ability—to teach penmanship successfully than is required in any other field of teaching.

For the PENMAN'S GAZETTE.

Manuscript Literature of Egypt.

In a former article I stated that the Egyptian papyri are the oldest manuscripts in the

later blue and rose colored parchments were covered with characters of gold and silver. The hieroglyphics were enlarged to vignettes. These were usually ten inches wide, and of different lengths, some being 150 feet long without any separation into paragraphs.

Many of the manuscripts which are preserved in the museums are in the hieratic characters, and were found in the tombs; these are the so-called "Books of the Dead." The oldest copy of this ritual was found in the tomb of a king of the eleventh dynasty, some three thousand years before the Christian era. The latest is of the second century since Christ. This is the most complete of any yet discovered, being in the demotic or common language and containing 16 chapters. It gives a mystical account of the soul after death, and tells how, by repeating the names and attributes of the many gods, it could reach the hall of Osiris, the ruler of eternity. Here they were to be judged by Osiris and forty-two assessors, typical of the two-mortual sins.

These rituals were written and illustrated with more or less magnificence and completeness in proportion to the rank of the deceased or the price his friends were willing to pay, and were placed in the coffin with the dead.

Another class of religious books are those describing the transformation of the gods; or

the conjurer identifies himself with some deity whose power he assumes by incantation. Every one sought aid from the magicians. Even Pharaoh himself was not above it when Moses presented himself before the king with his miraculous rod. Little rolls of papyrus are often found which bear magical inscriptions and seem to have been worn as amulets.

Yet in the many medical works there is no reference made to charms or superstitions. The most remarkable medical papyrus is that of Berlin, which states that it was found at the feet of a statue of Anubis in the town of Sekhem in the days of Thoth. After his death King Set had it restored to its place by the statue. King Set belonged to the second dynasty, and if the manuscript was old in his time, it must have been the work of the second king of Egypt. Think of a work on anatomy as old as that! What an encouragement it should be to physicians of the present day! This gives an incomplete account of the human body, and carefully proportioned prescriptions for various ailments, in which milk, honey, salt and vinegar have a prominent place. Also applications of raw flesh, lard and ammonia.

Scientific works show that the Egyptians were acquainted with the true motion of the earth and the planets. An ancient papyrus is entitled "Principle of arriving at the knowledge of

of letter paper or flatcap, and fill the book with the following specimens, varied of course as your judgment and ability may direct.

1. For the first page prepare whatever specimen of writing you will expect your pupils to copy to be used as a basis to reckon improvement on.

2. A page of the figures and short letters in the order you teach them.

3. A page composed of words and sentences made up in the main from short letters.

4. Extended letters and words made up principally of extended letters.

5. Sentences graded from easy to difficult.

6. The capitals in the order you teach them.

7, 8, 9, 10. Pages of movements, exercises arranged in the order you use them.

11. A nicely written letter.

12. A page of proper names.

13. Notes, receipts, recipes, etc., written in your best business style.

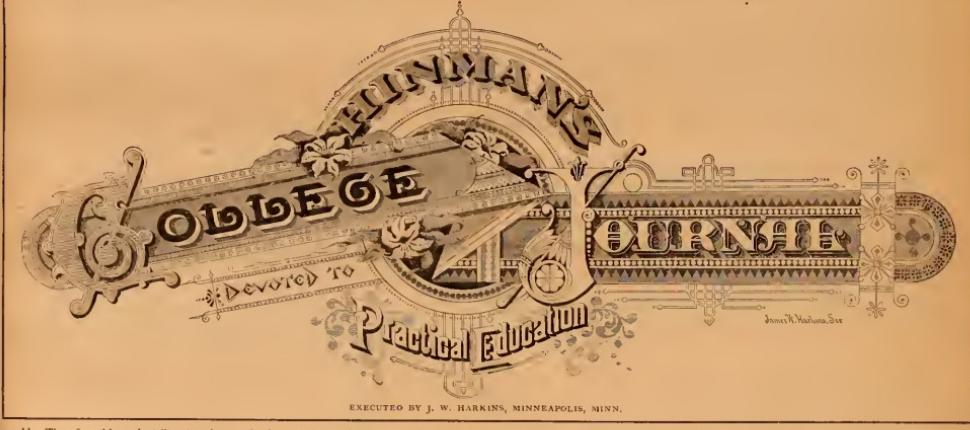
14. A page representing superscriptions for envelopes.

15, 16. Samples of written cards.

17, 18, 19. A variety of capitals, business and ornamental.

20. Signatures.

You now have twenty pages of matter to which may be added whatever you wish, and can be executed in the line of ornamental writing, flourishing and drawing, closing with



world. Therefore this ancient literature has a special interest to me.

At the time of Abraham the Egyptians had attained a degree of civilization none equaled by few nations. Four of its great pyramids had been built. The Sphinx testified to the power of the king's temples and other public buildings, obelisks and columns showed the wealth of the nation and the degree of architectural skill they had acquired.

The earliest records are in the hieroglyphics or picture writing which they were the first to use. Later a more simple form was adopted for the papyri, yet the hieroglyphics were retained to illustrate or enforce some ideas, and for State documents and inscriptions. This hieratic writing was made from hieroglyphics, and was used for religious books. A still simpler form, the demotic, had been devised for the common people as the hieroglyphic was for kings and priests.

The Egyptian wrote with a reed, holding at the same time a palette. In which were two wells—one of black ink, the other of red. The hieroglyphics were outlined with black, the red denoting paragraphs, directions and repetitions.

Sometimes manuscripts were written in various colors, each one of which had some special significance. Thus, blue was for celestial objects, water and certain metals. Green, for the various productions of the vegetable world, and also for bronze. Red represented the human being, in distinction from animals, which were black. The hair also was black, while pottery and the sun were red. Light and wood were represented by yellow. Other colors were afterward introduced; and still

the lamentations of Isis, the wife of Osiris, when he was conquered by Set (Evil), and carried to the lower world. These are to be found in the tombs of the priests.

The devotional books are nearly all collections of hymns addressed to the sun, or to some god having certain attributes of the sun. These are profane and lofty in sentiment; novels predominated under the Ramessæ (the Pharaohs of the Bible). Only two of these have yet been discovered. "The Tale of Two Brothers" was written by Enna, an author of the time of Moses, and was intended for the amusement of the royal princesses. The other, "The Romance of Seina," was a much later production, and shows the danger of carelessly handling the sacred books.

Some of the ethical treatises are moral essays, proverbs, dialogue and letters from a teacher to a pupil. One manuscript of moral philosophy speaks in parables, and explains its truth by means of metaphors from common life.

Epileptory correspondence was very common, and many letters are preserved. One collection of fifty-eight in the British museum, are by the scribe Pentaur, Pineha and Enna, the author of "Two Brothers," about the time of the Exodus.

History flourished under the Ptolemies, although the remains of such literature are fragmentary, and many periods are complete blanks.

There are numerous manuscripts illustrating magical beliefs. The ceremonies seem to have been uniform. First, a mythological "event" between Osiris and Set, or the good and evil powers of nature is described. Then

quantities, and of solving of secrets which are in the nature of things." This is a treatise on geometry, giving regular proportions and their demonstration concerning measurements of surface and solid bodies, especially the pyramids.

The greatest epic is that of Pentaur which is sometimes called the Egyptian Iliad, and is several centuries older than the Greek Iliad. It deserves great admiration for the rapid narration of events, keeping the exploits of Rameses II. in his war with the Khetas as the central thought.

The biographical manuscripts consist of sketches of personal adventure in war and travel. That of Mahor is often called the Odyssey by way of distinction. It gives an account of his journey through Syria and Palestine.

The satirical writings and beast fables, caricature the foibles of all classes, not even sparing the king himself. They are often illustrated with comical pictures, mimicking the court of Palestine.

Penmanship on the Road.

POINTERS ON ORGANIZING.

The method offered in this article is what is known in politics as a still hunt.

Select your territory, pick out your schoolhouse as near as may be at a central point in some well settled neighborhood and go to work.

SPECIMENS.

Procure a scrap book with pages somewhat larger than a letter sheet. Use a good quality

a couple of pages containing the terms of the course of lessons you purpose giving and a blank space for names; in short a subscription list.

If you have taught you should have another scrapbook containing specimens, showing improvement made by your former students or a part of them.

Armed with these two books and whatever specimens you design to distribute gratuitously, you are ready to go gunning for scholars, and go, let no guilty scribbler escape. Give every one within a reasonable distance of your school a courteous invitation to become a member.

Personally show them the specimens of your work and the work done by your former pupils, explain to them your method of teaching, in fact, make as thorough a canvass as you would to sell a book or run for Congress.

Proceed in this manner and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that those who did not become members of your class had a good and sufficient excuse.

Parents can be solicited for the attendance of their children too young to have a voice in the matter.

You may do you not take the idea. All right, if the GAZETTE has the patience to hear us out, look for an entire change of program next month.

Wilton Junction, Inc., Oct. 15, 1886.

We have requests for names of persons who wish to correspond for mutual benefit in Graham photography. Send your name and address to the editor of this department, Plainfield, N. J.

THE PENMAN'S GAZETTE.

The Gymnasium.
—BY—



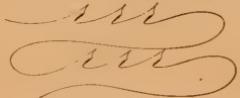
Have you survived the last lesson? Do you notice a threadbare look about the under proportion of your right sleeves from excessive grinding? Have your forearm muscles congealed or relaxed? If you find that your nerves are all in their normal state, we are ready to make



the December charge. However, before beginning, allow me to reopen the question box. How is your position at the desk? Do you lean forward on the desk until your chin takes the place of a blotter? Do you sit with your feet resting squarely on the floor, or do you twine them



about the chair rounds or thrust them far back in the rear until your position is that of the contortionist doing the backward summersault? Does the weight of your arm rest on the forearm muscle, and does your hand slide on the tips of the third and fourth fingers? Does



your hand keel over to right or left in writing long words or lateral exercises? Can you make ovals with a regular motion? Can you shade oval exercise alternately without changing speed in shaded strokes? Can you move off slowly with muscular exercises and make strokes



smooth, or are they wobbly under slow motion? Perhaps you grip the pen too much. Go over the back number lessons carefully. Commence with ground principles and master them. Don't skim over a month's work in an hour's practice. Suppose an exercise does become a "chestnut," you can't gain anything by skipping unpleasant duties. There are no patent



processes by which a good handwriting can be mastered before breakfast. This thing of mastering a science or art as an appetizer for breakfast has been plunged far into the rusty past. Before you can succeed at writing you must first analyze your desire for the art; is it a huge muscular desire that leads you to your desk every spare moment, and forces you to consume



benzine in the cause, until the hour is so small that no sound can be heard, save your father's snoring and your own surging thoughts? Or is it a desire that can be erased from your mind by the dizzy fabrics of life? Will the intoxication of the fantastic waltz wrench this shallow-set art-yearning from your mind? Is it such that you can cast it aside as a



disabled mitten, and chase the cloying sweets of the hour, or is it a love that stands fixed in your mind like a deep-set gate-post? How many times your length would you go to wield the pen like the famed pen-wiper, L. Madarasz? When you enter a speculation or bargain of any kind, you first consider the cost and deal accordingly. In this bargain your labor is



the cost, and the accomplishment the gain or product. You have learned the value of the accomplishment, but have you not been entirely blind to the cost? The most important question, are you willing to begin right, when reason has, by the aid of other helps, pointed



out the right path? When we are willing to pull off the mask of side-whiskered bosh, we must admit that there are very few things to remember in order to learn to write. Of course these ground principles may be diluted by watery and attenuated theories. The principles

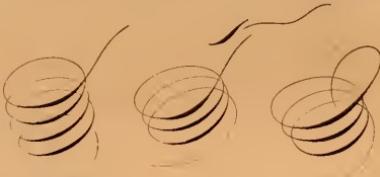
of walking may be drawn out into a volume or told in a sentence. One teacher may tell the pupil to use a regular movement in practicing the oval, and explain the shade and finish, while another unclasps his loquacious organ and allows a roll of verbosity to escape, something after the following plan: "Allow the brawny growth of the forearm to come in juxtaposition



with the desk. Now contract the fibers of the arm sufficiently to bring the fingers against the holder with equal pressure on all sides, which you see is pen-holding. Now cause your pen to circumnavigate an imaginary ovaloid body. Fancy, I might say, an invisible hawser attached to your pen, and also to a mythical stake. Now, dear pupils, you will observe that your



pen 'caun't travel otherwise than in a circuit without breaking this illusive cord, which we have so finely spun with the wonderful machinery of the brain." Such explanations are about as intangible as moonshine on a dark night, or marriage insurance corporations when their liabilities are due. Such freaks of the language are so thin and weak that they not only



fall to find echo in the mind but echo herself, the mythical nymph of the woods, can't reverberate the weak volume of exhausted sound. It even represents less than three ciphered characters after the characters have been removed. Simply a blast of nothing, which makes an infinitesimal vacuum in the air. When you have once learned the few principles you should glue



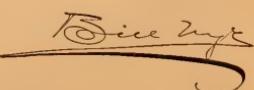
them to your mind and use them. Thousands of poor writers thoroughly comprehend the theory of writing, but don't practice that which they know to be correct. Why? some may ask. Simply because they have a set style, which must be reformed before any success can follow. In the last part of this lesson you will notice two signatures. The first is an etching,



which is intended to represent the signature of a Canadian tourist. It is equally as vague as his whereabouts are to the U. S. detectives. The second is also a signature. The name is familiar to all dirge composers and epitaph poets. Everything Mr. Nye says is very sad, and yet some people are so thoughtless as to laugh at the freaks of his pen. He is simply an



animated rectangular shroud, which stalks around at large to "harrow up men's souls and freeze their blood." A frame surrounded by an embazoned pate. A being with a frank and truthful heart, but possessed of a fertile brain, which causes his pen to diverge from the path of G. W. rectitude.



In our January magazine we will hear what Bill has to say about penmanship and autograph albums.

Washington's Temper.

Washington was human, though history has so idealized him that he seems but "little lower than the angels." He had a quick temper, which he generally controlled; but occasionally it broke loose, and then there was a collision.

One of these collisions was witnessed by Gilbert Stuart, while he was painting Washington's portrait. One morning, as the artist was ascending the steps of the President's house, he looked through the open street door and the inner door into the parlor.

Washington had a man by the collar, and was thrusting him violently across the room. Mr. Stuart not wishing to enter the house then, passed on. After going a short distance, he returned, and found Washington sitting in a chair, quietly awaiting him.

"Mr. Stuart," said the President, after the morning salutation, "when you went away yesterday you turned the face of the picture to the wall, and gave directions that I should remain in that position, to prevent my receiving any injury. When I came into the room this morning, the picture's face was turned outward, as you now see it; the doors were open, and here was a fellow raising a dust with a broom, and I know not but the picture is ruined!"

Little harm was done to the picture, but the incident gave a happy thought to the artist. He had tried in vain by his wonderful powers of conversation to excite the self-controlled

national visual power can see twelve stars. A large telescope will reveal at least two hundred stars.

The Messrs. Henry are hard working astronomers, the efficient apparatus for photographing the heavens now in successful working order in the Paris Observatory is largely the result of the united exertions of the two brothers. The honor of discovering the new nebula in the Pleiades therefore belongs wholly to them.

Among the visible stars that make up the cluster, there is one of the fifth magnitude known as Mina. The new nebula seems to escape from this star, first directing its course toward the west, then turning suddenly to the north, and gradually fading into invisibility. The nebula is very intense, is of a plainly marked spiral form, and its extent is about three minutes of space.

The value of photographs of celestial phenomena has long been fully recognized. But if this art succeeds in supplementing human vision, and enables objects to be detected that are far beyond the power of the sense of sight then its use in this direction be considered one of the greatest discoveries of the present century.

The possibilities of this new science can hardly be imagined. While they suggest what is practical, they also turn the mind to what is sublime and poetic, and promise remarkable material both for pictorial and literary art.—*Youth's Companion.*

friends, must show himself friendly."

"The world," says another great German, "comes to serve the true tongue and loving heart!"—*Exchange.*

The Evil Eye.

An English writer, Mr. Hodder Westropp, recently traced the singular superstition of the Evil Eye back to the Aryan race. This will account for the almost universal belief in it in the poorer classes, even of nations now widely separated. The ignorant not only in all European countries, but the Arabs, the Hindoos, the Maoris in Australia, the Romans, all African tribes, and our own Indians hold this absurd superstition.

In many cases, too, the belief that the eye has power to cast a malignant spell is supplemented by faith in some unpleasant object to ward it off. Usually this is the sign of a bloody hand. In Turkey, Arabia, Hindostan and Malabar, children are decorated with some brilliant object to attract the eye of their spectator, and to divert its possible evil influence. In Egypt, even when they belong to wealthy people, the are sent upon the street in ragged and filthy garments for the same purpose. Lord Lytton says:

"At Naples the superstition works well for the jewelers, as many costly charms do they sell to ward off the ominous power of the *mal occhio*. A coral ornament among the ancient Greeks, as now in modern Italy, was a favorite aveter of the evil influence."

Drawing Lessons.

In the January magazine Frank Beard will step to the footlights again with something intensely interesting to the wielders of crayon and charcoal. The drawing lessons will be a prominent feature of the Gaskell Magazine during the coming year.



JOS. FOELLER, JR.,
Jersey City, N. J.

The above shadow was cast by that skillful little pen artist so well known in New York and adjoining cities.

Movement Exercises.

In learning to write with ease and rapidity, the student cannot devote too much time to the practice of carefully-arranged movement exercises. While practicing movement, the pupil should be taught the importance of careful observation, aiming to place each line of the exercise in its proper position to produce harmony. Exercises should be designed with a view to leading the pupil to the correct form of some capital or small letter, and by this means he will be led gradually and almost unconsciously into an easy and fluent style of writing.

It is true that the plain letters are the most difficult to form, and the pupil becomes discouraged sooner, when given a word to be written plainly, than in any other branch of the art. The teacher should exercise great care in giving copies that will stimulate the pupils to work for higher results. This can be done by taking the letter you desire the pupil to practice, and adding a simple curve or flourish, so that the effect will be pleasing, and at the same time, call especial attention to the formation of the letter used, and you will see the pupil put forth extra efforts.

We submit to the readers of the *Gazette* a few exercises for muscular movement practice, which may be used to advantage by the boys who are practicing at home, and using the *Gazette* as their guide. Each exercise should be practiced with the object of making the work like the copy. Study the position of each stroke; i.e., where the lines cross each other, forming right angles, thus leaving each line clear and distinct. Use a quick movement, and the lines will present a life-like appearance. The pupil should be impressed with the importance of careful practice—never make an exercise carelessly, though it may seem easier to make it without an object in view.

Every lesson in penmanship should be commenced by giving an exercise to produce freedom of movement. Make the exercise of such letters as may be used in the following work of words or sentences, and you will have an interest in the work that cannot be obtained otherwise. Any letter may be used in designing exercises that will be interesting, beautiful and practical in producing the best results.

The teacher of penmanship who is liberal with his movement exercises, careful how his pupils practice them, and keeps repeating them with renewed energy, is the one who is justly pronounced *successful*. So much good advice regarding position and materials has been given through the columns of the *Gazette* that we do not deem it necessary to offer any suggestions in that direction, but submit these remarks on movement exercises with the hope that many will practice the copies in this issue, and we are sure much good will be accomplished.

Yours truly,

C. N. CRANDLE.
Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 5, 1889.

**Why They Loved Him.**

President that his eye would flash and his composed features he lighted up.

Knowing that Washington became irritable when kept waiting five minutes beyond the appointed hour, he got everything ready for a sitting, and then left the room, just before the designated time for the President's entrance.

Going into the adjoining room, he waited until he heard a loud exclamation of impatience, and the quick steps that told of an angry mood. Then entering, he saluted Washington, and seized his palette. The salute was coldly returned; the President seated himself in the chair, his face flushed with indignation. The painter hastened to catch the expression.

After a few touches he ceased painting, and, with a smile of satisfaction, apologized for his want of frankness by frankly confessing the reuse he had practiced.—*Youth's Companion.*

Celestial Photography.

Photography has been the means of making a great discovery. By its aid a new nebula was found in the Pleiades, on the 16th of last November, by the Messrs. Henry, of the Paris Observatory. The wonderful thing in the case is, that though the nebula is plainly impressed on the photographic picture of the constellation it has been, thus far, too faint to be visible to the human eye in powerful telescopes.

The Pleiades form one of the most interesting clusters of stars that sparkle the firmament. The casual observer easily detects six stars belonging to the group. Observers with excep-

tion of the most notable English officers who fell in Egypt was a young Lieutenant de Lisle, for whom the whole navy mourned, although he was not a man of great individual power, influence or wealth. The secret of this remarkable popularity has a special significance for boys.

"He was the most truthful and the most friendly man in the service," says another officer.

"He was so direct and straightforward that his word had the force of an oath," said another. When he was a midshipman of sixteen, a storm occurred during his watch, in which a mast was swept away. The captain came on board in a fury.

"Why did you not send up a man to reef the sail?" he demanded of the boy.

"I should have lost my own life if I had gone to reef it," was the reply, "and I will not send one of the crew where I dare not go myself. A mast is not worth so much as a man's life."

The captain replied by a volley of oaths. The next day, however, he came to the little midshipman in the presence of the crew and said, "You were right, and I was wrong. A man's life is worth more than a mast."

Throughout his life he had a tender care for the meanest of his men, as though he had been his brother.

He had indomitable courage in risking his own life, but he was a coward for others.

"The man," says Goethe, "who would have

This malignant power, according to the Italians, may belong to a person of good, even holy character. Pope Plus IX., although revered by his people, was popularly believed to have the *mal occhio*, and it is stated that the more ignorant of the Romans, while receiving his benediction for their souls' health, would accidentally fall upon them and wretched bodies.

There is a basis of truth in the most groveling superstition, and the germ of this one was probably the perception among the earliest dwellers on the globe of the strong personal magnetism possessed by many men of evil nature. It was natural for ignorant men to attribute this to some physical power of the eye.

While no educated American believes in the power of any man to shrivel his limbs, or infuse a deadly poison into his blood by the mere glance of his eye, it is nevertheless true that a man of strong will and magnetic manner can and does exercise a strong influence over every person who comes near him. In every community, church, or school this power is possessed by one or more persons. They are the leaders; the others follow. Sometimes their influence is as malignant as the soul in which the *mal occhio* was believed to be in the body.

—*Youth's Companion.*

If a man would register all his opinions upon love, politics, religion, learning, etc., beginning at his youth and so go on to old age, what a bundle of inconsistencies and contradictions would appear at last!—*Jonathan Swift.*

THE PENMAN'S GAZETTE.



AND BUSINESS EDUCATOR.

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**THE G. A. GASKELL CO.,
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And Still They Come.

The mails for the past month have brought scores of letters and exercises showing what a grand work the **GAZETTE** is doing as a teacher. The girls and boys of our large circle are evidently catching the gleam of enthusiasm which is constantly glowing on the **GAZETTE**'s altar, as their work shows steps forward and the vigorous spirit of progress. These evidences are necessary to keep the ball rolling and continually spur our pen to earnest action. Let us hear from every disciple of the **GAZETTE**'s lessons. Our files are large. Don't hesitate to drop us a line. We are in dead earnest, and want to know just how much good we are doing.

Words, Not Works.

"Works," we will admit, are often constructed of "words," but in some instances such "works" are rendered worthless from the fact that they should remain "words." In the November **GAZETTE**, the printer who transposed "Delusions of Aspiring Bards," into cold type had evidently used all of his "d's" in reporting the speech of some hard citizen. At any rate, where the author speaks thus: "Emerson tells us that some of Tennessee's poems are poems," the printer prints this last line: "Emerson tells us that some of Tennessee's poems are poems." To an Englishman, this latter statement might mean nothing, but to an American who can whistle fairly well with the mother tongue, the printer's construction would be a thoroughly derailed "chestnut," if we may be allowed so to speak

It would be about as brilliant to state that some of his poems were written while he was awake, as to state that some of his works were poems, since most true poems that he had the fact soaked into their intellect that Tennyson was considerably given to smiting the tyre.

Gems for January.

The **GAZETTE** has just received a fresh installment of solemn reflection from the famous humorist, **Bill Nye**, in the form of an illustrated letter to a editor.

Bill (we call him Bill, because we have compensated him for that privilege) tells in his own popular, and vein how the **GAZETTE** has come to his bosom like a priceless boon, when most needed the companionship of a boon, how nervous system of penmanship has built up his nervous system, and other things qualified to augment the oral vacuum and tone up the penman's liver.

We also have promised for the January magazine a choke article from the pen of E. R. Latta, entitled "College Adventures". Mr. Latta has been a regular contributor to literary magazines for thirty years. He will furnish an article each month for our magazine during the coming year.

Another bright writer, C. W. Anderson, promises some of his 36 calibre unused shots for January. He informs us that he is feeding on fish and rice, and hopes to have his thinker toned up to a key bordering on the divine afflatus. He says he can feel his brain cells already exploding under the flood of thought like dried apples in a rain barrel. The explosion will take place soon. We are having a MS. file bound in iron hoops to hold them.

The new magazine will contain other bright contributions aside from the regular quota of penmanship, shorthand and drawing matter. Now is a good time to subscribe. Begin now and you will have something very handsome to bind at the end of the year \$8.75.

Character in Laughter.

A man may train his voice to rattle along in softest cadences, or wreath his face in artificial smiles, which are fine likenesses of the real, but when he attempts to imitate a natural, whole-souled outburst with his sardonic guffaw, the deception is shattered into small pieces as the listener's confidence. There is a pre-meditated, metallic ring about a forced laugh which always betrays the mockery, and fills our minds with impressions equally as ghastly and cold. A natural laugh is a spontaneous combustion of the soul, and as incapable of being shaped and refined as the blast from a cannon. Of course we may bridle our spasmodic outbursts, and force them into measured tones and keys, but then they are only abortives with a ring as dry and lifeless as the wall of an automatic cuckoo. The volatile element is left out, and they fall upon the ear as heavy as the flabby sounds from a butcher's ax. If a man is endowed with much of the animal no sullen interweavings can change his brays and chuckles into perfect imitations of the soul's spontaneous outbursts, which carry a subtle oil through all the complicated machinery of our natures. Policy often prompts a smile more cadaverous than the lines of misery, a harrowing up of the features more ghastly than the grin of death. A perfidious whiny which is forced for gold, pierces the ear like the measured squawk of an empty automaton and sticks in the mind like the langid bleat of an expiring veal. Who has not started with chilly forebodings upon hearing the cavernous "he-he-he!" of some velvet-voiced fraud, whose sinuous incantations, without this Leigh of warning, might have bound their souls with a spell? Who has not penetrated the labored guffaw of the oily tongued cheat and discovered a background of political plots and motive machinery? A real gushing outflow tolerates no disguise; a clear ringing mellow note of the soul has no counterpart in deception; it is truly a son's presence as the sparkle in the dewdrop suggests higher light. Of course a man may be too short-winded to yell his laughs at the sides, and the jugular still have a soul sufficiently dwarfed to abide in the cavity of a camel's hump. But such daggared whoops are generally prompted by the same instinct that causes the Biblical

quadruped to chuckle upon receiving his usual alp of hay. A good man's soul is generally schooled in his laugh. His smiles are as holy as his tears. When a wave of pleasure washes over his mind he gives vent to real laughter which opens all the delicate cells of his nature and adds stimulus to his vital forces. He does not stain and gasp until his eyes give forth lachrymal inundations, and his chest expands to the size of a corpulent Berkshire's, but he stops in time to save his blood vessels and neckwear. A man who wilfully drops the lower part of his face ejas, and tries to show the whole of his larynx and the upper portions of his late repast, simply because he feels it his duty to herald his joy to the neighboring States, not only becomes a bore to his associates, but an imposition on the public. Such vociferous outbursts of salival spray and gurgulating upheavals will generally leave a man "sallow and alone". The music of such peals is generally lost in the deluge. The humor of the chuckle, as it were, is more than counterbalanced by the accompanying cut feet. We once knew a man who laughed in sections; the first symptom would be a slight convulsive of cuticle on his left cheek, which was followed by a very slight shifting of his vertical slit-to-left, and then another upheaval on left cheek followed by a slight horizontal expansion of vertebral vacuum; then he would follow his mouth into a triangle and give way to a "he-he-he-he" which had a suppressed sound, but indicated greater power behind. At this period we would generally step out of range of the expected volatility. The next symptom would be the rolling back of his eyes until a very little spark of the pupil was visible, and then he would relax his puckered chin and spread his mouth so wide that his nose would crawl up between his eyes, and all other features retire from the front of his face, leaving nothing in front but a dental orbis and a protruding epiglottis. No sound could be heard but a tremulous wheeze for several seconds, and then he would give five or six sputtering yells, and look as serene as though he had never laughed. With his laughing ears still on his face the sudden change was certainly very effective. He made his own sunshine in this way, but his flashes were brief until all the tracheal slits tubes became irritated, and his whoops subside into wheezy gurglings it's about time to shut off his valves and send him under proper treatment.

Some eminent writer has expressed the following beautiful sentiment concerning the basic of child-laughter: "The laugh of a child will make the holiest day more sacred still. Strike with hand of fire, Apolo's golden hair! Fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deaf toucher of the organ keys! Blow, blow, blow until the silver notes do touch and tinkle the moonlit waves charming the wandering lovers on the vine-clad hills; but know your sweetest strains of discord all compared with childhood's happy laugh—the laugh that fills the eyes with light, and dimples every cheek with joy. Oh, rippling river of laughter, thou art the blessed boundary line between the beast and man, and every wayward wave of thine doth drown some fretful friend of care."

Lend Me Thine Ears.

Brother penmen, did it ever occur to you that we could meet and tamper with the "cause" beneath Christmas and New Year?

The fact has been growing to the **GAZETTE**'s mind, like a barnacle to the bottom of a barge, for some time. The Iowa penmen have extended an invitation to the brotherhood at large, which is still smoldering with the fervent flush of good fellowship, to meet them at the well equipped halls of Jennings' & Chapman's Business College in Des Moines, Iowa, December 21st, 1886, and New Year's Day, 1887.

There's a chance for us to spend a profitable season in education, and tangible ear another. What we want is to get better acquainted, or borrow money of each other, until we do. There will be ample elbow room and a good time for all who will go. Don't hang back because the weather is cold; we will make things moderately warm when you arrive,

He Thirsts for Lore.

MR. EDITOR.—Will you kindly answer the following questions in your cult little sheet?

1. Which is the better movement, "muscular" or "whole-arm"?
2. Is there a finger movement advocate living in this country, and if so, how is his health?
3. In writing a person's biography, what data do you require?
4. Who is the finest penman in the Union?
5. Could you insert a small spring poem in your January magazine?
6. What are the first symptoms of genius? Trusting these knotty points may be fully elucidated in your editorial ventilations.

I remain Your Catechizer,

"SAMPLE COPY."

Couldn't you think of something else to ask us! Won't your Socratic method lead you beyond the threshold of intricacy? It's those "Gordian knots" in which we find the empyrean of delight. It's those profound logical quagmires into which our intellect is most tickled in sinking. We always find it more refreshing to fonder "the horns of a dilemma" than to clutch the tail of simplicity, if "Sample Copy" will allow this aimless expression. True, your letter, bristling as it does with interrogation points, causes our warped pen to totter in the meshes, but why didn't you give us a pose while you had your hand in?

Couldn't you have inserted a spoke in the editorial wheel while you were dissecting our encyclopedia? In other words, why didn't you give us something hard? We like to buffet the waves and fish in troubled waters.

Your first question is pretty good evidence to sustain the painful fact that you haven't seriously impaired your eyestight in gulping up the contents of recent issues of the **GAZETTE**. You surely have not consumed much taper in absorbing the exfoliations from our frandise goose quill. You have certainly turned a deaf ear and a cold shoulder to our wild shrieks for "muscular movement." You have undoubtedly trampled our "tracts of reform" beneath a scornful heel. We advocate whole-arm movement only under the "Marquis of Queensbury Rules."

1. The muscular movement is best adapted to writing.

2. Yes, there are a few advocates of finger movement left over from the medieval ages. The present age is preserving them as fossilized relics of obsolete methods. They are gradually wearing away by the friction of progress.

3. About the only data we require in the construction of a biography on the pyramid plan, is a lock of the victim's hair, a front tooth, a birthmark, and the name of the planet under which he was born. With these references we can weigh him in the cerebral scales and howew out any sized destiny he may require. With this clue to his personalities, we can fit him, it seems to the dizzy realms of renown, and place him astride the top rail of fame. (Pass the wine, please.)

4. And you would like to know who embellishes the zenith of chirographic skill, eh? What an opportunity for speculation!

What a glorious moment to allow judgment to caron to an idol! What a phot on which justice may be tested under the weight of favoritism! What a forum on which we might place our level and lift F. M. W. D. B. or P. K. to seat in the grand stand, but ah—hem—we devise!

ghly, but not lastly, now dear "S. P." notwithstanding we please you more than to dash the public eye with your verbal shot, do you not think the frost of January would freeze its rhyme net? No doubt the heated emanations of adjectives and descriptive overalls in which you have so completely swaddled it, would not only ward off the icy breath of cruel old Boreas, but would whitened the probe of mortal understanding as well. If you feel, as the birds begin to swell their necks with overtures, and the festive tramp spreads himself on the green, that you must unbend your soul of its florid epics, just measure off a few laps for our enigma column.

6. Run your hand over your phonological surface and explore the mountainous plains thusly; see if "concentrative" hangs out like a wren in bold relief; if so, do not seek further development through the aid of bed-

stat. If "self-esteem" calls for an extra indenture in your hat, go out and let the cold world shrivel it down to its proper size. Now pass your index finger over your mental globe until you come to "individuality." How is it, convexity or concavity? If concavity, you may never suffer the tortures of the *aera popularis*. (See Webster's large *size*, page 1838.) Allow your hand to wander over the crest of "idealitv." How do you find it? All there? If not, the symptoms are rather vague; you may yet be happy and escape the cold gaze of the gushing public.

Trusting we may hear from you again in a few weeks, we check the mud quill and cease to murmur.

Another Transformation.

The typographer who in the November *Gazette* so artfully smashed one of Mr. Anderson's poetical allusions by making "words" of "words" has in the same article (*Delusions of Aspiring Bards*) transformed "pigments" into "piggies." Fancy a team of skinny elves playing a game of base ball or doing an Irish reel over the greasy surface of a painter's palette. Mr. Anderson tells us that these glaring blunders have "planted a dagger in his heart." The pill has been a bitter one to him, but he is trying to swallow it like a little man:

Revenge.

The *Gazette* is, at times through its giddy *fins de bouteille*, cause its more devout constituents to exclaim, "What! shall they lock?" at its frail bubbles, but under such circumstances it has made up its mind. If it be the mission of such rational faculty to allow no corrosion of the soul to stain its pages; to devote no time to the weaving of stratagems or pickling rods of vengeance. Right under the frown of the "biting bayonets" it proposes to broach forth its penevolent opinions. When the severest worm does writh in its breast it will embalm a page with its gory thoughts, and place it on ice and allow it to remain over night, and if on the morrow the ice is unmelting the rude words will be consigned to the flames. All rankling reptiles of revenge will be committed to the editorial wicked cage, and allowed to squirm out their days in oblivion, and all vials of venom will be wreaked upon the editorial cat, or curdled by the printer's breath.

The *Gazette*, under the glorious heat of inspiration, may at times, undertake to smite the lyre, but that is no more than any harl deserves. It may, under dry conditions, send up its pilot balloons into doubtful realms of gaunt nothingness, but it will even then descend on its own (opinions). In no instance will it be led to say rash things through the tauts of revenge. Its course is based upon reason, and anything not reasonable is not in keeping with its aim. It realizes that to be driven by external motives from the path which its better nature approves, to give way to anything but honest convictions, to suffer the opinions of others to lead it, as with a ring in the nose, from its resolves, is to submit tamely to the lowest and most contemptible slavery, and to forfeit the right to pull the reins of its own course. It may, at times, serve up *d'assertions*, whose savor is nauseating to the oft-soothed palate of the scrupulous epicurean, but in such cases the dish will be mixed with the motto: "The greatest good to the greatest number." The constant aim will be to hold the scales even. If the wrong horse is saddled the *Gazette* is ever willing to correct the blunder.

Constant Employment.

An unemployed man is constantly desirous, by desire, sorrow, remorse, and sometimes despair itself, but when he bends himself with courage to his task, no matter how commonplace that task may be, these, all like hell-hounds, are quieted and sent growling to their distant caves. A man unemployed is not a man, in the highest sense; he has not the glow of labor in him which burns up all poisonous thoughts and purifies his soul. He is not being rounded by the revolutions of labor while remains idle. An idle man's mind sours and festers, and the current of his thoughts takes a downgrade course, and his whole nature becomes as a pestilential swamp.

An idle life is a doubt which has never been ended by action, an hypothesis unproven, a substance not moulded by the hand of destiny, a wort, we might say, blurring the face of creation. Labor lights up a man's whole nature, and sets the nobler impulses on top. It pulls back the somber drapery of vice, and allows the "blissed flame" to light up the heart. Work ever carries to the heart of man nobleness, and in man canst sacrefess. There is always hope in a man who works; if he never rises high, he is kept above the waves so long as he struggles, and the idle man sinks naturally into perpetual despair as the stone dropped in the stream sinks the bottom.

The Power of Style.

Facts may vanish from the mind; the heights of knowledge may be methodically sealed by all possessed of ordinary mental digestion; startling truths may shrink into mere truisms; but a natural, clear-cut style can never lose its freshness nor its prestige. It is the felicity and idiomatic characteristics which preserve the writings of Addison as fresh as in the days which prompted them. The style of some writers even palliates the absurdity of their opinions by its fascinating powers. For the pomp and splendor of his style, "glowing with oriental color and rapid as the charge of an Arab horse," even more than for his colossal learning, Gibbon admired.

Style we might say, is the very essence which preserves thought through the ages; the art of embalming the ghosts of the mind.

The manner in which a subject is treated is often of more importance than the substance. Originality in composition does not consist so much in creating its substance as in collecting and fanning the created flame. A subject, however ephemeral or commonplace, may indeed be made striking by being told in a grand and beautiful style. All the thought, the stuff or substance of a beautiful poem or essay, is necessarily commonplace. The poet walks along the green carpeted banks of a sparkling stream and listens to the mingling sounds about him; he goes to his study and moulds the thoughts which nature suggested into a description as natural and beautiful as the scene itself; a word picture in whose rhythmic language and haunting music the bird songs and purring music of the stream vibrate, and in whose fitting metaphors and comparisons nature is mirrored in her truest splendor. A hot-carrier crushes the juice out of the same green grape; looks upon the same moist bosom of the "crake," hears the same monotonous babble as its waters gush over the rocks and pebbles; listens to the same medleys overhead; goes home and remarks to "Kathy": "Be my soul the crake looked pretty this aen'"—and perhaps further reference in a similar style to the surroundings. Style of expression makes the former's impressions great; he does not differ so much from the latter in the position of different thought as in styling, classifying, and focalizing the same thoughts, and above all in giving them in the pearl of exquisite and delicate expression. Give two artists the same pigments, and one of them will produce a "transformation," while the other will exhaust his genius and paint upon a vicious chrome. A master-of-fact philosopher couldn't make a stately car of a load of thought; his meters would be overwhelmed by themselves into hypotheses, and his figures would become philosophical conjectures. Take from a famous writer his style, tear away his fence of dazzling rhetoric, his peculiar style of word painting and poetic touches, and leave to him only the truths in their nudity, and he will be famous no longer. It would be like robbing the rose of its hues and fragrance, or stripping a landscape of its dreamy, hazy atmosphere, and its gorgeous dyes.

Some one speaking of Carlyle's style in depicting stormy scenes, says: "At times strange, wild, piercing notes of the pathetic are heard through his fierce bursts of eloquence like the wail of a clarion thrilling beneath the blasts of a storm." His writings depicted in other respects than the gospels of manhood which are as old as Solomon, substance, we may say, which if modelled by a crude or commonplace writer would bring on a sleepiness which no narcotic could rival in producing. He pictures

boldness in language that haunts the memory; instead of reposing us by a monotomous recitation of unvarnished facts, he startles us with his novel and powerful expression.

Every man has a style peculiar to himself, and he can no more imitate the style of another man than he can successfully counterfeit his voice. So many writers say the effect of their ideas is showing the gray cloak of some one else over their personalities. But this is no disguise, they too stick out through some idiom, or their hands are revealed through some pet speech. Composition is nothing more than pressing the contents of the mind into palpable shape; a moulding of ideas which are already in substance possessed.

Then necessarily a man's peculiarities will crop out in some of his expressions in writing as naturally as in conversation. He may appear awhile, but his ears will unfold finally and reveal his true species. If a man is egotistical it will glare through his performed humanity, even if he does "kick the dust" in his style; he may at times seem to be chewing humbug pie, but careful watching will reveal the fact that he is rolling his own name under his tongue as a sweet morsel. Style is a mirror in which the writer's nature—either better or worse—is reflected. If he is meek, his little corroded soul will stick out in his diction as a sneak; little reptile poxes his head up from the water, half concealed by the overhanging growth. If he is unstable he will as truly slide from one platform to another, shirk his own opinion and adopt that of another, as a weather cock will shift with the winds.

Educational.

The Illinois Wesleyan University, Bloomington, Illinois, has had before the public for nearly fifteen years, a Department of Non-Residents, matriculants in which follow prescribed courses of study, upon which examinations are set, and receive proper degrees on completion of their work. The Department is modeled after the operations of the London University, and like it offers opportunity for doing systematic study to professional and other people who are debarred from residence at the seat of a University. Particulars regarding matriculation may be obtained by addressing Prof. CHARLES M. MOSS, inclosing stamp.

The Sensitiveness of Penmen.

A correspondent asks: Are penmen as a class sensitive? Well, yes, as a rule, they are a tribe thin-skinned, but occasionally we find a migratory scribe with an epidermis, especially in the regions of his cheek, which is as impenetrable as a coat of mail. All artists naturally develop their aesthetic natures by continually associating with harmony and beauty. Few penmen can smile with indifference, while the chords of their sensitive natures are being rasped by satirical sandpaper and gouged by the rusty daggers of envy. As a rule, they have a memory so tenacious that every line of censure is kept seething in their bosom, and were it not for the fact that "the pen is mightier than the sword," they would carve their adversary into very small morsels.

But penmen above all others should not be over-sensitive, for at times they need a hide tough enough to flatten rifle-balls. We who seem to escape the taunts and jeers of unjust and malicious critics, may credit the fact to the thickness of our skin but of our skulls. The better way to ward off the inevitable lampooners is to let them alone, arm yourself with satire and repartee, and let them buzz until their resources are exhausted. When you get down in the gutter to throw mud at a man you will generally find that he can outdo you from the fact that he is more accustomed to dirt; he has nothing to soil, while you try to screen your character, and at the same time bring yourself to his level.

If properly taken every criticism, just or unjust, has power to strengthen us. If unjust, and we ignore it from that fact, we are made stronger to withstand the next. If just, and we are willing to admit the fact, we look out in the future for that stumbling place which called it forth. Macaulay says: "I have never been able to discover that a man is at all the

worse for being attacked. One foolish line of his own does him more harm than the ablest pamphlets written against him by other people." It is said that Tannabill once heard some blackguard ridiculing his writings, and he never afterward held up his head or smiled again.

Editorial Balm.

A PORTION OF OUR SALARY.

You are making a grand success of the *Gazette*. M. B. MOORE.

Morgan, Ky.
Send the *Gazette* for another year. I like it better than ever. H. D. GROFF.
Parkersburg, Pa.

The November *Gazette* is super-excellent. E. R. LATTA.
Guttenberg, Ia.

Your lessons are the most practical, and your copies the most graceful I have ever seen in print. W. D. SHOWALTER.
Philadelphia, Pa.

I never read a paper that contained so much pure and spicy reading matter as the *Gazette*. Miss MARY G. GREENE.
Farmington, Minn.

Guide and *Gazette* to hand; could not be better pleased. The paper alone is worth double the money. A. K. BUSH.
Chenoa, Ill.

The lessons in the *Gazette* are a grand help to me, and I am very willing you should see how one of the "flock" is progressing. Pluckey, Mich. Miss GELETT SALMON.

Was highly pleased with the November number of the *Gazette*. I enjoyed glancing over its spicy columns with a relish that would hard to express. San Francisco, Cal. W. N. PULLMAN.

The *Gazette* shows continued improvement under the inspiration of your scintillating genius. The pace is good; keep it up. —CHAS. R. WELLS.

Syracuse, N. Y.
Your most excellent *Gazette* comes to hand every month loaded with new and very interesting matter. I read it with great pleasure. W. F. COOPER.

Kingsville, O.
I am taking solid comfort in practicing the lessons given in the *Gazette*, and perusing its contents. The lessons are given in such a fascinating manner that when once begun, one is loath to leave them. W. D. DEB. BROWN.

Auburn, R. I.
Allow me to say a few words in behalf of your excellent paper. I consider it the most useful and beneficial journal in the U. S. for young men, and I think it can be justly styled the young man's companion. St. Louis, Mo. ARTHUR L. REED.

It is pleasing to note the rapid strides the *Gazette* is making as an educational journal; its influence among the young people must be keenly felt. Among other things it not only teaches them to write, but how to write. Chicago, Ill. D. B. WILLIAMS.

I think you are the only man who can run Gaskell's paper equal to Gaskell himself. I am highly pleased with the *Gazette*, for it is better than ever before, and I am sure you are the right man in the right place. I am willing to do anything I can to help you make the *Gazette* interesting. Syracuse, N. Y. A. W. DAKIN.

I have been practicing from the lessons in the *Gazette* less than a year, but do not hesitate to say that they have been of more practical value to me than all the school training I have ever received. I would not be without it for three times its cost.

Cornelius, Tex. L. WILSON.
The *Gazette* is one of the most wide-awake and instructive periodicals of its kind in the world. I think if all the young people who are thoroughly in earnest to improve themselves in practical education would subscribe to the *Gazette* they would never regret it. The talents of the new editor sparkle through its pages just as the leaven of bread causes the sponge to seem a living thing. Dayton, Fla. MISS CLARA SLOUGH.

Shorthand.

This department is edited by Prof. William D. Bridge, A. M., Principal of the School of Phonography in CHAUTAUQUA UNIVERSITY. [Address Box 555, Plainedge, N. Y.]

We shade phonographers are invited to contribute to this department. 1. Brief suggestions. 2. News concerning your school or class. 3. Letters and documents in your State concerning phonography. 4. Personal relating to shorthand and its users. 5. Types of shorthand. 6. Shorthand intelligence. 6. Local shorthand association news. 7. Shorthand periodicals or books for notice in our columns.

Dots and Dashes.

—Two thousand type-writer operators in Chicago.

—“Grit,” “gumption” and “go” will give you a place as a shorthand writer.

—A writer in the *Exponent* for October 1 claims 10,000 writers using that system. *Whew!*

—Read through our last number, November, and tell us if it was not as the ladies say, “perfectly splendid.”

—New York City has now in use over 7,000 typewriter machines; 1,000 of these are in Wall street, and south of it.

—The Chicago Tribune says that the salaries of women type writers in that city range from \$3 to \$75 a month, averaging about \$45.

—The Phonetic Journal for Saturday, Nov. 6, 1886, is marked “No. 45, Vol. 45.” Forty-five years of a shorthand magazine! Good.

—We are thankful to our many correspondents who during the past year have given us many items for our columns. We shall be glad to have an increase of the number for the future numbers.

—One of our pupils, a lady, has just secured a very pleasant position at fifteen dollars per week, working for two parties, for one at eight dollars for the six forenoons, and for the other at seven dollars for the six afternoons.

—Repetition is mastery of shorthand in large measure. One word or one sentence written a hundred times is far better than ten sentences written each ten times. Frequent copying of a specimen of perfectly written shorthand is of the utmost value in fixing principles and forms.

—Meanness itself is the feeblest term we can mention for the act of a man in New York who “turned off” his amanuensis, one of our former pupils, who was called home to her sick mother, and found her dead, and was therefore compelled to be absent from the office a week.

—Beginning with the October number, the American Shorthand Writer, Boston, Mass., ceases to publish shorthand illustrations, fac-simile notes, preferring to be a distinctively shorthand news journal. It aims to be newy, and succeeds.

—In our morning's mail for Christmas and New Year's days, we would be glad to receive five hundred letters from phonographers all over the world, of all systems, ancient and modern, from experts and amateurs, old and young, male and female. Remember this, and write.

—The Chautauqua School of Shorthand was never more prosperous than now. We have more pupils in the advanced course than ever before. Still, there's room for a few faithful students. Send for terms and our beautifully illustrated circular to the editor of this department.

—The American Shorthand Writer, Messrs. Rowell & Hickock publishers, kindly says: “The shorthand department of the PENMAN'S GAZETTE, under the able supervision of Prof. William D. Bridge, one of the ablest writers and teachers of the Graham system, is proving a most interesting feature of that popular monthly.” Thanks, brothers.

—One of our pupils, wishing to gain speed and to familiarize the word-signs on the reporting style, has written out the article in Graham's Second Reader, “The American Bible Society,” forty-one times, and will write it at least nine times more. She will then take up something else in the same way. Her employer and herself see great gain in speed by increased familiarity with forms and word-signs.

—The Phonographic World of New York makes it a point never to mention even by name, if possible to avoid it, any other short-

hand paper or magazine. The editor says that if people wish to hold out that there is any other paper devoted to the art, he is not the one to aid them. Nevertheless, we will boast the World by saying that it's doing a good thing in raising a standard among phonographers of the United States toward the Isaac PITMAN TESTIMONIAL, in honor of his fifty years' devotion to the art. We have added our \$5 to this subscription, and trust it may reach many thousands of dollars.

PHONOGRAPHY.

CONDENSED INSTRUCTION BY PROF. W. D. BRIDGE, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

ELEVENTH LESSON.

1. Well, Professor, still they come—the numbered principles of shorthand! Yes, my pupi, you say “unnumbered,” but you could not say “numerous,” for though you have not numbered them, they can readily be numbered, and they are *not* numerous.

Last month I had the Tion and Tie hooks on straight strokes, and I saw their

Diffusion, Profession, Aggravation, Derivation. This use of the Eshon hook is optional, and many phonographers prefer to write the forms for these words as seen in Plate I, §5. Personally, we use the Eshon hook in preference. Of course, the Eshon hook may have a final «circle» written within it (see Plate I, §6): Positions, Possessions, Decisions, Physicians, Musicians, Processions, Incisions, Accessions, Acquisitions.

3. I think, Professor, this Eshon hook is a “beauty”—as the young ladies say, “perfectly splendid.” Yes. It is very simple, and adds much to the brevity of the system.

4. You spoke of two principles in this lesson. Yes, I will give the other. Make the m stroke heavy instead of light, and you add either the sound of p or b, as you choose. Vocalization of the stroke is exactly the same when thickened as before (see Plate I, §7): Imp, Bump, Damp, Lamp, Pomp, Jump, Sambo, Tramp, Cramp, Vamp, Slump, Hemp, etc. You may read the second line of section 7 yourself. For the thickened m to add b (see Plate I, §8): Imube, Embarrass, Embellish, Ambush, Imbibe, Ambassador, Jumbo, Embark, Ambergis, Somebody.

—With the January issue of this department in the magazine form, we shall give “Brevities” the cream of the cream, and we invite every reader to add us in calling choicest news and other items for our department.

—Fifty names and addresses received at our office to be divided into ten “ever-circulators,” to begin January 1, 1887, will be a grand starting of the “Gaskell Ever-circulator Association.” Who will stand at once? Ask to be enrolled on the list.

—Thanks to Prof. Dr. J. W. Zelbing, of the Royal Stein Institution, Dresden, Germany, for his photograph and budget of acceptable publications. We shall refer to them soon. We hope to let our readers soon see the face of our friend.

—Our friend, Alfred Day, Esq., of the Spencerian Business College, Cleveland, Ohio, thinks Phonography cannot be taught by mail, giving a fair return for the money paid. We know he is sadly mistaken. Scores of our pupils say to the contrary.

—Measure the space we give to one of our shorthand illustrations, then write with blackest ink in your best style the first part of the last chapter of the book of “Revelations,” and we promise to publish in an early number of our paper the best specimen sent to the editor of this department.

—We will give one year's subscription to the GAZETTE, and also to the Student's Journal to the person sending to us in the month of December the best specimen of Graham's Phonography giving shorthand news—the space written to be not over fifteen lines of ordinary note paper. Use black ink, and write in briefest reporting style.

The Shorthand Society, London, England.

The Shorthand Society, London, Eng., under whose auspices the proposed Ter-Centenary and Jubilee Meetings will be held in London, will first be held in connection November 5 at 55 Chancery Lane, London, the President, Dr. Westby Gibson, in the chair. The following new members were elected: Fellows, J. A. Sutcliffe, S. F. Gedge, and E. Guest; Associates, M. J. Katz (New York); J. Delahunt, Mrs. Westby Gibson, and Mr. Pecknell. Several donations to the library were announced. The President delivered his inaugural address, entitled “Education by means of Shorthand in the old Non-Conformist Academies.” The academy chiefly described was that set up by the celebrated Dr. Philip Doddridge, wherein all the students were compelled to acquire a modification of Cartwright's system (commonly known as Rich) for the purpose of taking notes of lectures delivered by Dr. Doddridge on various subjects. At the close a cordial vote of thanks was given to the president for his paper, proposed by Mr. T. A. Reel and seconded by Mr. Pecknell. A hope was expressed by Mr. A. J. Cook that information might be obtained as to whether shorthand is anywhere used in colleges at the present time in a like manner to that adopted in Doddridge's Academy.

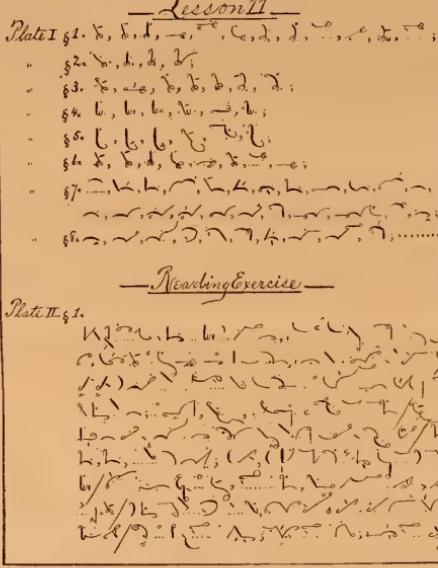
German Steuigraphy, Again.

In the August number of our department we gave an editorial on German Stenography, making three points. This has called out a column and a half of comment in the *Phonographic World* by Adolph Frank, Prest, and Dr. Rudolph Tombo, Secy. of the German-American Stenographic Society “Gabelsberger.”

The first point we made (of the comparatively slow literature of German speakers) is denied by these authorities. We founded our statement on the observations of many visitors to Berlin, in Germany, and elsewhere, and on our own personal acquaintance with educated Germans.

Our second point, study of stenography for educational and esthetic purposes, is graciously acknowledged to be well taken.

Our third paragraph, so our critics say, is not well founded. We do not believe that the most exact conglomeration of the many devices which stenographers in the flatland like to increase interest in their beloved art. We do not have any kind of record of the experiments of the German. Gabelsberger confutes him into their work. Not at all. Will our critics please re-read this paragraph in the original article and tell us where “ridicule” is seen through their specie-



beautiful co-relation, or correlation according to sound principles. What advanced instruction do you give me now? Two beautiful principles: First, a final hook which we will call the “Eshon” hook. Study it. It is a small hook, and is used either (1) after an «circle», or (2) after an f or v-hook. Look at the two words, Position and Position. Position can be written by a Pee stroke, a large terminal right-hand hook, and an o vowel. But in the word Position there comes in an s sound between the Pee stroke and the syllable. We write the stroke for Pee, make the s circle, and then make a small final hook on the opposite side of the stroke. Read the words (see Plate I, §1) Position, Possession, Decision, Accession, Acquisition, Physician, Cessation, Incision, Recession, Association. Note also that this final hook may be written after the s-circle which follows an h-hook (see Plate I, §2): Compensation, Condensation, Transition, Transitional.

You will understand, of course, that the strokes on which this small final hook is written may have any initial circles or hooks (see Plate I, §3): Supposition, Succession, Assertion, Precision, Procession, Persuasion, Authorization, Conversation.

Note also that the Eshon hook may be written as a small final hook after the f or v hook (see Plate I, §4): Division, Devotion,

5. Will you give me words on which to try my hand? Yes: Opposition, Abcession, Causation, Cassation; Profession, Abreviation, Professional, Hump, Pompey, Pump, Rump, Swamp, Amplify, Impostor, Impale, Impel, Imposed, Impost, Crimp, Simple, Imperative, Imperious, Shampoo, Impach, Impiecy, Numps; Humbug, Embargo, Ambitious, Ambiguous, Embalm, Embank, Embossed, Ambition, Steamboat.

Any desiring to write out this exercise can receive corrections by sending Prof. Bridge twenty cents with the same.

Only Bites.

—One thing at a time, and that done well, gives reward.

—What shorthand rarities have you to sell? Send us word.

—We desire letters from Phonographers of forty years' standing.

—Ask us for “clubbing” rates with other shorthand magazines.

—We would like a well written specimen of every system of shorthand used in this country. Send us your best work.

—“Ever-circulators” twenty-five years ago were the best means of forming shorthand acquaintances, and practicing in the beloved art.

Our Recantation.

When we've been fibbing, we do sometimes "take it all back." Bro. Packard (S. S.), who gave us one of the best photographic magazines (*Packard's Reporter*) we ever saw, says we didn't tell the exact truth in our November number when we said it "gave up the ghost and died." He says it didn't; it simply stopped, as it was intended to stop, when it came to its predetermined end. He says it was distinctly stated in every number that it "was started to run twelve months," and he says: "It did not give up the ghost and die," any more than a book of 408 pages gives up the ghost when the last type is set, and it appears between covers.

We take it all back. It didn't *die*, because it didn't *live*. It now exists as a book—a most readable mélange of matter script and letter press "wise and otherwise."

W. D. BRIGGS.

This Month's Illustration.

Our shorthand students will be happy to see in juxtaposition the three column engraving of the first ten verses of the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. The first column is an exact copy of Isaac Pitman's latest edition of the New Testament, just from the press; the second is a common version in A. J. Graham's Standard Phonography; the third is the "revised" version in Graham's Phonography. The utmost pains were taken to make the characters of the same general size, and equally spaced, and the result shows the Graham Phonography in this specimen to be about one-seventh more brief than the Isaac Pitman shorthand.

A Happy Interview.

With our "better half," we spent an hour recently interviewing the veteran American author of "Standard Phonography," Andrew J. Graham, Esq., of Orange, N. J. We found him greatly improved health; steadily at work on the engraving of a new edition of his *Second Phonographic Reader*; specially satisfied at the constant increase of the demand for his instruction books; welcoming with joy the advent of Prof. F. G. Morris' new "Graham" magazine *The Mentor*, and equally pleased with the work which we are doing for pure shorthand in the columns of the *PENMAN'S GAZETTE*. Long may he live to enjoy the congratulations of his thousands of friends and fellow-standard phonographers.

The Gazette's Shorthand Lessons.

There must be many scores, if not hundreds of persons in our country studying shorthand carefully from the shorthand lessons given monthly in the *GAZETTE*, if the number of letters received from correspondents is an indication. The editor has had nearly a dozen letters within a week, and all speak in highest terms of their simplicity and helpfulness. Back numbers can be had of the publishers.

Brief Index of Shorthand Department.**I—PHOTO ENGRAVINGS.****PORTRAITS—**

- A. J. Graham..... June.
- Isaac Pitman..... January.
- Thomas Towndrow..... November.
- Elias Longley..... January.
- J. E. Munson..... January.
- M. M. Bartholomew..... January.
- Dennis Murphy..... January.
- Prof. J. Geo. Cross..... January.
- Prof. J. N. Kimball..... January.
- Hon. Chas. A. Sumner..... April.
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FAIR SIMILIES—

- First Edition of Phonography..... Dec., 1885.
- Lindsey's Takigraphy..... February.
- Eames' Light-line Phonography, May.
- Prof. T. J. Ellwood..... May.
- A. J. Graham (two)..... June.
- I. Pitman Phonography..... July.
- Thos. Towndrow Stenography..... November.

LESSONS IN SHORTHAND—

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SHORTHAND PHRASING (Illustrated)—

Jan., Feb., March, April, May.

SHORTHAND NUMBERS (Prof. Bridge's)—

PPt. 1, 2, 3; Jan., p. 4, Feb., pp. 5, 6, March.

SHORTHAND MACHINES—

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- New English One..... May.

TYPE WRITING MACHINES—

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- The Hammond..... May.

THE EDITOR'S OWN SHORTHAND**"NOTES"—**

- Phonography in England..... January.
- Sound Advice..... April.
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- Chautauqua..... June.
- Characteristics of the Age..... July.
- Fees of Great Surgeons..... July.
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- Some Small Things..... September.
- Heb. XI., Parallel Versions..... October.
- Central Park..... November.
- Acts II., I., X., Triplet Col. December.

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III.—SPECIAL ARTICLES.

The Birth of Phonography..... Dec., 1885.

Noted Shorthand Writers..... January.

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Past and Present..... January.

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Rev. E. E. Hale as a Stenographer, March.

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Stephen Pearl Andrews..... July.

Deep-Sea Dredging..... July.

The Hammond Type Writer..... May.

Legible Shorthand, E. Pocknell, August.

Phonographic Nomenclature..... September.

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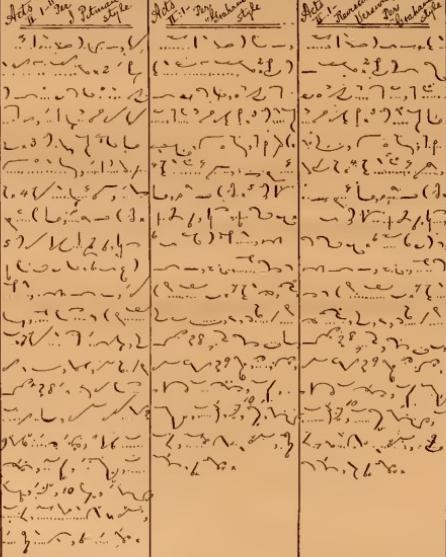
Phonographic Union..... September.

Learning Shorthand..... October.

Esprit Du Corps..... October.

Prof. F. G. Morris, Editor of the *Mentor*..... November.

Mentor..... November.

**II.—NOTICES OF SHORTHAND BOOKS, ETC.**

The Phrase, by Prof. F. G. Morris, Dec., 1885.

Shorthand Lessons, A. J. Barnes, February.

Textbook of Light-line Shorthand, R. L. Eames, February.

Isaac Pitman's Instruction Books, April.

Leaves from the Note Books of T. A. Reed,, April.

A New System of Phonography, Verity, April.

Stenotyping, May.

Packard's Shorthand Reporter, May.

Stenographic Almanac and Note Book,, May.

History of the Literature of Shorthand, Rockwell, May.

A. J. Graham's Complete Works, June.

Shorthand Numbers, W. D. Bridge, July.

The Shorthand Bible, J. Herbert Ford,, August.

I. Pitman's Recent Publications, August.

One Hundred Valuable Suggestions, Moran, August.

Shorthand History, J. Westby-Gibson, August.

Technical Reporting, Thos. Allen Reed,, November.

Gabelsberger's Centenary.

Franz Xavier Gabelsberger, the originator of the leading German shorthand, was born in Munich, Feb. 9, 1789. He was the Isaac Pitman of the Germans, whom they all delight to honor.

Centennials of shorthand are now to be common, and one of the first will be that of this esteemed and worthily honored pioneer of stenography. In 1884 the project was started to erect to his memory a statue of brass, and under the leadership of royal and other patrons of the art a popular subscription was begun, which has already received fully \$5000 for the purpose. All artists were invited to compete for the design of the statue, and out of seventeen designs proffered that given by Herr Syrius Ebeler was awarded the palm by the Royal Academy of Arts at Munich. Worthy honors to a worthy founder in Germany of a worthy art.

—Very often we find evidence that "God helps them who help themselves." The first person who joined the Chautauqua University School of Phonography (conducted by correspondence) was a lady who had an invalid husband and a young son dependent on her. Going at the study of shorthand, *con amore*, she also hired a typewriter and began diligently

to master both. Her church friends, seeing her purpose, her diligence and her faithfulness bought and presented her a type-writer—and she is happy.

—Beginners, or those who have taken one course in shorthand would do well to select some standard work of say three hundred pages. Then secure some congenial friend to spend the long evenings, one or more hours, in reading this book through, beginning at such a slow pace that the phonographer may write in a specially selected note-book, with first rate pen and ink, every word uttered in a neat and correct shorthand. The speed will naturally increase. Rests or pauses may be utilized in discussing the most salient items read. Accuracy of form and facile movement should be industriously cultivated. These results will follow: 1. Two friends helpfully associated, 2. A valuable volume read and discussed, 3. The reader's educational capacities cultivated, 4. The writer's knowledge, taste, skill and well developed all. 5. A volume of beautiful shorthand in neat binding, filling its place in the phonographic alcove—the product of one's own toil. These are certainly five worthy fruittages of a winter's evening.

—At least a dozen editions of the New Testament have been published in shorthand in England in Isaac Pitman and other phonographies, but to our knowledge no one has ventured the work in the United States. The humorist would say, "Whence this whyness?"

—Mr. Isaac Pitman is not at all ashamed to do "missionary" work for his beloved art, and whilst visiting Scotland on a recent tour, had an informal meeting with a number of the shorthand writers in Inverness, and suggested the formation of a local society for advancing the cause phonographic, leaving with the company a bundle of his instruction books to be presented to lads desiring to learn the system but too poor to purchase them. About ten days after his visit fifty young men met in the court house and organized the "Inverness Phonographic Society," to meet weekly and to further the interests of the art. Good work appropriately done.

—John Westby Gibson, LL. D., president of the short hand society of London, England, has been preparing with true archaeological instincts a valuable series of papers on "Dr. Doddridge's Nonconformist Academy and Education by Shorthand," in which he brings out many most interesting facts concerning the celebrated Dr. Doddridge and his adaptation of Rich's Stenography, as employed by him in his academy, where out of just two hundred pupils there were one hundred and twenty ministers, many of whom became very celebrated in their time. Dr. Gibson will make a large "exhibit" of this divine's shorthand library at the ter-centenary celebration in London next fall.

(Translation.)

A Mother's Love.

There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood. It softens the heart and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished even in advanced life in sickness and despondency? Who that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land, but has thought on the mother that looked on him childhood, that smoothed his pillow and administered to his helplessness? O! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son, that transcends all other affection of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she surrenders every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame and exalt in his prosperity, and should adversity overtake him, he will be dearer to her from misfortune; and if disgrace stings upon his name, she will still love and cherish him; and if all the world abhors him off, she will be all the world to him.

*The leading sounds of the word *abhorred* only are given.

—We do not very often find the *Exponent* napping, but it is a little odd that an editorial writer for this paper by our editor should be credited to the *Phonographic World*, which appeared in the September number of the *PENMAN'S GAZETTE* for the first time.

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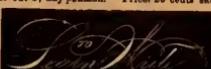
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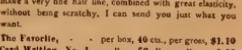
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